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A Remarkable Interview with Charles E. Hughes

Our Foreign Affairs Today

Revealing the Real Facts of America's Policy Toward the Great World Problems of the Moment

By William H. Crawford

NEVER a day passes that somebody does not ask me, "What is the State Department going to do about the Chester Concession?" or "How is Secretary Hughes progressing with his World Court project?" These questions are followed by others, as: "When are we going to recognize Mexico?" "What is our present attitude toward Russia?" To all such questions, reflecting a rapidly intensifying public interest in foreign affairs, I have been forced to answer, "I don't know."

Now it has been very embarrassing for a political writer of twenty-eight years' experience to acknowledge such lack of information — especially at a time when the puzzle of our relations with the rest of the world has leaped into the center of the political stage once more. Therefore I determined to find out the answers to these questions from headquarters. I would beg, wheedle or cajole Secretary Hughes into telling me "what's what" in America's foreign relations today.

Finding out for publication what Charles E. Hughes officially believes about anything is no easy matter. He receives press representatives graciously, and frankly gives them such information as he is ready to give out—always prefacing his words with the statement, "This is not for quotation." Newspaper correspondents in Washington are constantly racking their brains for some new way of saying that their information is accurate, without directly quoting the distinguished Secretary. Except in state papers and public addresses Mr. Hughes has chosen to give out his statements anonymously. Largely because of his reticence and modesty he has kept his personality in the background—he has made no effort to curry popular favor by offering explicit and authoritative explanations of his actions.

IN the past few months America's foreign affairs have been forced into the limelight. At no time since the election of 1920 have our international relations been so widely discussed.

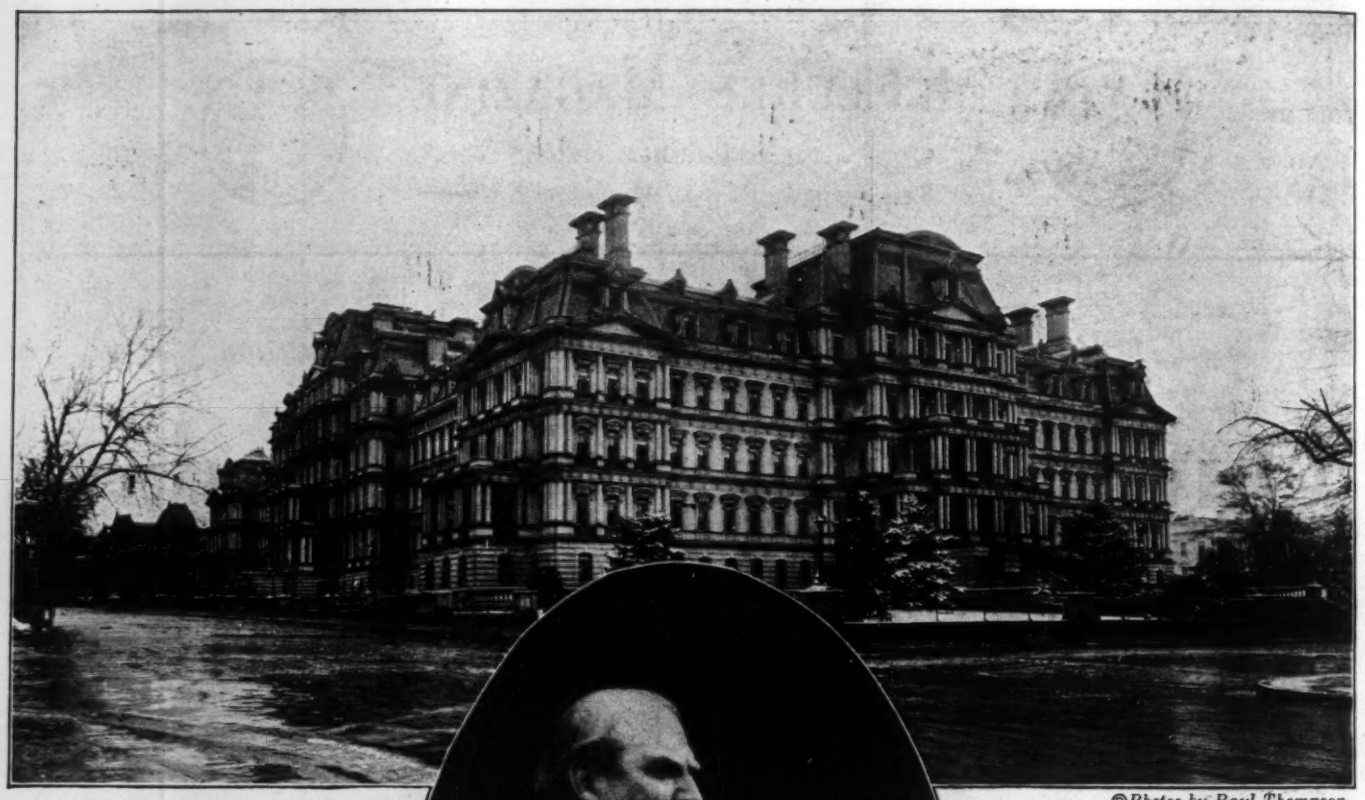
Why do President Harding and Secretary Hughes insist we should join the World Court? Are we going to give any official support to Rear Admiral Chester's concessions in the Near East? How about recognition of Mexico and of the Soviet republic?

Newspaper despatches from Washington have served only to puzzle most readers as to the fundamentals involved in these questions.

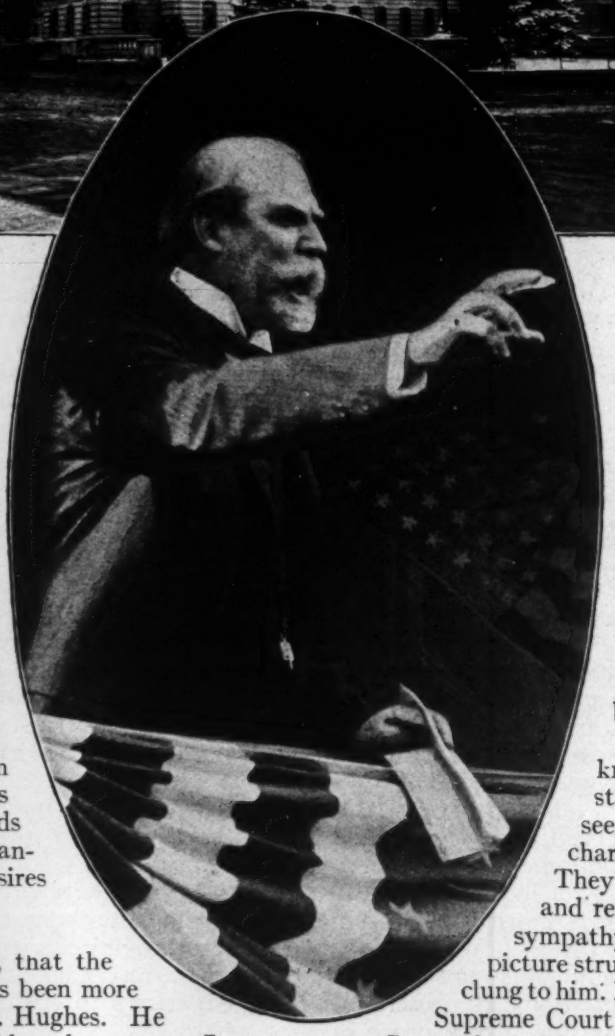
McClure's Magazine is able to present herewith an authoritative statement concerning the Administration's foreign policy in general, together with significant answers to the chief international questions at present affecting America's interests and the future peace of the world.

UPON reading thus far the manuscript of this article, Mr. Hughes suggested to me that I had entirely missed the point of his refusing to be quoted except in definite and formal statements. He explained that he talks to press representatives extemporaneously, answering unexpected questions that are fired at him from all corners of the room by some thirty or forty newspaper correspondents. While he is unusually careful in his words, diplomatic conversations cannot be handled so lightly, if they are to bear the authority of the Secretary of State. He might not express exactly the shade of meaning which he intended; or he might not have weighed all possible interpretations of his remarks.

Misunderstandings must be carefully guarded against because every statement given out by the Secretary of State is immediately, almost automatically, telegraphed to every chancelry of the world. It is accepted by them



Where the course of our foreign affairs is charted —State, War and Navy Building in Washington



©Photos by Paul Thompson

At left, Secretary Hughes, pilot of the Ship of State in international waters

as the policy of the American government. Any inadvertent misuse of, or misquoted word might lead to severe diplomatic difficulties.

It is from no reticence, no unwillingness to take the American public into his confidence that Mr. Hughes speaks anonymously. It is purely the wise precaution of the diplomat, to see that no official word be given out from the State Department until it is carefully weighed and words chosen to express exactly the meaning which the Administration desires it to carry.

MAY I say, in parenthesis, that the personality of no man has been more misunderstood than that of Mr. Hughes. He is currently believed to be cold and austere. I once wrote a story about him, saying, "He is one of our wisest statesmen, but is a poor mixer. He does not know how to look down from his intellectual altitude or mingle with lesser mortals." I see now that both the people and I have been mistaken in our judgment. Secretary Hughes is very human—very anxious to descend from the pedestal of supposed aloofness on which the people have placed him and to mingle with his fellow mortals.

This mistaken judgment of him came about naturally. It is an interesting study in mass opinion to observe how Mr. Hughes got his reputation. He sprang suddenly into public notice during the Gas Investigation in New York. He had a tremendous responsibility on his shoulders. It so occupied his time that he had little left to devote to forming public opinion concerning himself. Furthermore, as a shrewd lawyer it was necessary for him to be uncommunicative concerning his investigations. As a natural consequence, he impressed the reporters as being aloof.

The public was anxious to know something of him and the star writers seized upon what seemed to be the outstanding characteristic of his personality. They pictured him as a remorseless and relentless force, moving without sympathy against the Gas Trust. Such a picture struck the popular fancy and it has clung to him. His service on the United States Supreme Court strengthened this impression. Custom has made the Supreme Court "a thing apart" —above and beyond public affiliation. Much against his will, Mr. Hughes had to adopt the character assigned to a Supreme Court Justice. Today, as Secretary of State, he has an opportunity to be his true self, to make friends and to welcome strangers. We now see Hughes as he is.

I AM able to present here Mr. Hughes' opinions concerning our foreign relations.

Mr. Hughes was a supporter of the League of Nations, with reservations. He is still convinced that it is the part of wisdom for the United States to affiliate herself with the other nations in an effort to bring about international coöperation and the establishment of permanent world

peace. When the present administration came into power, however, it was evident that the American people were opposed to the United States assuming any obligation that would fetter their freedom of action in unknown contingencies.

Secretary Hughes believes that a republic should be responsible to the people's will; therefore, regardless of any personal view, no one could have been more careful to avoid committing the Government of the United States to any recognition or semi-recognition of the League than was Charles E. Hughes. Even the most rabid Isolationists cannot accuse him of countenancing the League in any manner.

Furthermore, when the Harding Administration came into power it was of supreme importance that Europe be stabilized as quickly as possible. To revive the old controversy concerning the League in any phase as a method of securing stability would have been easy, but disastrous. It would have disrupted the Republican Party and destroyed the power of the administration to accomplish this purpose. It would have delayed stabilization. The only thing to do was to drop the League and to attempt the world's salvation by other methods.

This was done by calling the Peace Conference, by signing separate treaties with Germany, Austria and Hungary — which would be, and were, ratified by the Senate — and now by advocating the World Court.

Mr. Hughes has very clearly drawn the distinction between the personal opinion of an officer of the Government and his official attitude. An inquiry came to President Harding from the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate asking whether the President favored the signing of an agreement which obligated the United States to submit certain questions to the World Court for adjudication.

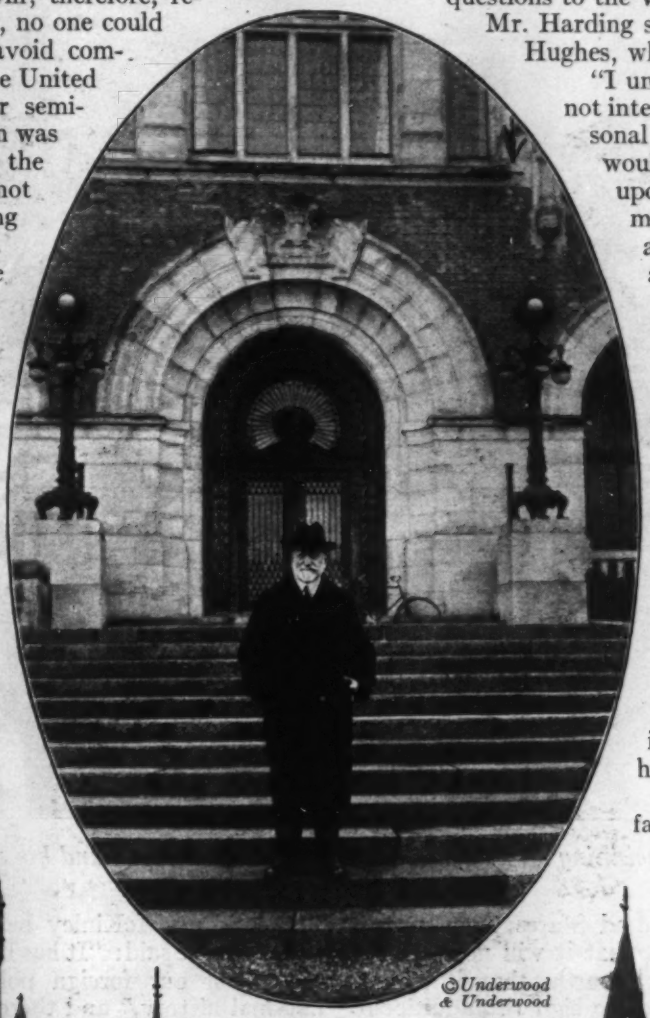
Mr. Harding submitted the request to Mr. Hughes, who answered:

"I understand that the question is not intended to elicit your purely personal opinion as to whether you would look with an approving eye upon an agreement of this sort made effective by the action of all Powers, but whether you, as President, in the exercise of your constitutional authority to negotiate treaties, favor the undertaking to negotiate a treaty on the part of the United States with other Powers creating such an obligatory jurisdiction. So understood, I think the question must be answered in the negative."

In other words, an executive officer of the Government may hold personal opinions which are diametrically opposed to his official judgment, and in such cases it is his duty to subordinate his personal opinions.

Mr. Hughes, we know, favors the Permanent Court of International Justice. He thinks the United States should be affiliated with it. He believes:

First, that the World Court will be a powerful factor and useful instrument in the settlement of international disputes. Second, that it is in harmony with the es-



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The Peace Palace at The Hague, where the World Court sits. Above, John Bassett Moore, our representative with the World Court, on the steps of the Peace Palace

© *International*

A Mexican executive winning American respect—President Obregon and his sons in their garden

tablished precedent of the United States Government concerning arbitration. Third, that it will not lead us into the League of Nations. Fourth, that it is not expedient for the United States to sign the additional compulsory agreement to submit certain questions to the Court. And fifth, that Americans should have a voice in the selection of the judges before the Court is entirely acceptable to us.

Having the horrors of the late war in mind and the consequent economic disturbance which the world now faces, we perceive the urgent importance of devising some machinery of arbitration to settle international disputes. The only question is whether the World Court provides the proper machinery and whether the objections to it make its adoption by us inadvisable.

MR. HUGHES cites that it is no new policy of the United States Government to take part in promoting judicial settlements of international disputes. Prior to the first Peace Conference at the Hague, in 1899, the United States had participated in fifty-seven arbitrations. In 1890, Congress adopted a concurrent resolution, providing:

"That the President be and is hereby, requested to invite, from time to time, as fit occasion may arise, negotiations with any Government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two Governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency may be referred to arbitration and be peacefully adjusted by such means."

President McKinley believed in arbitration. Concerning it, he said: "It has been recognized as the leading feature of our foreign policy, throughout our entire national history," and there should be "the adjustment of difficulties by judicial methods, rather than by force of arms."

SECRETARY Hay, in his instructions to the delegates of this Government to the first Peace Conference at the Hague, said:

"Nothing can secure for human government and for the authority of law, which it represents, so deep a respect and so firm a loyalty as the spectacle of sovereign and independent States, whose duty it is to prescribe the rules of justice and impose penalties upon the lawless, bowing with reverence before the august supremacy of those principles of right which give to law its eternal foundation."

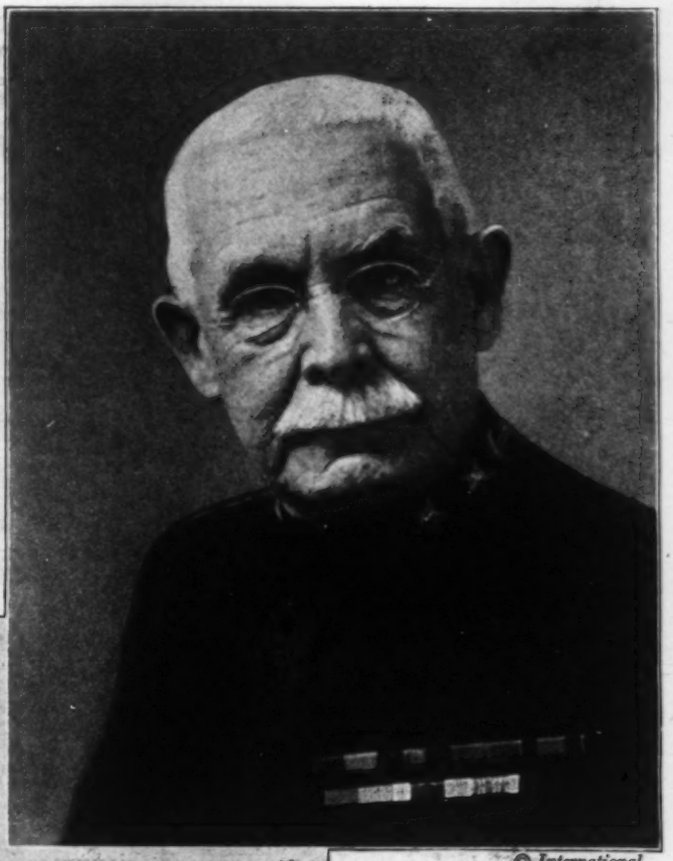
In his instructions to the delegates of the United States to the second Peace Conference held at the Hague, in 1907, Mr. Elihu Root said:

"It should be your effort to bring about in the second conference a development of the Hague tribunal into a permanent tribunal, composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupation, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility. These judges should be so selected from the different countries that the different systems of law and procedure and the principal languages shall be fairly

represented. The Court should be of such dignity, consideration and rank that the best and ablest jurists will accept appointment to it and that the whole world will have absolute confidence in its judgment."

THE World Court meets all the requirements specified by Mr. Root. It creates a permanent court of judges, carefully selected for their knowledge of international law, who are paid adequate salaries and who devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international cases by judicial methods, under a sense of judicial responsibility. The court is composed of judges familiar with different systems of law and speaking different languages. It is of such dignity that the ablest jurists will not hesitate to accept appointment to it. Moreover the Court has the confidence of the whole world.

Thus it may be seen that the preponderant opinion of former administrations has favored the judicial settlement of international disputes and has also strongly favored the establishment of a permanent court of international justice.



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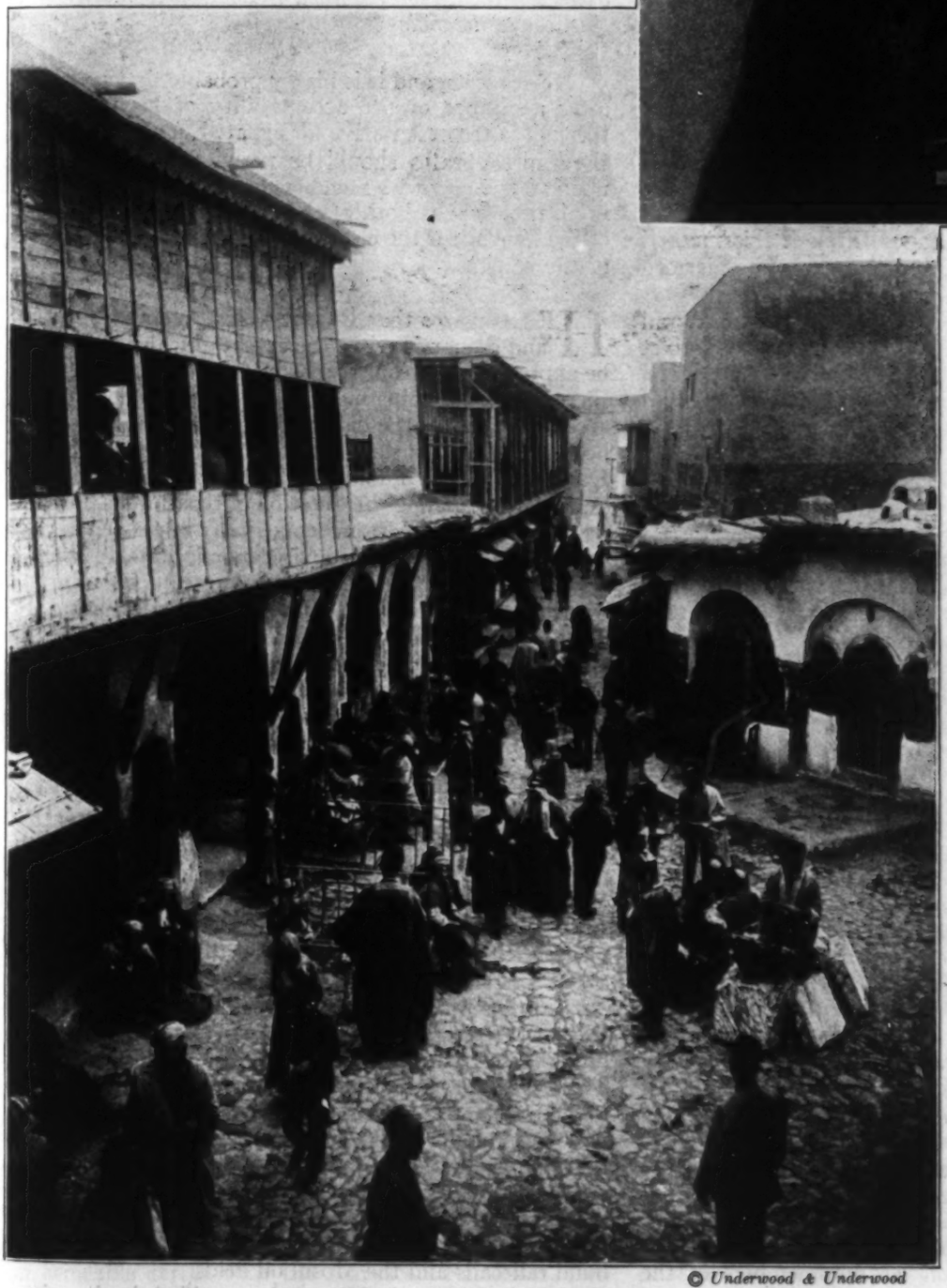
Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, whose mysteriously obtained concessions in the Mosul oil fields have been a small bombshell in the midst of negotiations with Turkey



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Scene in picturesque Mosul, center of international discord over oil rights

The Hague Conferences did not succeed in establishing a satisfactory arrangement for the settlement of international disputes. It did little more than select a list of capable judges who might be called as arbitrators.

As Mr. Choate has expressed it, there was "nothing permanent or continuous or connected in the sessions of the court," and that "thus far it has been a court in name only—framework for the selection of referees for each particular case, never consisting of the same judges." The World Court comes nearer carrying out the idea of a permanent court to which the nations may carry their causes for settlement without great expense or delay.

What are the objections to the Court?

The Isolationists claim that the World Court is but

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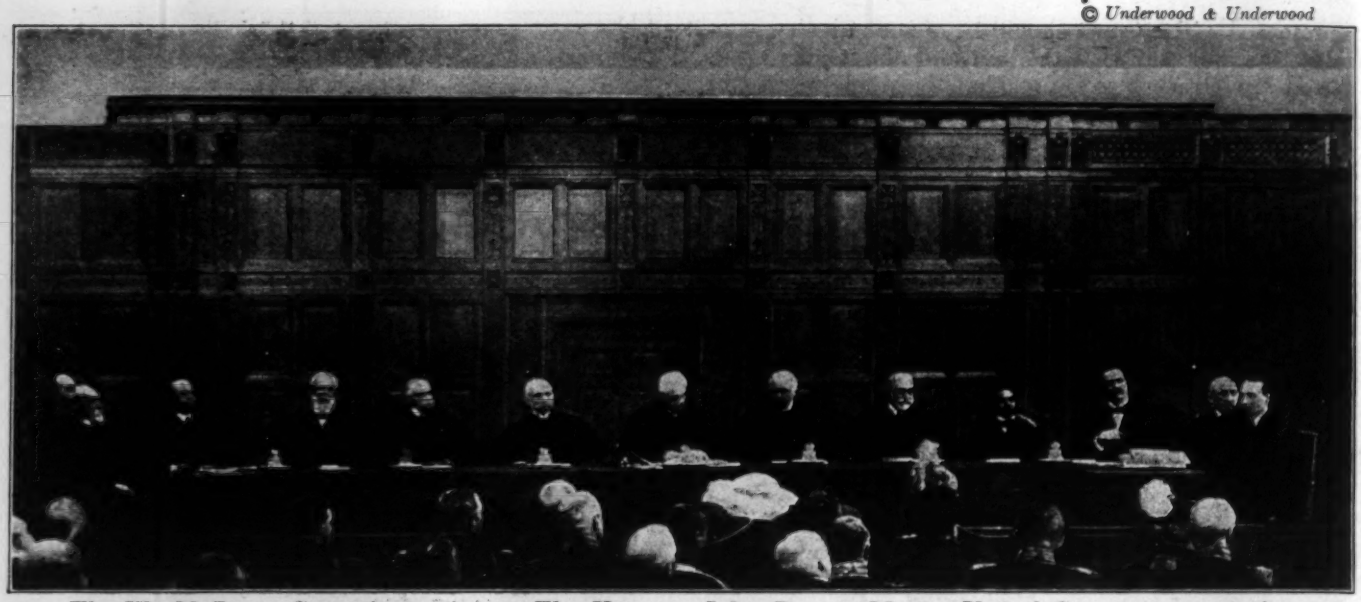


The World Peace Court in session at The Hague. John Bassett Moore, United States representative, is fifth from the right among the justices at the table

a stepping-stone to the League of Nations. Mr. Hughes is rather impatient with this idea. Why discuss the League of Nations in connection with the World Court? America's signing the protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice does not link it with the League of Nations. Those who desire that the United States shall become a member of the League through this method are indulging in vain hopes, and those who are alarmed at such a possibility are entertaining vain fears.

Mr. Hughes emphasizes the facts that the World Court is an independent judicial body, having a distinct legal status, and that it is based upon an international agreement signed by the governments individually and not by the League of Nations. The signing of the protocol would not entangle us with the League in any manner. Subscribing to the international court would not obtain for the United States a single right or subject it to a single obligation under the covenant of the League. Its decisions are not controlled or subject to review, nor can its judges be removed by the League.

Should there be any question that such an adhesion would involve the United States in any legal relations to the League of Nations or cause the assumption of any obligation by the United States under the covenant of the League, then its entire separation could be distinctly reserved as a part of the terms of adhesion on the part of this Government.

Mr. Hughes does not think it advisable, at present, for the United States to adopt the optional clause demanding compulsory submission of certain subjects to the permanent court. His reasons for objecting are twofold. First, because Great Britain, France and other great nations have not adopted this clause. The second is a political one. It would be more difficult to get the Senate to confirm our adhesion to the Court with this clause attached.

MR. HUGHES thinks that the selection of judges by a majority vote of the council and the assembly of the League of Nations, acting separately, is the best plan yet suggested. In fact, the efforts of former conferences to organize a permanent court have fallen down because the delegates could not agree upon a plan for their selection. But he does believe that it would be unfair for the United States to submit themselves or their causes to judges in whose selection, as non-members of the League, they had no part.

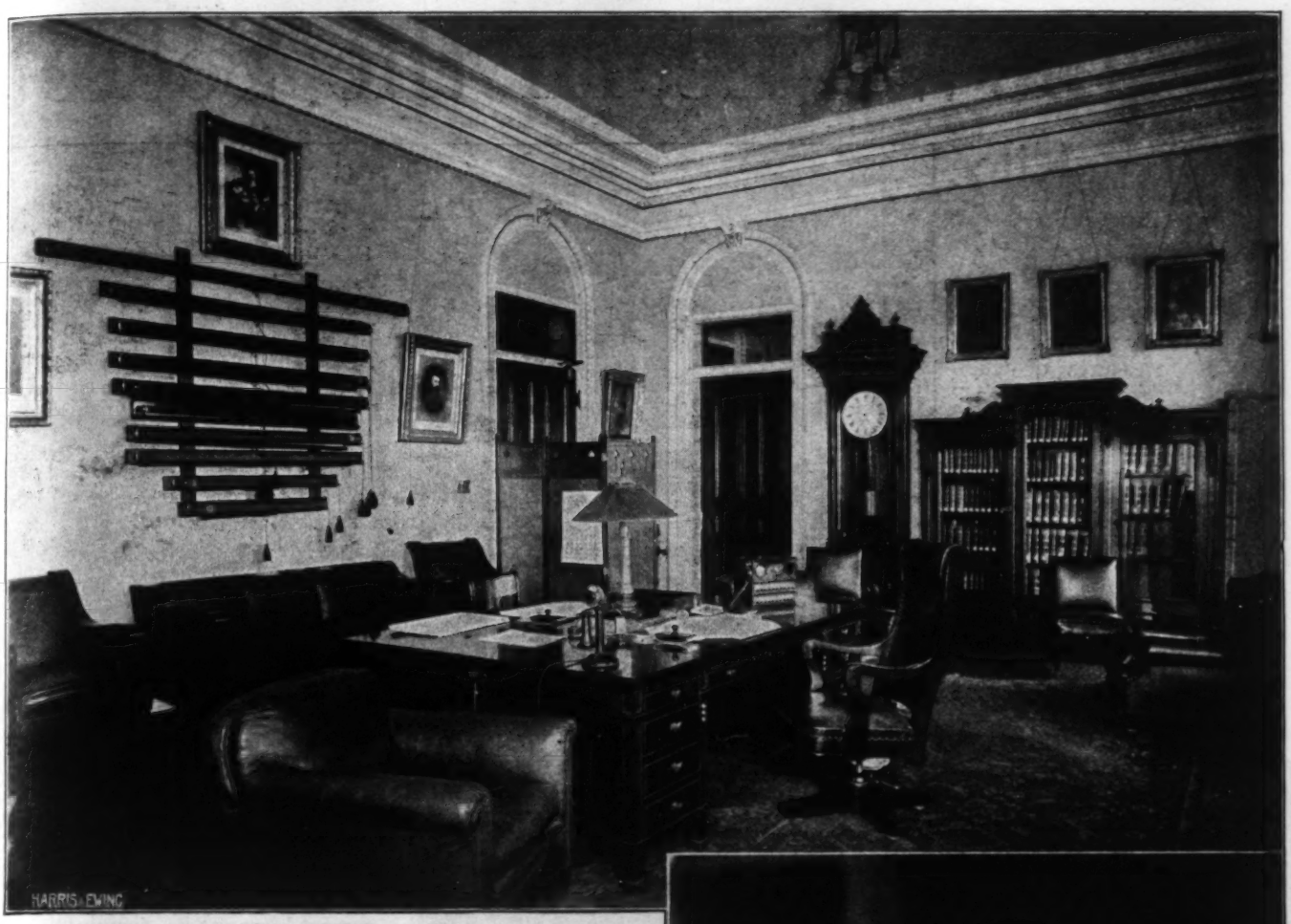
He suggests, and it is highly probable that he speaks after assurance of the acceptability of his plan, that through a representative designated for the purpose the United States should be permitted to participate upon an equality with members of the League of Nations in all proceedings both of the council and the assembly of the League for the election of judges or deputy judges of the court.

HE recognizes that Europe is undergoing a financial and economic crisis, the extent of which can hardly be appreciated by Americans and he also recognizes that there can be no adjustment or relief until a definite and accepted basis for the discharge of reparation claims has been fixed. It is futile to erect an economic structure in Europe until this foundation is laid. America has no voice in determining the question of reparations, but this fact does not keep us from being vitally interested in their quick settlement. Europe's economic cataclysm is a world problem and America cannot escape its injurious consequences, nor fail to do her part in alleviating the deplorable condition.

Mr. Hughes is opposed to the cancellation of European debts to the United States, nor does he think that reparation should be based upon Europe's indebtedness to us. The ability of Germany to pay is not affected thereby. The Allies' indebtedness to us does not diminish Germany's capacity to pay and its removal would not increase her capacity. He suggested some time ago that an international commission of financial experts entirely free from political bias be appointed to solve the problem. He would convert the reparation discussions from a political debate into a financial problem, which he would place in the hands of capable and disinterested men of affairs.

In order to understand the question involved in the Chester Concession, it is necessary to review the facts in the case. The treaty of Sèvres was nullified by the Turkish victory over the Greeks; the Allies came in, in order to effect a settlement with the Turks, but so far have been unable to do so. Between the last meeting of the conference and the present time, the Angora Government has given a concession to a group of Americans headed by Admiral Colby Chester, retired, which included, among other valuable rights, the right to build railroads and the Mosul oil fields.

Premier Poincaré of France has notified the American



As an individual, Mr. Hughes still believes in a League of Nations; as Secretary of State, at his office desk, above, he considers himself a representative of the Administration and the popular will, and opposes our joining the League

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Government that France does not recognize the Chester concession, so far as it conflicts with a prior concession to build the Sivas Sansum Railroad, and the English claim a prior right to the Mosul oil fields. The Turkish delegation through its spokesman said that the Chester concessions are entirely valid and were granted, not because Chester was an American, but because the Americans do business on business principles and do not appeal to their government to exert economic pressure.

THE Chester concession will make no difference in the State Department's attitude toward the Angora Government. The department is inclined to consider the Chester concessions as purely a commercial enterprise, one that does not involve us diplomatically; further than suitably to protect valid American interests in foreign lands. It is safe to say that there will be no American interference in Turkish affairs, as a result of the Chester concessions. Mr. Hughes' sole interest in the Turkish situation is to secure protection and proper guarantees for philanthropic, educational and business interests; suitable provision for the protection of minorities; the freedom of the Straits and reasonable opportunity for archæological research and study.

Mr. Hughes' attitude toward the Obregon Government can be very aptly expressed in this manner: He has nothing but the friendliest feeling for Mexico. He recognizes that it is important for the United States to be on amicable terms with the American Republics, particularly with those countries whose borders join ours, but he believes in the sacredness of international obligations and international intercourse.

He feels that Mexico invited intercourse with our nationals, established laws under which investments have been lawfully made and contracts entered into and property rights acquired, and that later Mexico did not fully protect these rights of Americans. He has no desire to direct the internal policy of Mexico for she must be the judge of her domestic affairs. [*Continued on page* 123]

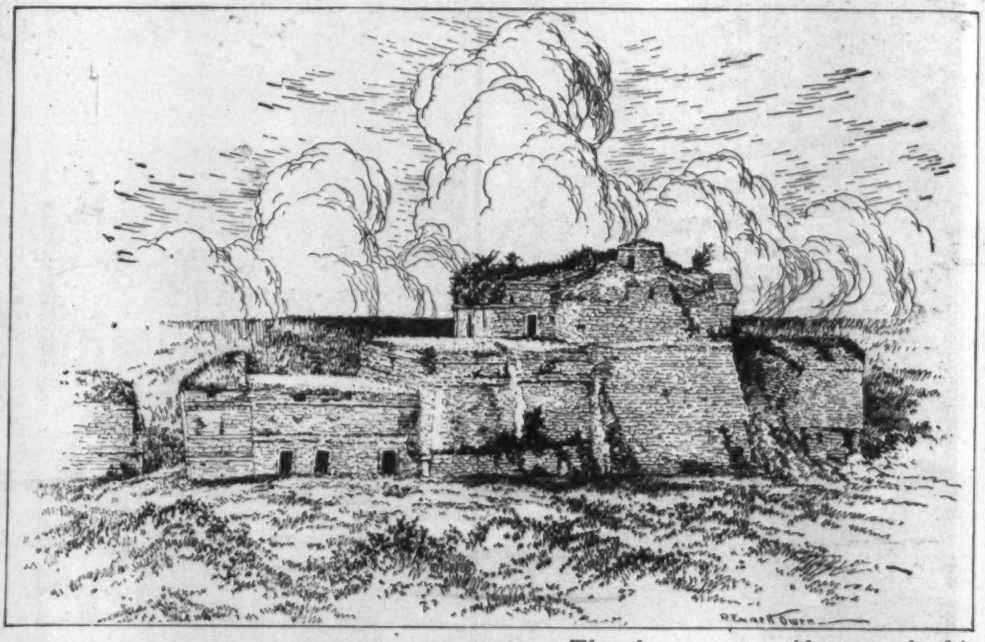
Can We Learn the Secret

By O. M. Kile

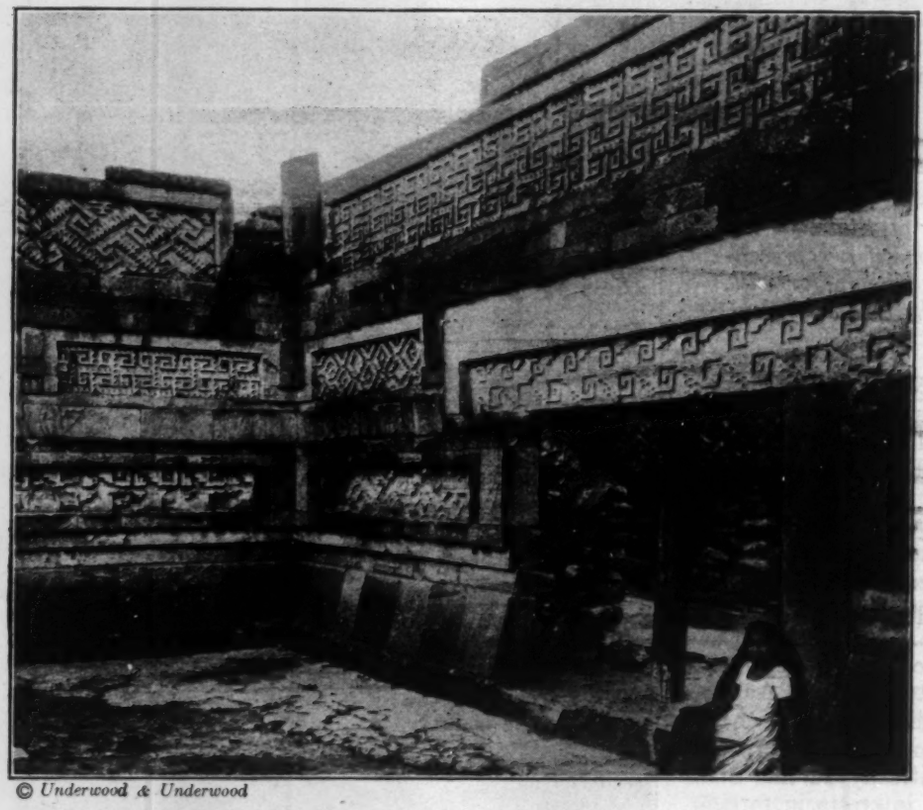
Illustrations by R. Emmett Owen

WHO will find the key to unlock the treasures of the ancient Maya civilization of Central America?

In the Yucatan peninsula and in Guatemala, on sloping jungle lands between the sea and the mountains, lie the ruins of temples and tombs, pyramids and monuments, cities and roadways, which justly earn for this region the appellation, "The Egypt of America."



The former magnificence of this ruined temple at Chichen Itza is apparent, even in its present state



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Elaborate decorative carvings on the walls of one of the ruined palaces of Mitla, in Mexico

Who were the Mayas? From whom did they learn their remarkable skill in architecture, sculpture, astronomy, painting, and writing? Were they related to the ancient Egyptians? How many thousands of years ago did they live? What caused their former glory to pass away?

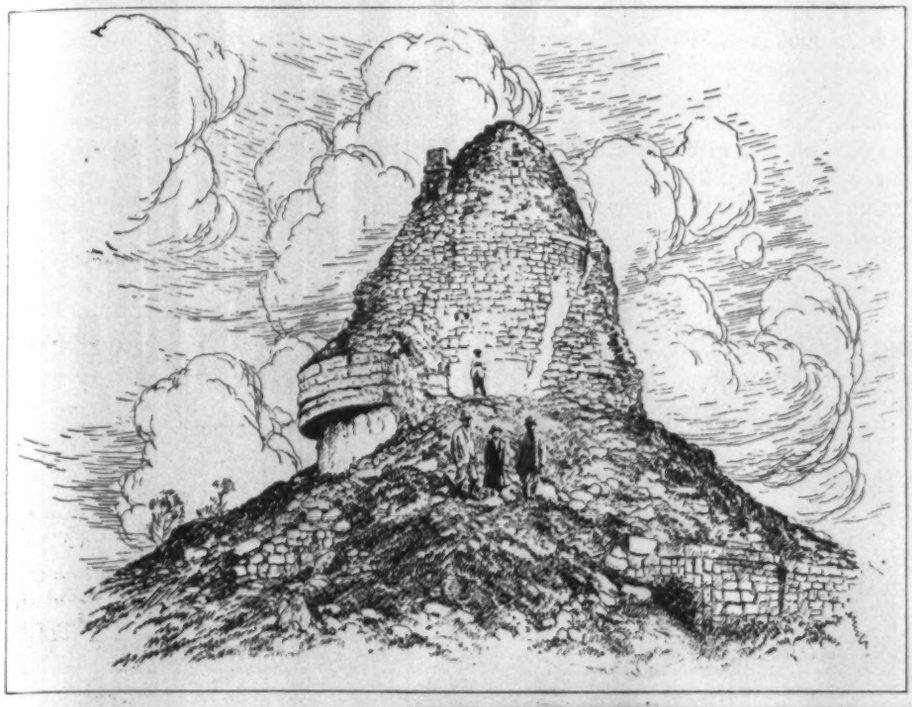
Tantalizing to students of antiquity who are seeking the answers to these questions is the fact that the ancient Mayas, like the early Egyptians, apparently were just as anxious to preserve their story for us as we are to discover it. Shafts and monuments, entire walls of stone buildings, are covered completely with beautifully carved hieroglyphs, seemingly arranged in a language as simple as a primer—if only we had the key to read it. They reach down through the centuries to tell us the story of the dim past, perhaps to tell us new facts about our own origin—and we cannot understand! Yet the history of the "Egypt of America" may become an open book sooner than we expect.

At least a score of students in the United States are determined to solve the riddle. With the aid of every available modern apparatus for deciphering language and with a knowledge of other ancient languages as a guide, they are making remarkable progress. Within the past two months, too, has been revealed the discovery of important treasures at one of the Maya ruins. These discoveries were made ten years ago by Edward H. Thompson, then American Consul in Yucatan but were kept secret by the Mexican government. The treasures, recovered from a huge sacrificial well, include gold ornaments, priceless turquoise masks worn by the priests when making human sacrifices, jade carvings, and a sacrificial knife with an ebony handle in the form of two curiously entwined serpents biting the thin flint blade.

Among the leaders in this fascinating search are Doctor W. H. Holmes of the Smithsonian Institution, Doctor Marshall A. Saville of the New Museum of the American Indian, in New York City, and Doctors John

of the Egypt of America?

Ancient Ruins in Yucatan Rival Egyptian Splendors



The "Carocol"—snail-like house —the only circular building found among the Mayan ruins

cent of the ruined cities is Chichen Itza, in the northern end of the Yucatan peninsula. Even in their desolation these amazing ruins still hold a thousand traditions of former sanctity and splendor. The original grouping of castles and temples is still quite apparent and some of them are in an extraordinary state of preservation.

Chichen Itza seems to have been a sort of central shrine for the Maya peoples, comparable to the Mohammedan Mecca and the Christian Jerusalem. The location evidently was dependent upon the existence of two deep natural wells, or cenotes, the only

© Kadel & Herbert

One of the entrances to the temple of "Las Monjas" at Chichen Itza. Note distinctive designs in carving and elaborate masonry

C. Merriam and Sylvanus G. Morley of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C. All have made detailed study of the ancient Mayan civilization. Incidentally, their researches may throw new light on the origin of the American Indian—a problem that has puzzled men for centuries.

No one knows how old the Maya civilization is. Some venture the opinion that it antedates the pyramids of Egypt. By an ingenious correlation of astronomic facts with an ancient legend, Doctor Morley has been able to decipher a certain Maya date and from this he has developed most of their entire system of numerals. On a Maya monument has been found a date corresponding to the year 120 B. C., leading Doctor Morley to believe that the Maya national life extended at least from that early date to about 600 A. D.

Certain it is that when the Spanish conquerors arrived in Central America in the sixteenth century the Maya ruins appeared almost as old to them as they do to us to-day. The Spaniards marveled at their extent and complexity. Apparently neither the Aztecs of central Mexico, whom Cortez conquered, nor the Indians living in the vicinity of the Maya ruins, could tell the Spanish invaders anything of the origin of the Mayas or of their ancient glories.

Probably the largest, and certainly the most magnifi-

ones in all that dry region. One was used as a public water supply, and the other—the sacred Cenote—for making sacrifices. In times of drought or other trouble the priests threw into the Sacred Cenote treasures and, in extreme cases, living human beings. It was from this well that the treasures mentioned above were recently recovered. In addition, divers brought forth the bones of maidens—no doubt ancient sacrificial victims.

The shrine city to-day lies buried in a thick jungle, which year by year crept into the very heart of the holy

© *Ewing Galloway*

The Mayan Indians of to-day dwell in primitive huts surrounded by fences of growing cactus

place. The trees have overthrown colonnades and have covered pyramids to their summits; courts have been lost in a tangle of thorns and creepers; palaces stripped of their sculptured embellishments. Desolation has spread everywhere.

"The City of a Thousand Columns"

THE most conspicuous structure, the Castillo temple, rises seventy-eight feet above the plain. The pyramid on which the temple stands covers about an acre of ground. From its western base runs a causeway leading to the Sacred Cenote, and we may well believe that this sacred passageway was the scene of many a ceremonial procession from the temple, ending tragically at the deep sacrificial well.

Says Doctor Morley, in one of his discussions of the Mayas: "It requires but little effort of the imagination to visualize once more the long-forgotten scene: the white-robed priests with smoking censers, leading the garlanded sacrificial victims down the serpent stairway, and thence along the Sacred Way which leads to the pit of death. Standing on the brink of this great hole in the earth's crust and looking down into its somber depths, never a ripple stirring the dark-green water far below, with trees arching high above, the cry of the unfortunate victim as he plunges downward almost rings in one's ears."

To the east of the Castillo is a vast group of buildings, colonnades, courts and pyramids. "The City of a Thousand Columns," it has been fittingly called. Here columns lie overturned, row after row, in such regular formation as to suggest the work of an earthquake. Other elaborate buildings are known as "The House of the Dark Writing," "The Carocol," a snail-like house; "Palace of the Nuns," "Palace of Circus," "Palace of the Tigers," "The Monastery," the "Church," and the "Ball Court."

Of these the most fascinating is the Ball Court, constructed of two great parallel walls each two hundred and seventy-two feet long, sixteen feet thick and twenty-seven feet high, forming a court a hundred and nineteen feet wide. At a central point high on the inside of each of these walls is a stone ring four feet in diameter. The arrangement is very similar to our own basket-ball apparatus, except that the rings hang vertically instead of horizontally.

Early Life of the Mayas

EARLY Spanish writers have described the Mayan ball game in detail. The object of the game was to knock the ball through the ring by hitting it, not with the hands, but with the body. This feat required great skill—so great, in fact, that the player who made the winning stroke was entitled to all the clothes and ornaments worn by the spectators. When the winning shot was made, we are told, the audience scrambled wildly for the exits, before the winner could collect his reward. But his friends usually were on hand to give pursuit and collect the belated gate receipts.

Many more strange secrets of the life of this ancient American civilization undoubtedly lie hidden in the ruins of other Maya cities—Uxmal, Mitla, Tikal, Quirigua and Copan, the "Mother City" of the race.

At Mitla have been found burial chambers cut in the solid stone, suggesting the ancient Egyptian burial customs of the days of King Tutankhamen, whose tomb has just given up its treasures after three thousand years. Apparently the Mayas did not practice the art of embalming, since no mummies have been found. Their ideas of treasure differed, too, from those of the Egyptians. To Mayan eyes the turquoise was the most prized of all gems. Gold and silver were used, but turquoise and jade were the treasures that were buried with the rulers of the Mayas centuries ago.

Long before the coming of Cortez in the early sixteenth century, the great empire of the Mayas, under a single king, had suffered some great catastrophe—legend has it that this consisted of inter-tribal wars, famine and pestilence—and had broken up into small, wandering bands, without cities and with few possessions. After a few generations their language changed into a number of dialects and all semblance of national life disappeared. Such was the condition of the Mayas when the Spanish conquerors arrived.

The priests who followed Cortez determined to convert the heathen Indians to the Catholic religion, and to this end they attempted to root out every vestige of native civilization and institutions. They destroyed the Maya churches, religion, and books. And they did it so thoroughly that little has been handed down to link the present with the distant past. Of the numerous Mayan books, only a rare handful—probably not more than three—escaped destruction.

One of these books, now known as the Dresden Codex, had a remarkable history. It was carried back to Europe, probably by one of the returning priests, and after a century or so appeared in a library at Florence, Italy. But no one there knew its value, or what it was. Finally, in cleaning out some shelves one day, the librarian threw out this Mayan book to be burned with other refuse, remarking to the janitor that "he guessed it was an old Indian picture book."

Ancient Mayan Manuscripts

THE janitor turned the pages and decided to take the book home for his children to play with. After this second narrow escape from destruction it knocked about in private hands for another century or two, until finally it came to the attention of a scholar who recognized it at its true worth and bought it. To-day it reposes in a museum in Dresden.

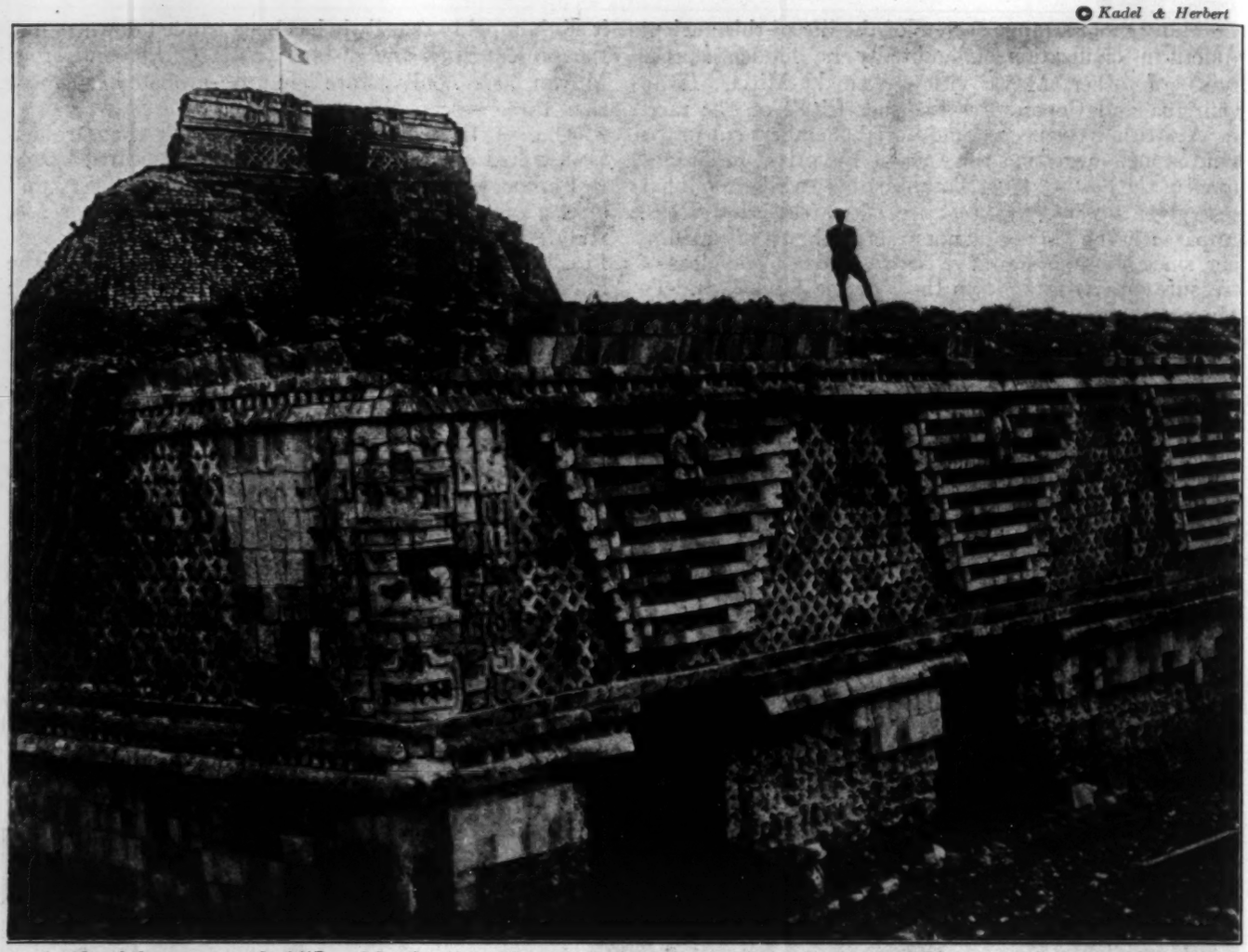
Some of the early manuscripts were on palm leaves, others on a sort of paper made from native grasses. The Mayas used a sharpened reed and vegetable or mineral inks for their writing and painting. One of their colored inks—a brilliant red, made from minerals—proved to be very durable.

It is curious that of all the Maya writings only

© *Ewing Galloway*

Making tortillas in a present-day Indian household on the site of Mitla's ancient grandeur

© *Kadel & Herbert*



Angle of the courtyard of "Las Monjas," in Uxmal, showing magnificent sculptured designs and ornamentation. In the background rises the Stone Pyramid on top of which stands the "Temple of the Seer"

the hieroglyphs on the monuments and buildings and in the few books remain; and the key to these is lost—destroyed by the Spaniards. No one to-day can decipher the carefully written picture words.

A hopeless task, it would seem, to unravel the meaning of these strange symbols. Is there somewhere a Rosetta Stone of the Mayan language? If so, who will find it?

At the forefront among the scholars who are exploring the mystery is Doctor William Gates, of Charlottesville, Virginia, President of the Maya Society, and Director-General of the National Museum of Guatemala. He it was who supplied the information which enabled Doctor Morley to correlate the dates of the early Mayas with the calendar of to-day. Doctor Gates has worked on the Maya problem for more than twenty years, studying the natives and the ancient inscriptions. And he has found one link with the past which he believes may contain the long-sought clews. It is this:

After the Spanish priests had destroyed the ancient Mayan books, they undertook to teach the natives a new written language. They invented a phonetic alphabet with symbols in which the natives learned to write the Maya tongue. Some of the more learned wrote out old Maya legends and historical accounts. To-day many thousands of pages of these manuscripts still exist. Doctor Gates believes that somewhere within these pages lies the clew which will connect him with more ancient times. He is supported in this belief by the success with which the manuscripts were used in translation.

Shaded areas show location of the most important Mayan ruins, including Chichen Itza in Yucatan and Quirigua in Guatemala

In one of the old manuscripts Doctor Gates found a translation of an ancient legend—the story of the massacre of the sons of several kings who had gone down to a neutral well to draw water. The time of this story was given in both Mayan and European chronology, and it was found to be the marking point from which the Mayas began to date their calendar, just as we now date ours from the birth of Christ. With the time of this important historical event definitely established, it became possible to reckon the Maya dates fairly accurately.

Mayan Hieroglyphs

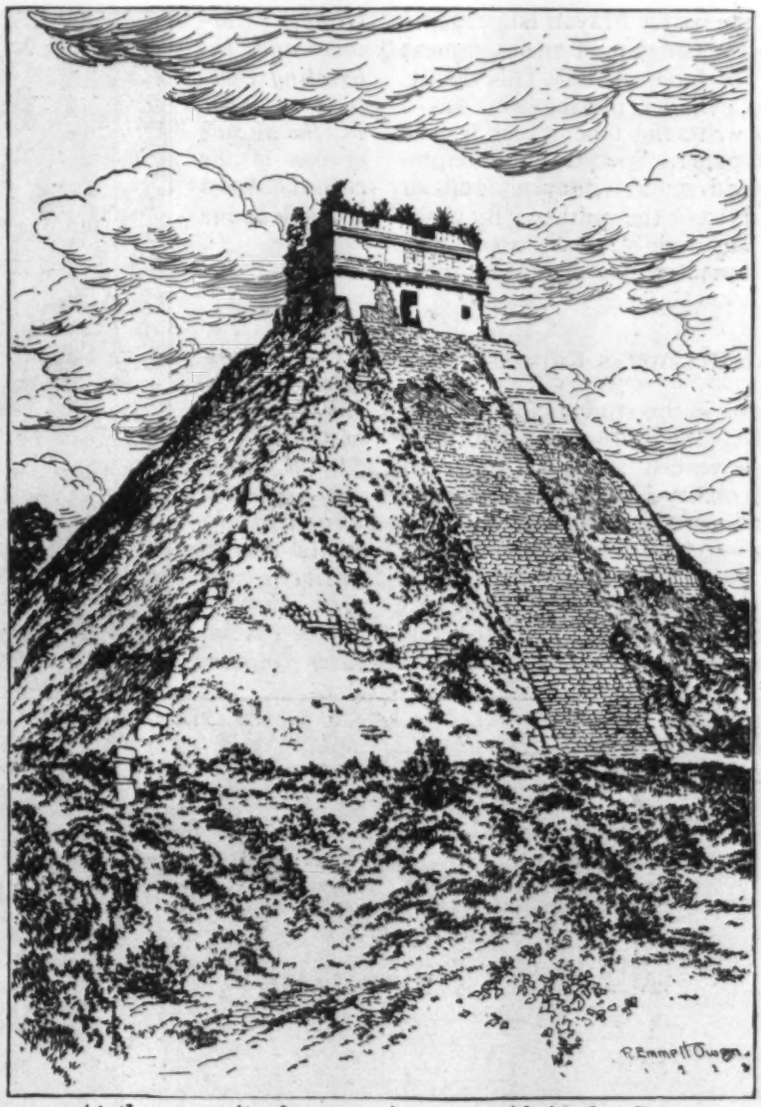
BUT even with the dates translated, the Maya inscriptions were as meaningless and tantalizing as ever to the scholars.

Doctor Gates' next line of approach was to compare minutely the grammar and syntax in the first phonetic

translations with the hieroglyphic inscriptions. To his delight he discovered that these two forms of writing apparently followed many of the same rules of construction. Both used prefixes and suffixes and both seemed to have similar variations for tense, mood, person and similar inflections.

Even casual examination of the hieroglyphic symbols shows that they are composites. That is, they are made up of a principal element with prefixes and suffixes arranged in a variety of positions. Then, too, there are curves, hooks, crosses, double crosses, and dots, the position of which evidently alters the meaning of the symbol. Doctor Gates has discovered that in their original form the symbols bore various colorings which he believes differentiated their meaning.

One of the few original Maya books that escaped Spanish destruction is believed to deal with astronomy.



At the summit of a massive pyramid is the Great Temple of Chichen Itza.

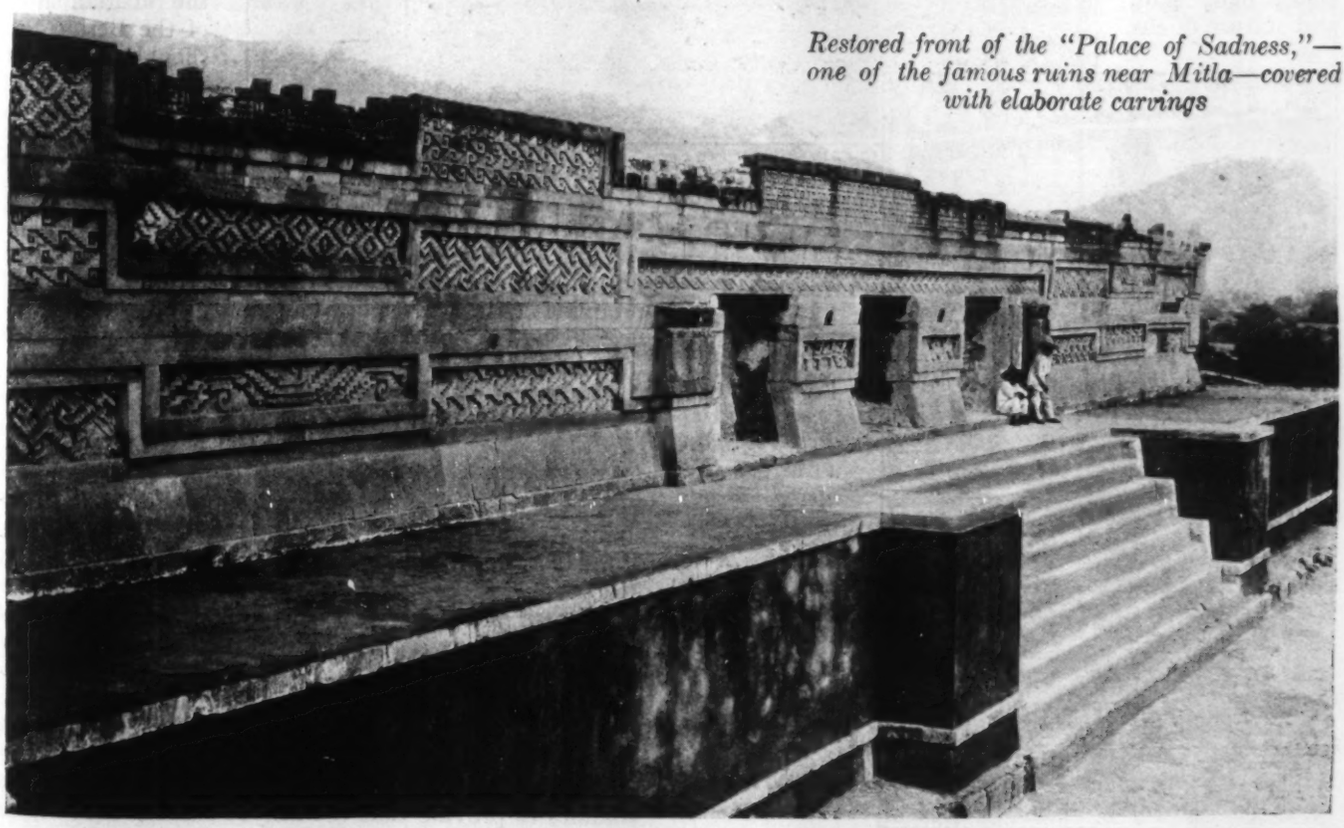
It contains beautifully colored symbolic pictures. Six pages of the book appear to be a perpetual diagrammatic calendar forecasting the eclipses of the sun and moon and movements of other heavenly bodies.

It is probably through these astronomical writings that the key to the Maya hieroglyphics finally will be deciphered. The picture diagrams give the investigator at least a general idea of what the text is about. In fact, Doctor Gates believes he already has deciphered three symbols through association of known astronomical facts and the Maya characters.

As a further aid in getting at the basic roots of the language Doctor Gates has made valuable use of a pure-blooded Quiché Indian —a direct descendant of the original Mayas —whom he brought to his farm in Virginia. This native—Cipriano Alvarado—grew up in a Guatemala wilderness.

To study and record

Restored front of the "Palace of Sadness,"— one of the famous ruins near Mitla—covered with elaborate carvings



the vocal peculiarities of the native Mayan language, as spoken by Alvarado, Doctor Gates used an instrument called the "kymograph," or wave-writer. This device, somewhat like the early cylinder phonograph, has a stylus so arranged as to write the tone waves from a spoken word on a smoked paper. Special tubes are provided to convey and record sound vibrations and air puffs from the nose and larynx of the speaker. By use of this apparatus to record Alvarado's speech, a complete record of the mechanical qualities of the Maya tongue has been made.

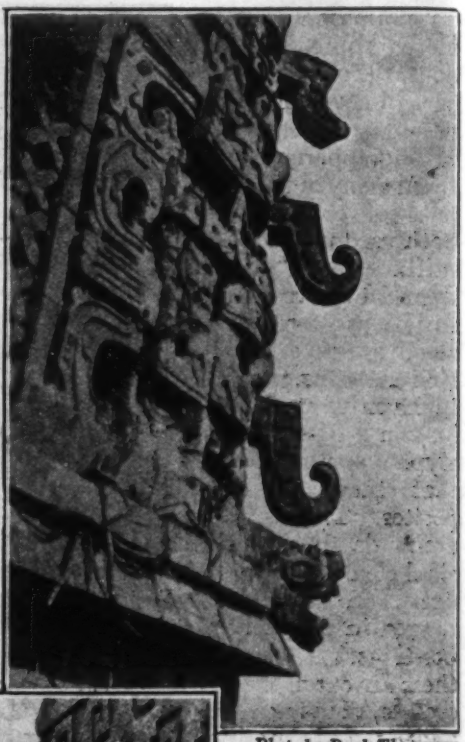
Mayan Language Resembles Chinese

ASSISTING Doctor Gates in this study is John P. Harrington, an ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. In an extended study of the early American Indian, he has observed certain peculiarities common to the Mayas and other Indian nations, which, he says, point very strongly to their Asiatic origin.

The Maya symbols, says Doctor Harrington, are similar in character and appearance to the Chinese plan of writing used to-day. He has just discovered, too, that the Maya spoken language resembles that of the Chinese in peculiarity of accent or intonation. That is, a word may mean one thing when pronounced with a certain intonation and an entirely different thing when pronounced with a different pitch.

As further substantiation of the Asiatic theory Mr. Harrington points out that the features, hair, skin, and stature of the pure-blooded American Indian are almost identical with those of the Mongolian tribes of northeastern Siberia.

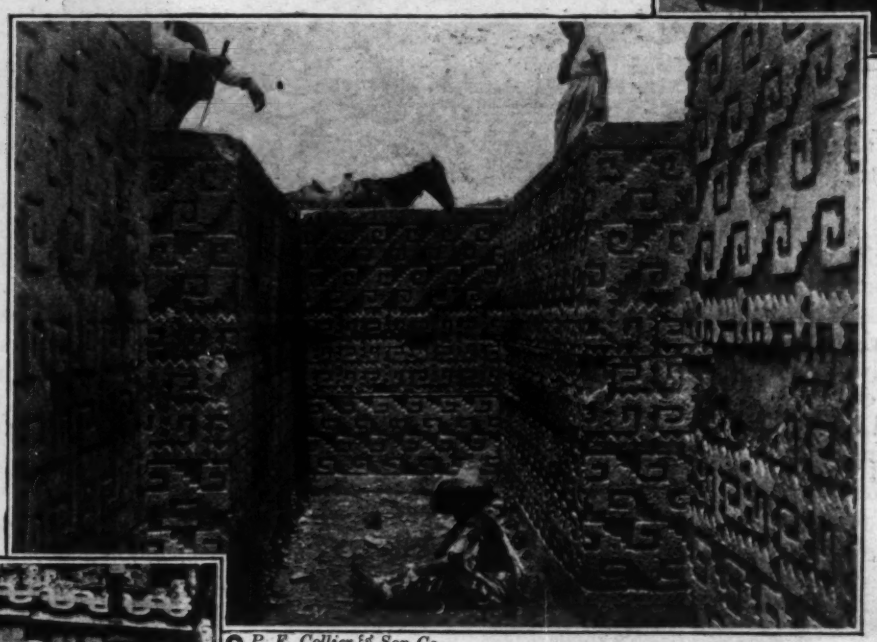
"It would have been nothing remarkable," he adds, "if in the distant past some of the tribes on the Siberian shore of the Bering Sea should have put out in small boats to explore the coast of Alaska, less than one hundred miles away. On the way across there are two small islands that could have been used as resting places. Perhaps the first immigrants were driven out by war or crossed in search of food. Once on the Alaskan coast, and still retaining their boats, they moved southward by easy degrees. A few centuries would have been sufficient to introduce this race all along our western coast."



(Right) Curious and interesting carvings in stone in the façade of one of the ruined temples of the Mayans

(Below) Interior of the ruins at Crusero on Mount Giran, near Mitla, showing the walls almost entirely covered with intricate designs hewn in stone

Photo by Paul Thompson



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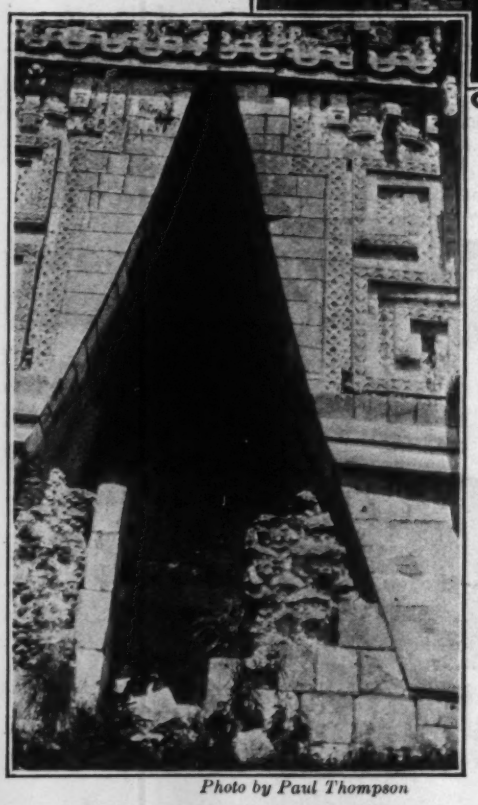


(Left) Curious triangular arch in the wonderfully carved façade of the "Governor's Palace" at Uxmal—one of the most beautiful and best preserved of the Mayan ruins

Photo by Paul Thompson

Origin of the Mayas

ANOTHER striking coincidence which tends to show at least a common origin of mankind in Asia is the similarity of the ancient Mayan story of creation to that found in our own Bible. One of the old Maya books tells how at first there reigned only a Supreme Being. The world was merely a vast waste in which there was "neither man, nor beast, bird, fish nor insect, neither rock nor dry land nor sea:" and out of this the Deity molded the world.

Other theories ascribe the origin of the Mayas to Egypt, Java and Southern India, and even to the "lost continent" of Atlantis. Lord Kingsbury devoted nine volumes to proving that the Mayas are descended from

Three monuments—Stelæ—at Quirigua. These Stelæ are historical records, erected for a definite period of time, the hieroglyphs on the surface recording events of the period. As yet only the dates can be read

the ten lost tribes of Israel. Voltaire speaks of the possible connection of the Mayas and the Egyptians in an interesting comparison of the two civilizations.

Of immediate interest to many Americans is the fact that the Guatemalan government is taking steps to open this "Egypt of America" to tourists. A national bureau of archæology, ethnology, and philology has been established in connection with a national museum, and liberal provisions have been made for tourists and scientific expeditions.

Doctor Morley, of the Carnegie Institution, is now leading an expedition into the region once inhabited by the "lost nation." He believes that deeper in the tropical wilderness of northern Guatemala will be found the mysterious ruins of more large Mayan cities, if the search is continued.

The injunction to "see America first" may one of these days imply a visit to the ancient ruins on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, before one journeys to the better-known Mediterranean.

The search into this ever-alluring mystery of the early wanderings of mankind goes on year by year. And perhaps, when the early history of the Mayas is finally unraveled, America may add to the wonder story of man's upward march through the ages the most fascinating chapter of all.

Amid the Gilded Splendor of the China Coast an American Girl Seeks

The Ivory Bird Cage

By H. Bedford-Jones

Illustrations by O. F. Schmidt

THE man's smoothly calculated insult seemed to pass almost unheard by Joan Thurston. For a long moment she did not even return her gaze to him. Her face showed none of the swift, intolerable anger that leaped into her brain. Her regard remained fixed on the long sweep of the bay, the little steamer from Hongkong with its one funnel and absurdly long trail of smoke, the fishing junks with nets like spider webs spread to dry across their yellow sails, the glittering splendor of afternoon sunlight on the sea.

She had received the man on the hotel veranda, and his first words had driven a flame through her—yet she did not show it. Now she turned to him, her eyes cool as the blue bay under the sweep of the Penha heights, her voice quiet and imperturbable.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Gorgonza, that you threaten me?"

Gorgonza smiled his oily, deprecating smile. His turgid eyes—the eyes of a half-blood Eurasian—of a true Macaense, smoldered upon her loveliness.

"Dear madame, you misunderstand!" he purred. "I merely advise."

Joan's face flashed into a smile. It was an elusive and charming smile, which quite altered her rather austere beauty into a thing of warmly pulsing power. Gorgonza, being what he was, read in that smile a stirring of sex, thought that she was about to exert her beauty to conquer him—and the thought shone in his eyes.

"Suppose we sit down," she said pleasantly. "I should like to understand you more clearly, Mr. Gorgonza."

She accepted the chair that he placed for her, ignoring his bow. As she sank into it her eyes swept from the sea to the marvelous vista below and beyond, along the hillside—all Macao lay there outspread in its afternoon glory; white houses reaching back to the cliff, trees lining the perfect sickle-sweep of shore, and in the center the two slim flag poles, like straight geometrical lines. Here and there, from this vantage point, showed iridescent, shimmering lines that ran in graceful curves among the buildings; the tops of garden walls—these, with their green-glass spikes glistening in the white sunlight. Macao was beautiful, both in ensemble and in detail, and it was almost with an effort that the girl's eyes came back

"Am I to understand that you threaten me?" asked Gorgonza, his oily, deprecating smile smoldering on her

to this fatly smirking caller. Gorgonza produced a cigarette.

"With your permission, madame? Thank you. Now, let me state my position more clearly."

AIRILY, Gorgonza lighted the cigarette. By dint of long habit, he concealed his muddy finger ends. Then he spoke softly, persuasively.

"I know, dear madame, that you have come to China to deal in antiques—real and beautiful works of art such as millionaires buy in America. You are an exceptional woman. Up north, they have conferred upon you the name of 'The Angel Buyer.' This, I assure you, is a compliment, a great compliment, and nothing else! It is my privilege to say that the name is deserved. Me, I have never before this understood that angels were of your charming sex—you perceive that I read my Bible, madame. However, I have learned something to-day."

Joan smiled again. Some of the dealers and agents in the northern cities had changed their opinion of her since that nickname had been bestowed. An angel is not so easily rooked as some folk imagine. Now her eyes widened upon Gorgonza, fascinated him.

"You know so much about me!" she exclaimed.

"I am well served." He smiled into her eyes, tenderly; brushed his mustache with his thumb; puffed at his cigarette. "Now you have come to Macao, and in Macao —behold! It is I, Joao de Gorgonza, of the blood of the great Albuquerque, who am the one dealer here in real antiques. That is, you understand, the one who controls! I know what you have come here to find. It is the bird cage of the Viceroy P'ao."

Joan Thurston assented with a birdlike nod of her poised head. Gorgonza might have read peril in her eyes, but he only smirked again and went on suavely.

"Dear lady, this business of ours

stand, Mr. Gorgonza, the girl. Gorgonza smil- smile, his turgid eyes loveliness

is not one for so beautiful a person as yourself! Believe me, it brings one into contact with unclean things—things too ugly for your sweet hands. It——"

Joan's manner changed abruptly. She came to her feet, with a sudden gesture of bored distaste. Her eyes glanced down at him in contempt.

"Enough of this," she said. "I thought you might prove somewhat original. You are not."

Gorgonza was so shocked by this that for an instant he was deprived of speech. He could only stare up at her, his mouth agape. Under the scorn of her eyes, he reddened slowly.

"I understand you perfectly," went on Joan. "You want to force me out of here—make me go away. Well, I have just one thing to say to you."

GORGONZA rose. His eyes were ugly. His lips were uglier.

"And that is, madame?"

"Look out for yourself, if you interfere with me. That's all. You may go."

And Gorgonza went. But, as he departed, the fat toad of a man fairly exuded venom from every pore.

Joan Thurston sat down and stared out over the bay, rather thoughtfully. It was Sunday afternoon; the procession of carriages along the winding, tamarind-bordered drive to the golf links had begun, and from the park drifted up the swinging lilt of the band concert. Behind the girl's chair paused two women, excitedly discussing their tickets in the month's Misericordia lottery. As if their voices had aroused her, Joan rose.

She went to her own room, and sat down at the table. Writing a brief chit, she called a boy and sent the chit to one Lee Kim, who sold silks in a shop near the boat landing.

THROUGHOUT the groaning, tormented bulk of inland China famine and pestilence had been succeeded by more bitter internecine war; and, because of this, the antique buyers were reaping an enormous, an incredible harvest. Heirlooms, cherished in the same family from remote antiquity, were on the market. The agonies of starvation forced men of high lineage, of historic family, to sell their choicest treasures. Most of these things went to America.

The buyers and agents were men of varied types, cherishing in common only one trait—a keen and acute perception. An error could be accurately measured in dollars, and the business of counterfeiting fine Chinese art was in full swing under the patronage of clever Nipponese, so that many a man went home to America poorer, but infinitely wiser.

Among them was no *esprit de corps*—keen envy and jealousy and hatred were rampant. Into this petty maelstrom had come Joan Thurston, most amazingly possessed of that sixth sense which defines an antique as real or faked. True, she had not been long in China. She did not know the tricks of the trade. She was a mere girl. Yet these hindrances were so thoroughly offset by certain advantages, that before a month was out she was practically blacklisted by other dealers; in effect, a combination was made to drive her out of the business. She was too dangerous.

Joan herself appeared quite indifferent to this action. Most dealers pick up their knowledge here and there; she had studied the Chinese arts systematically. Also, she bore letters from certain merchants of New York's Chinatown and that of San Francisco, which were of inestimable value to her.

On Sunday evening, the evening of her first day in Macao, Joan Thurston received a visit from the silk merchant, Lee Kim.

He came—a leathery, blinking old man, with a coolie who bore a load of silks to show the foreign lady. For an hour he displayed his wares, and Joan bought some of them. Then Lee Kim ordered the coolie to take the load and the lantern—one carries a light after nightfall in Macao—and to await him below. Left alone, he turned to Joan and bowed.

"I have heard of you," he said quietly, "from my cousin Lee Yuen, in Hongkong. I am at your service."

Joan smiled. "Thank you, Lee! I have heard that somewhere in the city or near it, is a famous bird cage, that of the Viceroy P'ao. It was brought from upcountry by one of his descendants, who sold it and was then murdered and robbed on the way home. No one seems to know exactly where it is. I am willing to pay a fair price for it."

Lee Kim, who obviously was none too keen of wit, regarded Joan blinkingly and slowly, gravely, shook his old head.

"The thing is famous, beautiful, and of great value," he responded, "but it is not worth the danger involved. Nor is it worth the price of human life. To take life is forbidden."

"I understand," said Joan. "Gracious, Lee! I don't intend to murder any one! Tell me."

Lee Kim shrugged.

"It belongs to me, but I cannot get it," he said frankly. "I bought it from the murdered man and I hold a bill of sale. I cannot obtain it, for it is now in the house of Dom Manuel Fernaes, outside the walls. Dom Manuel is a friend of Dom Joao de Gorgonza. Dom Manuel will not give it up to me. Gorgonza wishes to buy it from me, but I will not sell to him. It is a deadlock."

"It is yours?" Joan regarded him in surprise. "But you can easily obtain it by law——"

The old merchant smiled thinly.

"It is written in the book 'Li Lou' that neither virtue nor law can put themselves into practice, however good they may be. I am afraid of Gorgonza and he is afraid of me. He dares not take the thing without a bill of sale, and I cannot obtain it from Dom Manuel. It might be had by murder, but that is forbidden. Only to save another person is murder lawful."

"YOU mean"—Joan frowned thoughtfully—"that Gorgonza is influential?"

"He and Dom Manuel, yes. He corrupts people, and he panders to the taste of officials in many ways—in ways not to be spoken of with beautiful ladies like you. In the Portuguese court I am helpless against him. In the Chinese court I am helpless against Dom Manuel, who is of old Macaense blood, but a very unworthy person; also, Dom Manuel is wealthy."

"Very well," said Joan, with her birdlike nod. "I shall come to your shop at nine in the morning, Lee. Make me out a bill of sale and turn over the former one, also, that the title may be clear. I will buy the bird cage from you."

Lee Kim blinked at her.

"But I cannot sell it! I cannot deliver it to you!"

"I'll attend to the delivery, thanks." Joan smiled, and under her smile Lee Kim gave up his protests, and departed to his own place. She reflected that he was not too intelligent.

Yet to Lee Kim, as to any unprejudiced observer, it was perfectly clear that this American girl was putting her head into a noose—was taking up arms against insuperable forces. The policy initiated by the great Albuquerque—that of deliberately creating a mixed race—had produced men of Gorgonza's type; men in whose veins ran Malaccan, Japanese, Chinese blood, no less than that of ancient grandees. Such men know only the law of their own desires.

Undoubtedly, Lee Kim was conveying a hint, in his oblique fashion, when he quoted the saying of Mencius that neither virtue nor law amounted to anything unless men practiced them. If so, the hint was thrown away; it fell upon barren ground.

At nine the next morning Joan Thurston came into the little silk shop, and Lee Kim bowed low to her. So far as paper profit was concerned, she accomplished a magnificent stroke of business, because under the circumstances Lee Kim took no advantage of her and was glad to get his investment back.

THE bird cage in question was a creation famed in tale and legend, a gift from the Emperor Kang H'si to a viceroy of ages past, and it was said to have consumed the labor of twelve great craftsmen during a space of three years. When Joan left the silk merchant's shop, she owned the bird cage—on paper.

She strolled along the Playa Grande skirting the beautiful bay, glanced idly into the shop windows, and men turned to look after her slender figure. Here in this Asian Monte Carlo, where were concentrated the vice, beauty and gilded splendor of the China coast, this girl stood notably apart. She was clad in an engagingly simple gown of white silk, and silk-banded leghorn hat, her only jewel a pendant of ancient carved lapis that hung by a silk cord at her throat. But it was the personality of the girl that drew all eyes. A passing Sikh, gorgeous in his uniform and his blue-and-white streamered turban, met her cool, blue gaze, and instinctively saluted.

Presently she made up her mind, and summoned a carriage. It was not yet ten, and between ten and four the streets of Macao are emptied of life. This, however was a matter of business.

"You know the house of Dom Manuel Fernaes, outside the town?" she asked. "Take me there, and drive slowly."

The native driver was stupefied by this command, for he knew the house of Dom Manuel very well indeed. Every one in Macao—and some elsewhere—knew it. That house had recently been the cause of certain official representations from the governor at Hongkong, which did not incommode the Portuguese authorities in the least, especially as the inquiries concerned nothing more important than a vanished Englishwoman. Dom Manuel had an interest in the opium factories, and was the owner of a splendid casino adjoining his residence grounds, and he was not a person to be troubled by inquiries. Since this American girl seemed to know her business, however, the native driver ventured no protest.

As the carriage drove slowly along Joan Thurston enjoyed the streets despite their general lack of shade trees. She enjoyed the high stucco walls, the ancient gates of wrought iron, the coats of arms proudly displayed, the glimpses of tropical gardens. Her fancy was caught by the splendid windows, now of glistening pearl, now of iridescent fish scales from huge, finny monsters; by the people in the street; by the flower sellers and fish peddlers. On high, the glorious façade of a cathedral hung like a jewel against the sky line. Macao was beautiful in her tropic splendor—but beneath the beauty was venom, if one were foolish enough to tempt the fangs.

FOR some time Joan's carriage creaked along the beautiful road that leads to the historic Ma-ko pagoda on the inner bay, and then she suddenly perceived that it had left the road and was winding through a tropical garden, studded with scarlet flame trees. There were no gates, but she did observe a stone pillar beside the road, in the face of which was cut the sacred vajra emblem of the Buddhists. Then the carriage halted beneath the portico of a large, low building of white stone, which was overhung by towering greenery. A Chinese boy appeared, bowed deferentially as she left the carriage and paid the driver, and bowed again as Joan handed him her business card.

"I wish to see Dom Manuel Fernaes on business, if he is in," she said.

"Please, you come?"

She entered the house, and found herself ushered into a room entirely fitted out in ormolu and buhl of authentic vintage. Watteau panels graced the walls. There was not a sign of China about the room, except that the raw sunlight was filtered through the most exquisitely inlaid mother-of-pearl windows. Joan sat down, holding her white-silk parasol. She was prepared to meet another oily Eurasian; but she was not at all prepared to meet the man who suddenly appeared in the doorway, and looked down at her.

He was a tall, spare man who conveyed an impression of brittle delicacy. His wasted features were painted and

rouged, giving the lie to his brilliant, black eyes. Crowning his gray hair was a flat black cap, topped with a button of white jade. He wore a knee-long coat of the most gorgeous yellow imaginable, embroidered with the eight Buddhist emblems; it was girded at the waist by a bright-blue sash, and looped about his wrist was a Buddhist rosary of coral and turquoise. Joan Thurston thought there had been some error, until the man bowed again and addressed her in fluent English.

"Madame, I am Dom Manuel Fernaes. Your visit does me too great honor. Pray consider my house and everything in it at your absolute disposal."

Joan rose, startled by the man's extraordinary garb, by his painted and emotionless face; she caught at the empty formality of his words, however, and smiled.

"Oh! That's very good of you, Dom Manuel, and I'll take you at your word. I bought a bird cage this morning from a merchant downtown named Lee Kim, and he told me that you had it here, so I called to get it."

Lee Kim took the vial and observed that it was only half full of a colorless liquid. "You are wasteful, being a young man," he said severely

Her smile evoked no response from the painted face. For a moment the black eyes stared at her stonily. Then, to her surprise, Dom Manuel inclined his head in assent.

"I shall send it to your hotel immediately, madame. You will pardon me if I ask for assurance that you are the owner? It is a valuable object, you comprehend——"

JOAN opened her hand bag and produced the bill of sale from Lee Kim. When Dom Manuel took it, she noted that his fingers were very long and delicate and yellow. He read the Chinese script at a glance, and, with a bow, returned the paper.

"Within ten minutes, madame, it goes to your hotel."

"But how shall I know it is the right one?" asked Joan pleasantly.

That immobile, painted visage became, if possible, even more frigid.

"Madame, I hold two things in this world sacred: the Living Buddha, and my word. I have given you my word."

Curiously enough, in spite of everything, Joan believed the man. He went on, without giving her a chance to respond.

"I beg that you will come with me and inspect the cage; there is no other in the whole earth to compare with it. Besides, it is time for my morning pipe—to which I trust you will not object—and I should be only too happy to entertain you. For example, I have a very beautiful shrine which I think you might be interested in. As you have no doubt observed"—the left hand with its pendant rosary rose to sash and coat—"I am a student of Buddhism and have been highly honored by the Dalai Lama. In fact, I have been given the title of *ta lama*, which means Great Doctor, and is attained by few white men. Will you do me the honor to accompany me, madame?"

"With pleasure," said Joan.

THIS old and painted man inspired her with wonder and pity, but in no degree with fear, although his immediate compliance with her request was singular enough, since it was evident that his word would be kept. She was intrigued by his childish pride in his Tibetan honors. Obviously, he was wealthy, and money meant little to him; his frigid courtesy was impeccable. The girl's curiosity was aroused, and it was with no thought of danger that she seized the opportunity to behold the wonders that this strange house must contain.

As she accompanied him through rooms and down corridors he pointed out paintings or objects of art to her, but paused not. This old Dom Manuel, in whom the Asiatic blood had come to the surface, was suddenly in a hurry. At the end of a low passage, beyond a door of bronze-studded teak, Joan Thurston perceived the reason for his haste.

She entered a chamber, nearly circular, whose windows were all in the roof. They were panels of iridescent fish scales, flooding the room with a silvery, shimmering, unreal light which was very beautiful.

With neither apology nor excuses, Dom Manuel turned to a magnificent smoking lounge and curled himself up. At his side was a smoking stand holding an opium layout, and at sight of his master a Chinese boy began to prepare a pipe. As the boy handed him the prepared pipe Dom Manuel spoke.

"Examine at your leisure, madame," he said curtly. For the first time, unaccountably, Joan had a premonition of evil. But, realizing that she had to deal with an abnormal personality, she gave her attention to the

treasures at hand. And they were many. The room was filled with such marvels of Chinese art as she had seldom seen.

Directly before her stood the bird cage, suspended from a six-foot dragon pedestal of cloisonné and gilded bronze, in itself a splendid thing. The cage was of ivory bars, each one exquisitely carved, while about the base was a black-lacquer band decorated with flowers in jade appliqué. The equipment, in Chinese fashion, was very ornate. Worm box and tongs were of ivory, studded with gems; the mirror, feed and water cups, and seed chute were of jade or lapis, and about the cage were ornaments of rock amber and various crystals, each elaborately carved. The suspension holder and chain were of silver, jade, and amber.

Even as she gazed, Joan heard Dom Manuel clap his hands. The first pipe was finished, and two servants responded to the call. She watched them approach the bird cage and take it from the pedestal.

"My word is my word, madame," said Dom Manuel, taking a second pipe. "The thing goes to your hotel. If you will inspect the ivory shrine, yonder, you may find it remarkable."

The girl turned. Among the treasures which filled the place the predominant object was a large shrine of carved ivory figures, applied to a base of cloisonné bronze, which stood against the farther wall. The shrine was eight feet in height, and four in diameter, and the central panels stood open like doors. Joan crossed a rug of silk and woven gold, and again heard the dry voice behind her.

"You may go inside, if you wish. The Buddha was a gift from the Dalai Lama himself. It is very old."

On closer approach, Joan perceived that the metal base of the shrine was set into the cement of the floor. The sides and panels were not solid, but were of pierced bronze and ivory. Looking through the doorway, she perceived a smaller shrine set on a shelf against the farther side; it was closed. Stepping inside the cell, for such it was, she went to this small shrine, and, opening the doors in front, displayed a small bronze Buddha studded with turquoise and coral. Then, as she looked at this figure, a slight noise attracted her attention, and she turned.

The doors of the cell had swung shut behind her. As she glanced through the openings, she beheld another figure standing beside the smoking sofa. It was Gorgonza, and he was laughing heartily.

"A pretty bird in a pretty cage!" he said in his oily tones.

Joan stood motionless, paralyzed

"My word is my word," said hotel." For the first time, unac-

with sudden fright and horror. Somehow, in some way, she had been trapped; yet the thing was incredible. Through the openings in the panels of the cell she could see and be seen.

Dom Manuel handed his pipe to the servant, made a gesture, and the boy departed. She saw the painted old face turn to Gorgonza, and crack in a horrible smile.

"My friend, you are satisfied?" said Dom Manuel. "I have kept my word to you. The pretty bird is caged. I am not sure, however, that I shall give her up to you."

The smile vanished from Gorgonza's face.

"You're not?" he snarled. "But you promised——"

"To cage her. She is caged." Again Dom Manuel snickered in his dry, metallic fashion. "I said nothing about giving her to you, however; and she pleases me. But no matter! Sit and join me in refreshment, my dear Joao. We can settle this affair at leisure."

Gorgonza glanced around the room.

"The cage!" he cried out, his eyes widening. "It is gone!"

"To the young lady's hotel. I promised her. Later, in a day or so, it will be sent back to me—she will give an order for her clothes and other belongings, you comprehend?"

"I comprehend that you are a fool!" burst out Gorgonza. "You and your promises! Bah!"

Dom Manuel seemed to enjoy his irritation. Perhaps the painted old man was delighted to find that he had it in his power to infuriate his friend. He clapped his hands, and, when the servant appeared, ordered rare Chinese wines and cakes. The pipe had soothed him, put him in a mood of rare good humor. He slid from the bench, stood upright, and laid a slender hand on Gorgonza's arm.

"Tut, tut!" he said gently. "Come, let us examine our bird! Then I shall play fair with you. We shall toss a coin—eh? After all, shall a woman come between us?"

Gorgonza stood silent, his dark features sullen, until a smile touched his thin, Chinese lips.

"True," he said, and nodded. He passed his hand within Dom Manuel's arm, and the two men came forward toward the ivory cell, peering at the girl within. The face of Dom Manuel was expressionless under its paint, but his glittering eyes were terribly alive and eloquent; the oily smirking visage of Gorgonza held a leering mockery which found echo in his voice.

"Ha, pretty lady — pretty American lady!" said he. "Come, proud one, beat your wings against the cage and amuse us!"

Joan was frightened. Until now she had not moved, but suddenly she flung her arms against the door panels, frantically hoping to burst them outward. She found them solid, held by some fastening on the outside; solid metal, unquivering. Under her attack, one of the carved ivory figures—which covered the inside as well as the exterior of the cell—fell to the floor. Dom Manuel leaned forward to see it the better.

"The same one that the accursed Englishwoman knocked off last month—you remember?" he observed in a conversational tone. "Really, I must have it replaced more firmly."

Dom Manuel. "The thing goes to your countably, Joan had a premonition of evil

Gorgonza did not take his gloating eyes from the girl's figure. She had conquered her frantic terror, and now stood frozen, appalled, yet in command of herself. At length she spoke, forcing her voice to its usual tone.

"You shall be punished for this—you two! You cannot keep me here and not expect to answer for it."

Gorgonza sneered. Then, to her astonishment, the girl perceived that Dom Manuel was nodding, as if in thoughtful consideration of her words. His eyes became veiled, and he turned to Gorgonza.

"My friend, that is perfectly true. I am afraid that for a moment I was tempted to forget the eight-fold path of virtue, and the punishment that follows upon the yielding to desire. I confess the fault, with humility. Although the woman is very tempting, I shall put her away from me."

JOAN'S eyes widened. The incredible fact beat in upon her brain that this man was absolutely ignoring the crime that he was committing, as such; he was impervious to any objective reasoning, and was impelled solely by inward considerations. She faced the terrible truth that here she was not dealing with any man, as she knew the sex, but with a creature whose motives and orbit were far outside her ken. And in that instant she was far more terrified by the painted old man in his lamaistic robes, than by the leering, sensual Gorgonza.

With Gorgonza she could cope; she was even prepared for him. But before Dom Manuel she was helpless.

"You say well," said Gorgonza, drawing out a cigarette and lighting it. He brushed his mustache with his thumb, and let his eyes dwell upon Joan. "You say well, Dom Manuel. Then this girl is mine?"

"My sacred word upon it," said Dom Manuel, and turned. "Come—a glass of wine?"

Dom Manuel retraced his steps to the table on which the servant had laid a silver tray bearing wine and cups and cakes; the Chinese boy pushed out a temple armchair of crimson lacquer for him, and another for Gorgonza. The latter, however, moved closer to the ivory cell.

"Ha, my pretty one, you have heard!" he said, smiling at Joan. "Now, will you join us over the wine? There is no use in making a noise, I assure you; scream, if you desire—others have screamed before this! Come, be sensible. Join us, say the word, and all goes well. Refuse, and you waken to-morrow morning in my house!"

QUIVERING with anger and disgust rather than with fright, Joan pressed the spring in the handle of her parasol. Swift as light, the foot-long steel blade leaped out and drove at the man's face, framed in the opening of the cell panel. But Gorgonza, catlike, had discerned the motion, and swerved from the thrust.

He drew back, cursing, furious, pouring out a flood of vile oaths at the defiant figure of the girl. Dom Manuel, seeing this byplay, leaned back in his chair laughing.

"Ho, Joao, she nearly had you there—the tigress! She will be more amusing than that fool Englishwoman, eh? Come, come, forget her, my friend! Join me in a glass, and presently we shall enjoy a pipe, and afterward we shall spray a little perfume into that handsome ivory cage—and the little bird will go to sleep. Eh?"

Still cursing, Gorgonza stumbled over to the chair and seated himself. The Chinese servant poured wine into beautiful cups of rhinoceros horn, set in silver mounts. He was a deft, impassive yellow man, and in his silent figure Joan Thurston read the same horrible menace of Asia that she had uncovered in Dom Manuel. She put out a hand to the ivory wall of her prison, a sudden trembling weakness upon her.

Dom Manuel lifted his cup toward the shrine.

"To your happiness, madame!" he said mockingly.

Gorgonza, showing his white teeth, lifted his cup likewise, and joined in the laugh. Even the Chinese servant allowed a smile to curve his thin, flat lips.

Lee Kim, the silk merchant, unbarred his shutters at four that afternoon and opened his shop for business, as usual; then he retired to the little back room to finger his abacus and check over his books. Presently the coolie whom he had left in the shop appeared in the doorway.

"Honorable and venerable master, your esteemed cousin, Lee Dock Hang, who is number-one room boy at the great hotel, wishes to speak with you."

"Let him enter," said Lee Kim, laying down the abacus. "And serve us with tea."

Lee Dock Hang entered, and greeted his elder cousin with much protracted ceremony. It was perhaps ten minutes before the visitor got down to business. Then he spoke his errand in a few words.

"Sir, the foreign woman returned to the hotel. The bird cage was there, well wrapped. She ordered it sent down to the Hongkong boat—with her luggage."

"She was well?" inquired Lee Kim, blinking.

"She was well, honorable sir."

Lee Kim drank his tea, and his visitor departed ceremoniously. For a little while Lee Kim sat blinking over the cup and smoking a tiny steel-bowled pipe.

After a little, the coolie reappeared in the doorway.

"Venerable master, your nephew, Lee Far Lung, who is number-one house boy at the house of Dom Manuel Fernaes, wishes to speak with you."

"LET the son of my father's son enter," said Lee Kim. Lee Far Lung entered and bowed respectfully. He also went through the ceremony of greeting with great care, and Lee Kim was meticulous in his responses. Presently, when he was seated, Lee Far Lung took from an inner pocket a small vial, elaborately carven from amethyst, and stoppered with red coral. He placed it before Lee Kim, who observed that it was only half full of a colorless liquid.

"You are wasteful, being a young man," said Lee Kim, in severe accents. "Did I not say that three drops would suffice?"

"Venerable brother of my father," he rejoined, "the wine was served in cups of rhinoceros horn, which, as every one knows, absorb whatever poison is placed in them. Therefore, I judged it essential to make no error."

Lee Kim reflected on this, then he nodded.

"Your statement is true. Yet the essence of dissolving death is very precious, and half of it is gone. Even allowing for double doses to each foreign devil, so much would not be required. Where is the remainder?"

"Honorable sir, I placed a few drops in a tiny bottle. This bottle I put into the pocket of Dom Joao de Gorgonza. Thus the foreign devils will think he was responsible for the poisoning, and had drugged his own cup by mistake."

The face of Lee Kim cleared. "You have done well," he affirmed. "And the foreign woman?"

"Honorable sir, I released her and sent her to the hotel in the carriage of Dom Manuel. I stated that this was at his command. The servants did not question it."

When he was again alone, Lee Kim put away the amethyst bottle in a secret place, then took brush and ink, and wrote a letter on auspicious red paper to his cousin Lee Yuen, in Hongkong. When he had sealed this letter he picked up his pipe, and stuffed it with tobacco.

"I trust that my cousin Lee Yuen will be satisfied with my humble efforts to help his friends," he murmured, and sucked rather stupidly at the pipestem.

Under Battened Hatches

Ranny Has Fame Thrust Upon Him

Illustrations by Walter de Maris

By William Harper Dean

"AT the very end of the plank the manacled, blindfolded wretch paused in his faltering step. Well he knew he was standing on the border of eternity, on the brink of that watery grave into which he had hurled many a shuddering victim.

"For a moment only he hesitated. Then, with a fearful oath hurled in deep-throated bellow, he took the fatal step. Feet first he struck. A tremendous splash, a surge of foam, and over his head the Caribbean heaved its oily swell. Red Christopher had paid the score!

THE END."

With a tremulous sigh, Randolph Meredith placed the book on his chest and stared aloft at the forest's leafy dome, stained now with sunset dyes. The boy lay on a bed of ferns, surrounded by noisy waters that tumbled headlong over boulders as they rushed around the little bar of "Treasure Island."

The five-year-olds had called it that and the name stuck. Here they came to sail their boats in pools of the cascading creek that laid a silver trail through this wonderland of forest park on the city's outer limits. And here they came to dig holes in the white gravel and golden sand for cracker tins of marbles and other treasures to be defended against "pirate" hordes who came charging through knee-deep rapids which you dare not call other than surf.

AND though eleven-year-old Randolph had outgrown these lures, nevertheless the spot had drawn him this midsummer evening as a fitting environment in which to finish the last two chapters of "From Cabin Boy to Commodore," the appendix of which included a "complete glossary of nautical terms." He closed the book and now was wholly surrendered to a tremendous yearning for the red-blooded primitive.

Oh, to feel the lash of storm spume against his face, or breathe the spice-perfumed air of tropic isles—palmed strands where boomed eternal surf thunder, where sea gulls screamed as they wheeled a-dazzle in sunlight above a sapphire sea!

If only he could escape the mollycoddle comforts of civilization and strike out for climes where men are made or broken, where life is one

With a tremulous sigh, Randolph placed the book on his chest and stared aloft at the forest's leafy dome

eternal struggle against the elements—"a hard life, mate, but it's the sea that takes the measure of a man!" He felt the superiority of one whose soul has been attuned to the lilt of the deep-sea chantey, to whom the shades of buccaneers might speak in familiar tongue. Why couldn't he have been born to this life for which he yearned?

With a sensation close akin to nausea, his thoughts turned to the morrow. Those Sunday School kids would think they were seafaring when the ancient side-wheeler *Saint John* took them forty miles up the river for their annual picnic at Marshall Hall! But what did they know about storms, when lee scuppers were awash and every thread of sail was reefed to let the buffeted craft ride out the typhoon's fury? Those kids would just sit around on awninged decks and sing songs—with never a swell to roll the craft, without a single man-eater following in their wake, with never the sight of a whale blowing to starboard, and never a brawl in the galley!

AND then, at the end of three hours of this placid going, they would be landed on a wooded shore where lunch tables were built under the trees, where a merry-go-round's orchestrion played all day long, and where—if they were old enough and had their teachers with them—they might experience the thrill of wading in water as placid as that in a porcelain tub! The boy's lip curled in disgust.

He got up, tucked the book under his arm, and leaped from boulder to boulder to the bridle path. Slowly he trudged home. He made his way to the kitchen, whence came sounds of great activity. His mother was in there, so was his sister Betty, and Maria the cook. Their bustling centered about a great lunch basket as the focal point.

"Ranny!" His mother paused in her task of wrapping waxed paper about sandwiches. "Ranny, where on earth have you been? Here we are all of us working to get things ready and you out of sight and sound every time you're needed! Run right up to the store and get another jar of mayonnaise. We'll never get this basket ready before dinner!"

Randolph seemed to wilt; his face depicted misery unfathomed.

"Mother," he groaned, "please don't make me go to that old picnic! Please lemme stay here an' help you! Betty's teacher'll take care o' her. Mother, I don't wanna go!"

His mother caught her breath in exasperation.

"Of all queer children, Randolph Meredith, you are the queerest!" she exclaimed. "Every child in the neighborhood but you is wild about going. Well, you *are* going. If you don't appreciate it yourself, you're certainly not going to spoil Betty's day. You're going to watch out for her!"

BETTY'S eyes had narrowed coldly.

"I know why you don't wanna go," she said indictingly. "You thought you were gonna take Helen, an then you found out that Kirk had already asked her—that's why, mother."

Randolph's face reddened. "Aw, th' mischief!" he retorted. "Who'd wanna be tied to a girl all day long at a picnic, I'd like to know!"

"You would!" exclaimed Betty. "I heard Kirk tellin' Albert you'd been grouchy ever since you found out you couldn't take Helen!"

Contemptuously Randolph shrugged his shoulders.

"Huh, that's all *you* know about it!" He backed out of the kitchen door and headed for the grocery.

Early the next morning as Randolph seized one side of the basket's handle and, with Betty sharing the burden, started up the street for the car line, one might have concluded from the bend of his shoulders and the lifeless shuffle of the boy that this was the first day of the school term and that he had been routed from a bed of illness to answer to his name at roll call.

They passed Helen's house precisely at the moment when that inspiration's golden curls and brown eyes came out on the porch to greet Kirk. The girl waved her hand at Randolph. He looked back. That smarty Kirk was training a little camera on this goddess in white middy suit. Randolph groaned under his breath.

And when they reached the wharf and had trudged up the gangplank of the old *Saint John*, to be counted and smiled at and patted on the back by Superintendent Watts, Randolph grunted aloud in disgust. There he left Betty to her fate, shouldered his way through the uproarious crowd to the forward deck, and stared moodily over the rail toward the oil-streaked waters of the inlet.

On the other side of the harbor lay a small fleet of pleasure craft, glistening in the sun, with here and there a zealous owner polishing brass or overhauling tackle. One of these caught the boy's eye and held it—a long racy power boat of battleship gray, her decks immaculate, her brass like gold. Wireless antennæ glistened above her deck like strands of some giant spider's weaving; forward and aft she flew a little streamer lettered "H. P."

"There's a beaut!" exclaimed the boy. "She's th' only thing afloat here that's got real power an' could buck a cross sea. She's th' harbor police boat, she is!"

"H'y there, Ranny!"

At the sound of Kirk Newton's voice, Randolph turned sullenly to behold that creature lugging two deck chairs, while Helen walked smiling at his side.

Randolph nodded. "H'y," he answered briefly.

KIRK planted the chairs directly beside Randolph, and himself took a seat next to the disgusted one.

"Whatcher doin'?" he chirped. "Gettin' ready to start th' boat?"

Helen laughed musically. Randolph bit his lip.

"Well, anyway, I wasn't lookin' to lew-ard to see if it was thick weather ahead," answered Randolph, watching Helen from the corner of his eye. "I wasn't doin' that, I don't guess!" And he laughed coldly.

Helen glanced inquiringly at Kirk, then turned her eyes on Randolph.

"What do you mean by lew-ard, Ranny?"

"Ask Kirk."

"Aw," sniffed Kirk, "it don't mean anything, Helen. He jes' made it up."

Glory be! He had found an opening in Kirk's mail. He meant to run him through before her eyes.

"Oh, did I?" said Randolph. "Well, you ask any deep-water man. I'll betcher he says, 'That's where th' Frenchman looks for th' weather.' Lew-ard's th' way th' wind's blowin' to, Helen. No good seaman looks there for a storm."

Helen was regarding him with sudden admiration. Randolph saw it in her eyes. Quick as a flash his hand dived into his hip pocket to bring forth a big horseshoe magnet.

"You see this?" He held it up before her. "Many an' many a ship's been sent off her course an' driven on th' rocks by one o' these things. I betcher I could take it an' send this whole crowd straight down to Davy Jones' locker!"

"Th' dickens!" challenged Kirk. "How?"

"How?" repeated Randolph in accent of pity. "Well, jes' by standin' by th' compass an' drawin' th' needle—

"This thing ain't really a ship," continued Randolph, after an impressive silence. "I bet she doesn't even have a jettison!"

that's how! That puts a craft off her course, don't it?"

"How many have you done that to?" asked Kirk.

Helen giggled.

"That's all right! Course you couldn't do it very good with this old tub that never gets outer sight o' th' shore line. But in deep water—that's different." He paused for a moment of impressive silence. "This thing ain't really a ship. She hasn't even got a poop or crow's nest. I bet she doesn't even have a jettison!"

The next moment the old *Saint John* let loose a deafening blast of its whistle, the three hundred children aboard cheered, the side wheels began to thunder, and the craft sidled from her berth to turn her prow upstream.

"Pretty slow goin'," commented Randolph. "Th' trouble is th' channel's narrow an' they don't take soundin's. If they'd send a man to th' bowsprit an' make him heave a line, they wouldn't have to worry about th' shallows. But of course this old tub don't have a bowsprit

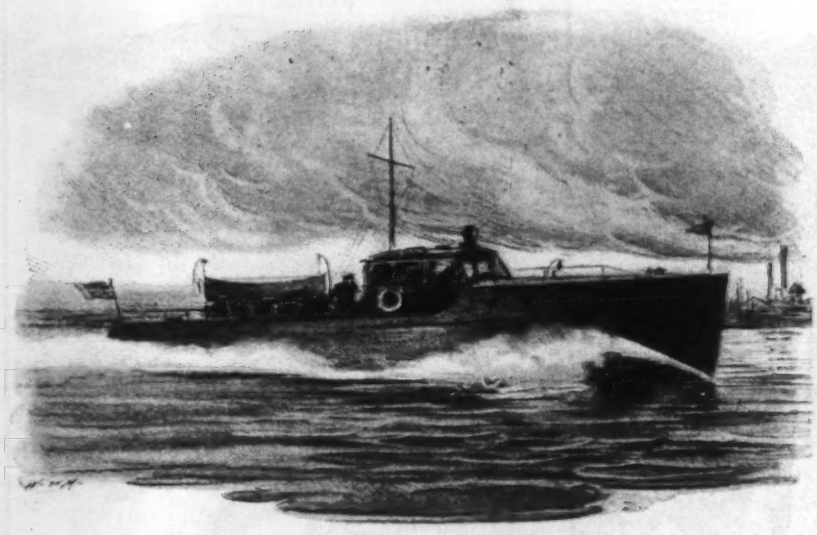
an' I don't guess she's got a man aboard that knows how to use th' lead."

Things were going a bit too thick for Kirk. He looked about nervously. Suddenly his face brightened.

"That's a good job, Helen," he said, pointing to a couple of men who were busy on deck with mops and pails. "How'd you like that job, Ranny?—washin' down th' deck?"

Like a flash the boy saw his opening.

"Kirk," he said compassionately, "they don't wash decks on a ship. They *swab* 'em *down!* Betcher you don't know which is port an' which is starboard. Real sailors call it stabbo'rd. Which are they?"



The police boat was clipping a clean forty miles an hour straight for Marshall Hall

KIRK went crimson, for Helen was watching him eagerly.

"Aw, th' mischief I don't!" he muttered unhappily.

"All right, then, which are they?" demanded Randolph.

"Th' captain told me not to tell."

But Helen didn't laugh. Instead, she smiled at Randolph. His heart leaped. Oh, he was glad he had come aboard this thing! If he didn't show up Kirk before they got back——

"Helen," he whispered, deliberately leaning in front of Kirk as one of the deck hands approached, humming as he applied the mop, "hear that fellow? That's a deep-sea chantey he's singin'. I c'n tell by th' tune he's been a blue-water man before th' mast." He waited a moment for that to sink in. Then suddenly he pointed. "Look there! Ain't that a rakish craft for you? I mean th' one with two sticks up'n' a bone in her teeth. I betcher she c'n make twelve knots easy's dirt when she gets under way before a good trade wind!"

Kirk, crimson, sprang to his feet.

"Come on, Helen!" He glared at Randolph. "We better go an' see if our basket's all right. Ranny, you better see if Betty's all right, or your mother'll put you to bed without any supper."

Randolph flushed under the taunt. But Helen turned to him.

"Ranny, when we get to Marshall Hall," she smiled, "you and Betty bring your basket to our table and we'll all have lunch together."

"All right!" beamed Randolph.

"Yes," blurted out Kirk; "come over an' tell us some more about your sea travels."

"I sure will, Kirk. Helen, why don't you ask Kirk to take you over th' boat 'n' explain it all to you?"

FOR the remainder of that forty-mile trip, Kirk Newton gave proof of rare ability as a general, if not as an admiral. In spite of Randolph's every move, Kirk managed to keep himself and Helen together and both of them separated from his ardent rival. And when the *Saint John* bumped her side against the wharf at Marshall Hall, Randolph found himself once more lugging that basket with Betty, and Helen nowhere in sight.

Half an hour later he found her on the merry-go-round, seated with Kirk in a scarlet gondola. Kirk waved his hand to Randolph—a hand clutching a foot-long strip of tickets! In disgust the boy turned his back on the pair. "Hobby-horse cowboy! Bath-tub sailor!" he muttered. Hands rammed into his pockets, he strolled back in the direction of the rickety old wharf.

When he reached this, the *Saint John* had departed to complete her upriver itinerary. The boy watched her smoke hanging lazily over the river and wished with all his heart that she were a lime-juicer bound for tropic isles, with himself stowed snugly in her hold. Then he fell to studying the little two-masted craft which lay moored alongside the *Saint John's* surrendered berth.

She was a dirty little thing and reeked of stale fish through her open hatchway. Two unshaven rivermen in rubber boots had come up on deck and stood watching the swarm of uproarious children in the grove.

"What's goin' on?" one of them asked the boy.

"Sunday School picnic," was the lifeless answer.

"When they gonna leave?"

"Six o'clock."

Both men nodded.

"Got any fish aboard?" said Randolph.

"Crabs."

"An' you take 'em all th'way to town in this thing?"

"Sure."

"How'd you make port if your wind died?"

"Wade," grinned one.

"Or swim," supplemented his companion, spitting tobacco juice over the side.

"Aw, shucks!" Randolph strolled back in the direction of the merry-go-round.

WHEN he reached it, the thing had stopped. With bated breath, he saw Kirk and Helen climbing out of the crimson gondola. Kirk was still clutching that strip of tickets. Something had gone wrong! Randolph went straight to Helen.

"Come on, Helen," he said boldly, glancing at Kirk's crimson face. "One o' th' fishin' fleet's in port. Wanna take a look at her?"

"All right." She passed a hand over her eyes. "I'm *so* dizzy!"

"We'll be back after a while, Kirk," said Randolph. "We'll be back by th' time you ride up th' rest o' those tickets." With exaggerated gallantry, he took Helen's arm to steady her along the rickety old wharf.

The men had left the deck of the dirty little craft. Randolph looked back to see them entering a ramshackle storehouse. Resolutely he helped Helen aboard.

"Now you see, this is th' hatchway an' she carries her cargo under decks, below th' water line. I think she's got crabs aboard now."

"Live crabs?"

"Sure; for th' city market."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Helen, clutching Randolph's arm. "How do they ever get them out without being hurt?"

Randolph smiled authoritatively.

"That's easy enough, Helen. Dip 'em out in baskets or buckets; besides, if you know how to do it, you c'n pick up *any* crab without gettin' bit."

"In your hands? I don't believe it!"

"You don't? Wanna see me?"

EMERGING from the storehouse, the two rivermen stood shading their eyes as they gazed down the river in the direction of the city. Had Randolph followed their example, he might have lost all interest in crabs. Far, far away some object like a dynamo-driven shark was throwing up a geyser of diamond spray.

"Ranny, don't you dare try!"

"Think I'm afraid?" asked the boy scornfully. "Well, you watch!"

He crossed the deck to the hatchway, stepped over its ledge and put a foot on the almost perpendicular steps. The next moment, while Helen stood fascinated, he disappeared into the hold.

The girl turned quickly at the sound of heavy running on the wharf. When she saw the two bearded rivermen racing for their craft, she leaped to the wharf. With a bound the men landed on their deck. One dived into the little wheelhouse. The second let fall the hatch cover with a crash. Then he began to tug at tackle like mad.

Helen had stood petrified. Her lips were frozen. Down came the sails. A powerful marine engine somewhere in that fishing boat let out a roar from its exhaust. The boat turned from the wharf and with bare masts headed full speed in the opposite direction from that approaching geyser of spray.

Then Helen screamed. "Stop! Stop! Ranny's under there! A boy's under there!" She was pointing fran tically.

But that engine was roaring like an airplane's and the craft was rushing away like a cutter, with the water creaming under her prow.

White with fear, Helen tottered along the wharf toward the grove, where at that moment the superintendent was conducting a chorus of three hundred voices.

PART II

COMMISSIONER Fitzpatrick had a frame to match his tremendous will. Bronzed like a plainsman, white of hair, he was a striking figure this morning as he strode up and down his office, his two hundred pounds of tempered-steel muscle rearing a full six feet six.

"Stop! Stop! Ranny's under there! A boy's under there!" Helen screamed. She was pointing frantically

Suddenly he halted. The office door had opened to admit a young man in leather coat, his face beaming with excitement. He still wore an aviator's helmet.

"Commissioner"—he threw his gauntlets to the desk—"I've just landed at Bolton Field and run up in a taxi. I think I've got your man!"

Big Fitzpatrick grinned. "Let's hear, Garrison."

"Just as you said," the young man explained, breathing fast, "I picked him up about sixty miles up the river—oyster boat, running like a racer in a dead calm. How's that! I dropped down to about five hundred feet and looked him over. The very minute he saw what was going on, up went his sails and off his motor—see?"

"Go on, Garrison!"

"I watched him dock at Marshall Hall. Maybe that was his bluff, but I believe he's going to tie up there until sundown before he tries to get in here. Now if you want to hitch up that speed boat of the harbor police, you can take him napping!"

Fitzpatrick pressed a button. "Get the boat ready," he said to the black mustached man in plain clothes who answered the summons. "Connelly, I want you to go with Garrison and me."

Half an hour later the police boat was clipping a clean forty miles an hour straight for Marshall Hall.

HALFWAY down the steps into the hold, Randolph suddenly wished he had limited his exhibit of knowledge to things nautical rather than zoölogical. It was dark down there, stifling hot and full of stupefying odors. Moreover, as he hesitated on the steps, he became aware of the fact that the hold contained something in addition to heat and odor. There was a peculiar murmuring sound like unto the bursting of millions of bubbles in the scum of a boiling vat. Instinctively Randolph felt that the sound came from something alive. Yet never having made close acquaintance with a mountain of crabs, he could not know that the noise came from the crustaceans themselves—that it was from their mouths as they lay piled in dry captivity.

Now his eyes, adjusting their diaphragms to the gloom of the hold, discovered the great pile of waving claws that opened and closed on other claws to precipitate wriggling, rattling fights. He singled out a monster that had slid from the pile, and had about screwed up his courage to descend and capture the prize for Helen, when with a crash like a thunderclap the hatch cover came down and shut him in the reeking blackness.

Even as Helen had stood petrified on the wharf, so stood Randolph on those steps. It flashed across his mind that the rivermen were having a joke at his expense. But immediately the sound of the marine engine's volleying exhaust drove such comfort from his soul. He felt the craft slipping through the water with momentarily increasing speed.

NOW real terror seized him. He yelled at the top of his lungs; he beat his fists against the hatch cover. He braced his shoulders against it and heaved with all his strength. It would not budge.

Perspiration was soaking him, he felt sick at the stomach and his head began to swim. The heat and odor were terrific. While the thought of becoming mixed up with that pile of crabs at his feet filled him with horror indescribable. He would die before he moved a step nearer them.

His frenzied thoughts ended as something tugged at the hatch cover. He heard it grind. A faint ray of light came down. What if these men were river pirates? He knew what they would do to a stowaway. The thought totally stilled his fear of those crabs.

With a bound he cleared the writhing mass, just as the man above, with a prodigious heave and a blistering oath, wrenched the cover free and himself came lumbering down the narrow stairs. Randolph crawled further into the black, foul corner where his flying leap had carried him. He snuggled down behind a pile of moldy canvas. And not a moment too soon.

The riverman had seized a huge shovel. As he bent to shove it under the pile of crabs, Randolph saw the butt of a great revolver protruding from his hip pocket. With a heave the man sent a rain of crabs straight across the hold to the corner where crouched the miserable boy. The crustaceans showered, rattling, clawing, about him, over him. A monster clamped down on his finger. With a freezing shudder, he shook the thing loose and bit his lip to keep back a scream. He seized the canvas and held it before him as a shield.

It did seem to Randolph that he crouched under a veritable Niagara of crabs. They piled knee-deep about him, scuttling backward, wriggling crazily here and there, pinching his arms, legs, fingers. He shook his hand to rid it of a pinching claw and dropped the canvas. A flying crab from the riverman's shovel caught his ear. He was too terrified to scream. He felt himself growing dizzier, numbing, so that the pain of those clinging claws was deadened. It came over him that he would be eaten alive and that little mattered now, for the end was close at hand.

Suddenly the deluge of crabs ceased. The entire pile had been shifted to his corner. Subconsciously he realized that the roaring of the boat's engine had ceased, that the riverman had left the hold. Mechanically he got to his feet, waded through the pile of crabs, and, swaying, began to climb those steps to the open hatchway.

A crashing blow against the side of the boat made him reel and clutch wildly for support. Then overhead came a confused tramping and shouting.

"Hands up, you!" roared a voice. "Connelly, frisk 'em! That's it—give me their guns! It's all up, boys!"

Half fainting, Randolph lurched upon deck. The sight he beheld in the brilliance of day helped clear his whirling brain.

AGAINST the wheelhouse stood the two rivermen, manacled wrist to wrist. Facing them stood a white-haired giant in blue uniform, a bronzed young man in leather coat, and a black-mustached man in civilian clothes. Two khaki-clad police stood off to one side But the boy's widening eyes were fastened on the giant in blue—Fitzpatrick! The great Fitzpatrick himself! How many times had Randolph seen his picture and with bated breath read of his exploits!

Fitzpatrick wheeled upon the boy. Wonder, anger, came and went from his eyes. He threw back his head and burst into a bellow of laughter. The harbor police, the young aviator, the man in civilian clothes, all stared, then laughed until tears streamed down their cheeks.

"Where—where *did* you come from!" bellowed Fitzpatrick, gasping for breath.

"I—Mister Fitzpatrick, out o'—down there with th' crabs!" gulped Randolph. The rivermen were staring at him incredulously.

"Why didn't you leave 'em there?" wheezed Fitzpatrick, wiping his streaming eyes.

He reached out and Randolph yelped with pain. The man had pinched his ear. Then he saw Fitzpatrick's hand holding a wildly reaching crab. The thing had been clamped to his ear. Then Randolph looked at himself. He was literally covered with crabs.

They clung to his trousers, his shirt. One hung desperately to a shoe lace. Now he knew why the men

had laughed. In a daze he rid himself of the last clinging creature.

"How many more down there, boy?" asked Fitzpatrick, suddenly stern.

"Oh, th—thousan's an'—an' thousan's!"

"Not crabs, boy," chuckled Connelly. "How many more men?"

"Not a—not a one!"

"You belong to this crew?" Fitzpatrick again.

"NO, sir!" said Randolph desperately. "I—I belong to th' Sunday School that's hav—havin' a picnic at Marshall Ha—Hall. I—I got on there to see if I could hold a—a live crab in my hand, an—an' when I was down there they sh—shut me in an' I couldn't get—couldn't get out!"

"Take charge o' th' boy, Garrison," ordered Fitzpatrick, turning to the young aviator. "We'll dig into his story later. All right, men; let's get busy."

Randolph sat down weakly on the deck and stared at the distant shore line. He had a well-nigh overpowering impulse to cast himself overboard and swim for it. He sunk his head in his hands. What a return to Helen! What a triumph for Kirk!

The officers were darting about the craft. Fitzpatrick himself rummaged the engine house. The harbor police, with drawn revolvers and burning searchlights, disappeared through the hatchway.

"Nothin' doin' there!" Fitzpatrick came perspiring from the engine house. He turned to the manacled rivermen. "Where is it, boys?"

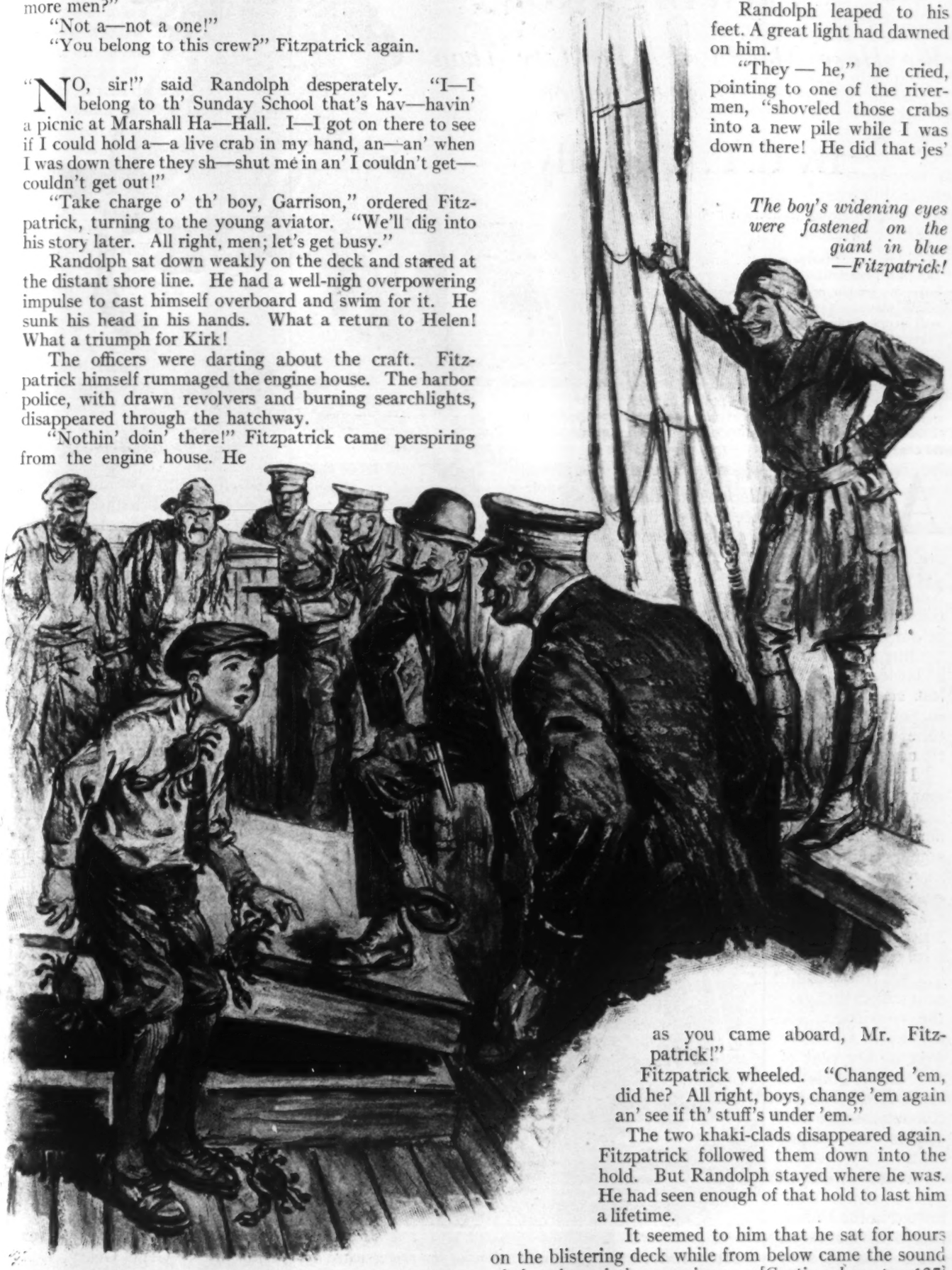
"This boat's got crabs aboard an' that's all," one of them answered sullenly.

The harbor police came out of the hold.

"Nothin' but a pile o' crabs, chief," they reported. "Reckon we better move 'em?"

Randolph leaped to his feet. A great light had dawned on him.

"They — he," he cried, pointing to one of the rivermen, "shoveled those crabs into a new pile while I was down there! He did that jes' as you came aboard, Mr. Fitzpatrick!"



The boy's widening eyes were fastened on the giant in blue —Fitzpatrick!

Fitzpatrick wheeled. "Changed 'em, did he? All right, boys, change 'em again an' see if th' stuff's under 'em."

The two khaki-clads disappeared again. Fitzpatrick followed them down into the hold. But Randolph stayed where he was. He had seen enough of that hold to last him a lifetime.

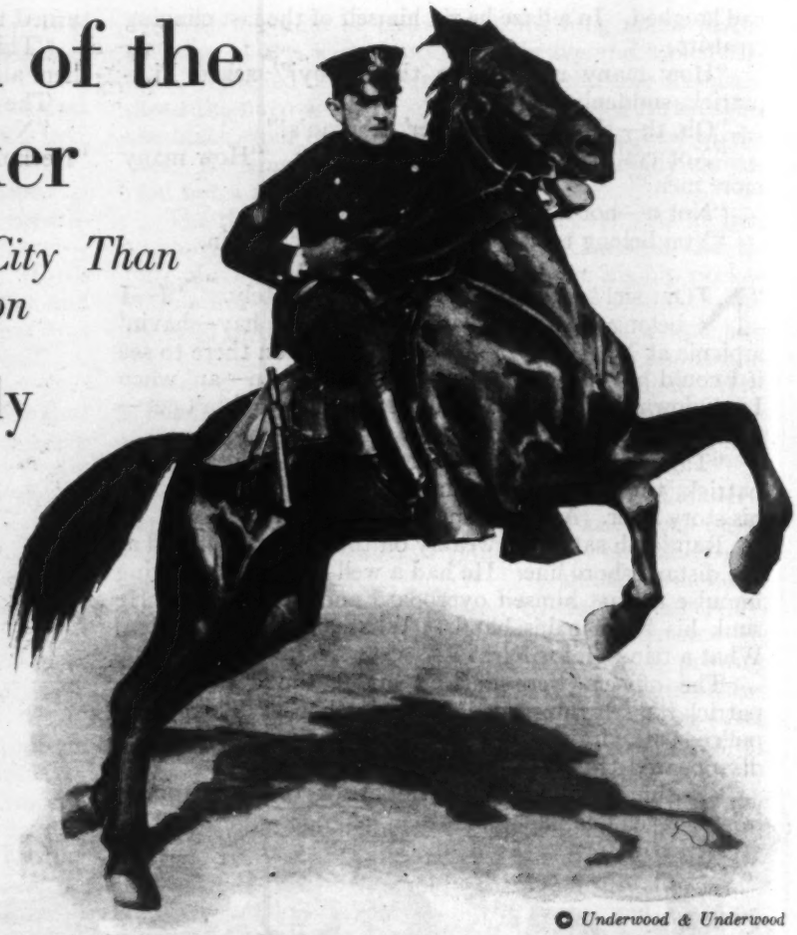
It seemed to him that he sat for hours on the blistering deck while from below came the sound of shovels and the scraping, [*Continued on page* 127]

America—Land of the Lawbreaker

We Have More Crime Per City Than Europe Has per Nation

By C. P. Connolly

Illustrations by George M. Richards



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TEAR gas, machine guns, armored cars—all the paraphernalia of modern war—have been called into play by the police in fighting the great American crime wave. Yet lawlessness in the United States still keeps mounting to ever more appalling proportions.

The photographs accompanying this article illustrate some of the more striking forms of anti-crime armament recently adopted. The article itself points out that not by police repression with machine guns, but by a radical change in our attitude toward the law must the scandal of American crime be checked.

ARE we a nation of lawbreakers? The widespread defiance of prohibition laws has brought us face to face with an acute phase of a chronic national ailment. There are those who insist that the present crime wave is solely due to prohibition, while others, like ex-Governor Miller of New York and Senator-elect Edwards of New Jersey, insist that prohibition is responsible for a part at least of our contemporary lawlessness.

But the record will show that we have always been a lawless nation. During the Boer War, England lost 22,000 soldiers on the battle fields or by disease in South Africa. During exactly the same period of time we lost through homicide 31,000, or 9,000 more than were killed on the English side in that war.

In 1903, Germany, with a population of fifty millions, reported 322 homicides. In the same year, the homicides in the United States, with a population of eighty millions, numbered 9,000. More significant still, in that year the convictions for murder in Germany were 95 per cent of the total, while in the United States the convictions were only a little over one per cent.

There were over 59,000 murders committed in the United States in the seven years from 1912 to 1918, inclusive. It has been estimated that in the administration of justice in the United States the odds in favor of the murderer increased from about 17 to 1, in 1885, to about 680 to 1, in 1920.

There are criminal cases on the docket in New York City that have been there for two years. Last year a detective in that city killed a gunman of many aliases and of many crimes, after the gunman had badly wounded the detective. This gunman, who was at large at the time of his killing, had been arrested four times for burglary, three times for grand larcency, and once for robbery. He served one term of four and a half years for one of the burglary offenses, but after his other convictions he was as much at liberty as if in each case he had been acquitted. He escaped three times on suspended sentences and once on parole. Four different times when he was arrested he escaped trial, twice by forfeiting his bail, and twice because apparently the courts had not the time to look after him or had not sufficient interest in him.

In May, 1920, Gene Geary, a notorious Chicago gun-

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How American cities seek to combat the crime wave by equipping police with radio and machine guns mounted on motor cycles

man, killed in a Chicago saloon Harry Reckas, a man unknown to him and with whom he had no quarrel. Three months before Geary had been acquitted of the charge of murdering a taxi driver, and when he was acquitted the prosecutor announced that it would not be long before he would kill again. He had been in many shooting affrays, but had escaped justice each time.

Two months after the killing of Reckas, Geary was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. There was a belief in Chicago that somehow he would beat the rope, as so many others before him had done. And Geary did.

The Illinois law provides that if a murderer becomes insane after his sentence has been pronounced, he must not hang. His attorneys now had Geary brought before another jury to determine whether he had become insane after sentence, and they succeeded in proving his insanity by the testimony of alienists to the satisfaction of a jury. He was sent to an insane asylum. The lawmakers undoubtedly had in mind when this law was passed the condition of a gibbering idiot or a raving wild man, which Geary was not.

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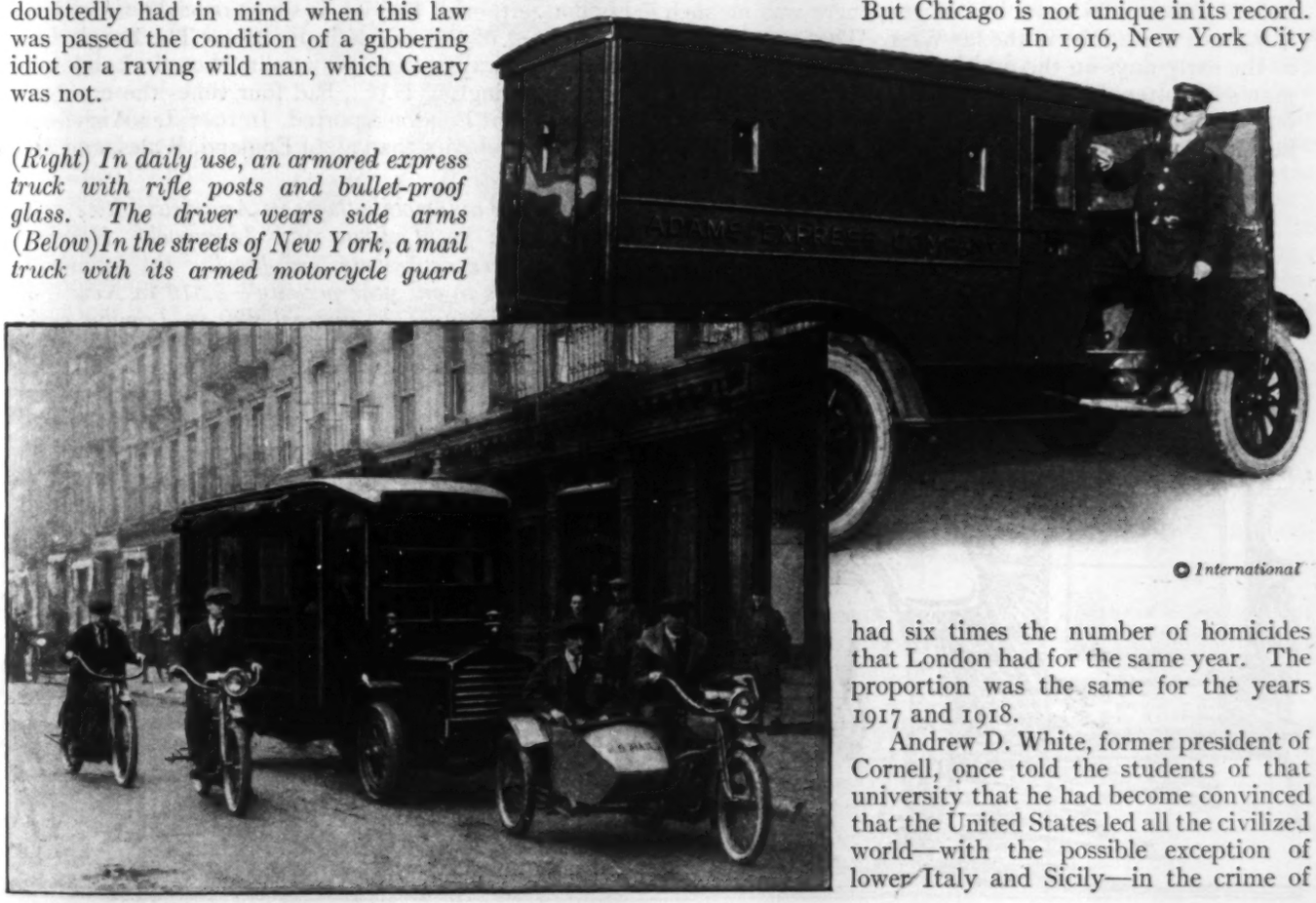
Major F. J. Delany, of Trenton, N. J., and his gas bomb invented to help police fight criminals

Raymond B. Fosdick, in his recent work "American Police Systems," points out that London, in 1916, with a population of seven millions and a quarter, had nine premeditated murders; and that Chicago, one-third the size of London, had during the same year 105 premeditated murders, nearly twelve times London's total. Given the same population as London, Chicago would, under the same conditions, show 315 premeditated murders as against London's nine.

These figures are startling in their significance. In fact, we might well postpone all other sociological studies until we have solved, if possible, this riddle.

In that same year, 1916, not an exceptional one, Chicago, with its two and a half millions of people, had twenty more murders than all of England and Wales, with their 38,000,000 people. The Chicago murders during that year were one more than London had during the five-year period from 1910 to 1914, inclusive.

But Chicago is not unique in its record. In 1916, New York City had six times the number of homicides that London had for the same year. The proportion was the same for the years 1917 and 1918.



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(Right) In daily use, an armored express truck with rifle posts and bullet-proof glass. The driver wears side arms (Below) In the streets of New York, a mail truck with its armed motorcycle guard

Andrew D. White, former president of Cornell, once told the students of that university that he had become convinced that the United States led all the civilized world—with the possible exception of lower Italy and Sicily—in the crime of

murder, and especially in unpunished murderers.

We hold the world record for lynchings, while England, Scotland, Ireland, and all the British possessions, have not had a single lynching for over 75 years.

The losses paid by burglary insurance companies grew in the United States from $1,686;195 in 1916, to $5,670,760 in 1919, and to $10,189,853 in 1920—an increase of 543 per cent in five years.

At one time England had something of the same conditions that we suffer from to-day in the matter of our criminals and in the enforcement of our criminal laws. But she woke from her lethargy, reformed her criminal procedure, and conducted a vigorous campaign which resulted in a radical change of public sentiment. To-day one of the Englishman's boasts is his respect for his country's laws.

We are sometimes told that England's respect for law is due to her homogeneous population; but, unfortunately for us, this excuse for our own lack of respect for law does not apply to Canada, whose administration of her criminal laws is almost as model as that of England.

There is only one appeal from a criminal conviction in England. Technicalities are unknown. The search is for truth and justice, and when the accused is found guilty, no time is lost in placing him behind non-revolving prison doors. Pardons are few and far between.

Experience has proved beyond any doubt that criminals avoid that country and that community whose officials have the reputation of enforcing the laws. Long before automobiles came into vogue, there was no such thing as a horse thief in the far West. That was because in the early days on the prairies and in the mountains a man's life often depended upon his horse, and when any one was found laying covetous hands on a horse for which he had no bill of sale, he was promptly shifted into eternity by the populace. The result was that everybody was careful to keep a safe distance from any horse not his own, for fear of arousing even a suspicion of larcency.

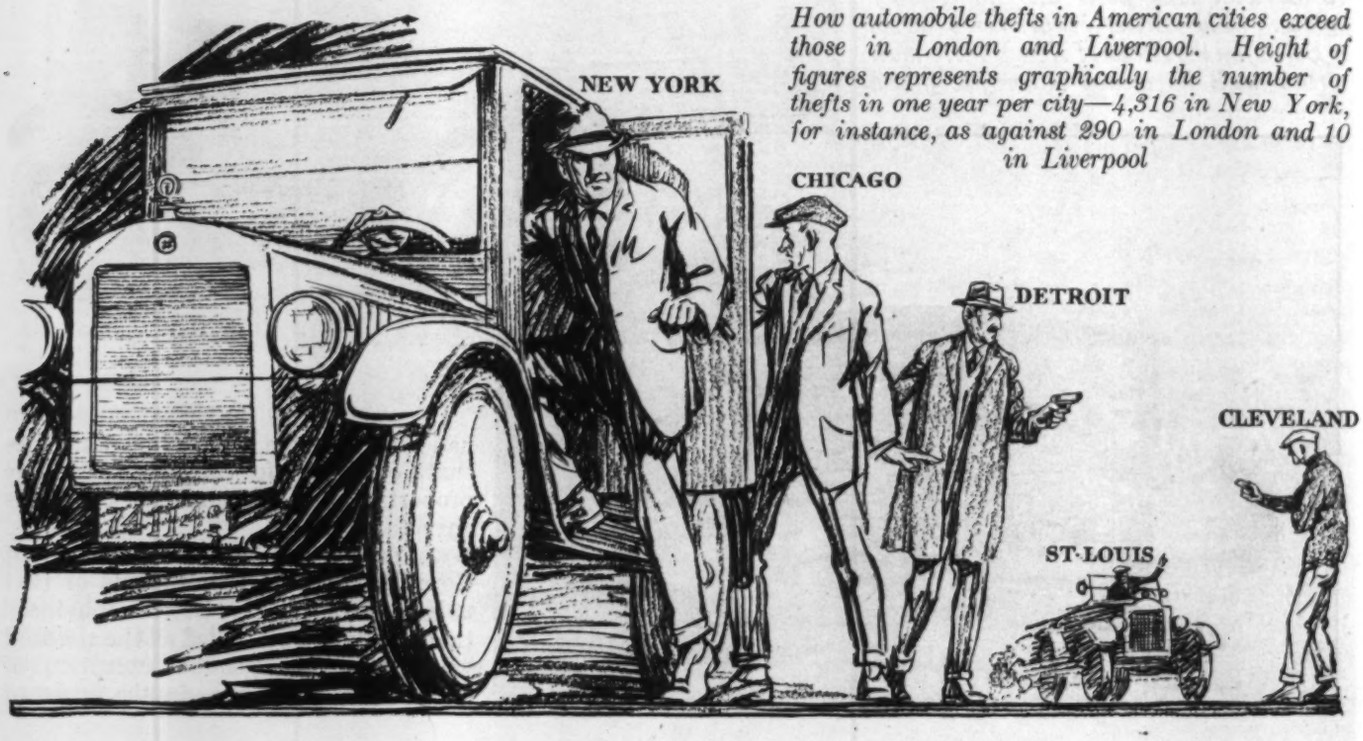
I believe that lack of respect for law in our country is due, first, to the devotion on the part of the legal profession to hair-splitting technicalities and to the fact that the verdict of a jury is rarely final, but is subject to review in so many ways. This very fact often sways jurors. They know their verdict is likely to be overturned, and they are less cautious than they would be if they knew it was to be final.

Washington, with a population of 450,000, had four times as many burglaries in one year as did London, with its population of over 7,000,000

A second cause for our lack of respect for law lies in the fact that under our system of government our public officials look to the variable currents of public sentiment, upon which they depend for reëlection, rather than to their oath of office.

A third cause lies in the growth of political machines, which nominate and elect men of their own choosing and way of thinking, and often prevent the nomination and election to office of men of character and integrity who would enforce the laws.

We find that it is not alone in the crime of murder that the United States leads. In his "American Police Systems," Mr. Fosdick tells us that, in 1915, New York City had approximately eight times as many burglaries as London, and nearly twice the number of burglaries reported in all of England and Wales. In 1916, Chicago had 532 more burglaries than London, and in 1919, 2,146 more. Detroit and Cleveland generally report several hundred more burglaries per annum than London, although London is seven or eight times larger than either of these American cities. The burglaries in St. Louis always exceed per annum those in London. In 1916, Washington, D. C., had four times the number of robberies that London reported. In 1917, Los Angeles had 126 more robberies than all of England, Wales, and Scot-



How automobile thefts in American cities exceed those in London and Liverpool. Height of figures represents graphically the number of thefts in one year per city—4,316 in New York, for instance, as against 290 in London and 10 in Liverpool

land combined. Liverpool is about one and a third times larger than Cleveland, and yet, in 1919, Cleveland reported 31 robberies for every one reported in Liverpool.

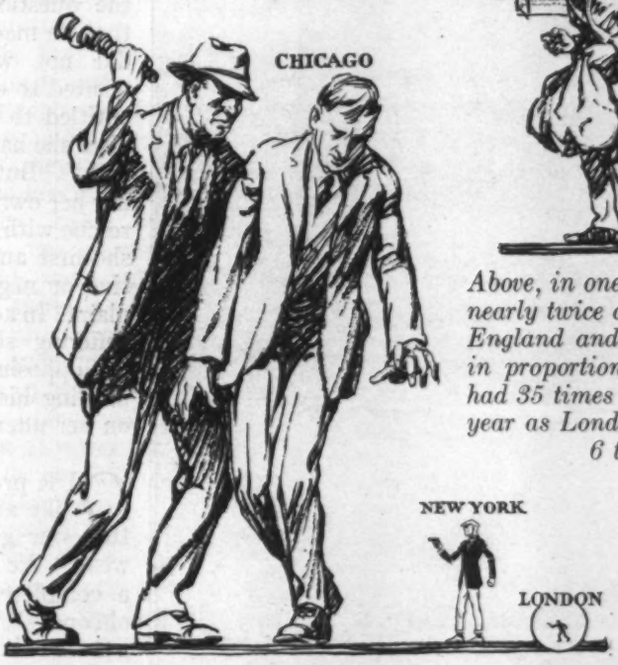
Could one make out a stronger case of criminal tendencies in our cities, as compared with foreign cities, than in the statistics which are available in the matter of automobile thefts? In the year 1919, there were 5,527 automobiles stolen in the city of New York, 4,316 in Chicago, 3,482 in Detroit, 1,244 in St. Louis, 2,327 in Cleveland, 986 in Buffalo, 290 in London, and 10 in Liverpool.

Is there a higher moral code among the population of these English cities? Not at all. The reason for the smaller number of thefts is fear of the law and the certainty of its workings.

"IT is not too much to say," said Chief Justice Taft of the Supreme Court of the United States, some years ago, "that the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization, and that the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administration to bring criminals to justice."

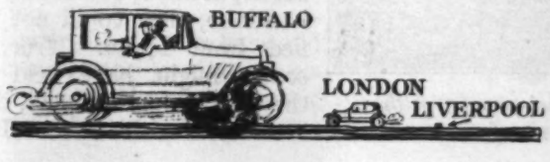
Was this indictment overdrawn? Let the record of 131,940 murders in the United States in a period of twenty years, and the conviction of only a little over one per cent of the murderers, answer.

I can personally vouch for the following story: In one of our Western cities a band of hold-up men operated successfully for weeks. When some of their number were finally captured and convicted, it was discovered that one of the heads of the police force had not only furnished the hold-up men with their firearms, but had actually shared in a percentage of their loot.



The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has recently removed from office two district attorneys, because the court found that they had used their offices to blackmail their fellow citizens. As the attorney general of Massachusetts put it, the sword of justice had been placed in their hands, and they had turned it into a highwayman's club. One of these officials represented "justice" in Cambridge, the home of American learning, and the other represented "justice" in Boston, the home of American culture.

In one county in Ohio last fall three county officers were sent to the penitentiary. One was sent up for padding pay rolls, another for embezzling $2,500 from the county, and a third for falsifying public records.



The struggle for wealth in the United States is so tense and competitive that in its quest all moral forces and teachings are forgotten. Each of us seeks to keep abreast of our neighbor in social display, and the strain is too great. The moral fiber weakens and snaps. So much for our spirit of democracy.

Outside of a very limited aristocratic circle, this spirit is unknown in Europe. There the masses of the people are content with their lot, and far happier than our American masses. Social conquest and distinction are not for them. They are content with the substance of life, and with the love of home and family and kindred. Their ambition is to go through life with a fair share of ease, doing common things in a common way.

Above, in one year New York endured nearly twice as many burglaries as all England and Wales combined. Left, in proportion to population, Chicago had 35 times as many murders in one year as London, while New York had 6 times as many

In this difference between our civilization and Europe's lies, I think, one reason for America's lawlessness. We are the people; we make the laws. Why shouldn't we do with them as we please? The official is our servant, not our master; but in Europe he is master.

I once asked Harry Orchard—now serving a life term in the penitentiary at Boise City, Idaho, for the murder of former Governor Steuenberg of that State—how he happened to become a wholesale murderer of men. I believe he holds the record for the number of his victims. He was the tool of the inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners. He told me that he and his fellow murderers began by beating up scabs in the mining regions of Colorado. These beatings were done in the open and were witnessed by bystanders. Nobody dared complain, and the officers were as much terrorized as the populace. Finally, in the presence of a number of witnesses, they unintentionally killed a man. Both officers and witnesses remained dumb with fear.

"THEN," said Orchard, "we knew we were immune from punishment, and we went on murdering until we lost count of our victims. The life of the man who antagonized us was worth little."

Washington epitomized the attitude of government toward lawbreakers at the time of the whisky rebellion in western Pennsylvania. "If the laws are to be trampled upon with impunity," he said, "and a minority—a small one, too—is to dictate to the majority, there is an end put at one stroke to republican government."

In Lincoln's Lyceum Address, delivered in 1837, he

paints a discouraging picture of the violations of law in his day. Here are his conclusions:

"I know the American people are much attached to their government; I know they would suffer much for its sake; I know they would endure evils long and patiently before they would ever think of exchanging it for another—yet, notwithstanding all this, if the laws be continually despised and disregarded, if their rights to be secure in their persons and property are held by no better tenure than the caprice of a mob, the alienation of their affections from the government is the natural consequence."

AND then he summed up the remedy for such conditions by that prayerful plea for reverence for the laws which cannot be too often repeated—which ought to find conspicuous place in every schoolhouse and in every public building in the land:

"Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

If a man's home is to be safe; if he can lock his business at night and depend upon finding it in the morning; if he can count upon any of those guarantees which government gives him as a citizen and a taxpayer, it will be because law as law is respected.

Before me is an editorial from one of our leading mid-West daily newspapers, the most influential journal in its State, in which is laid down the following amazing dictum:

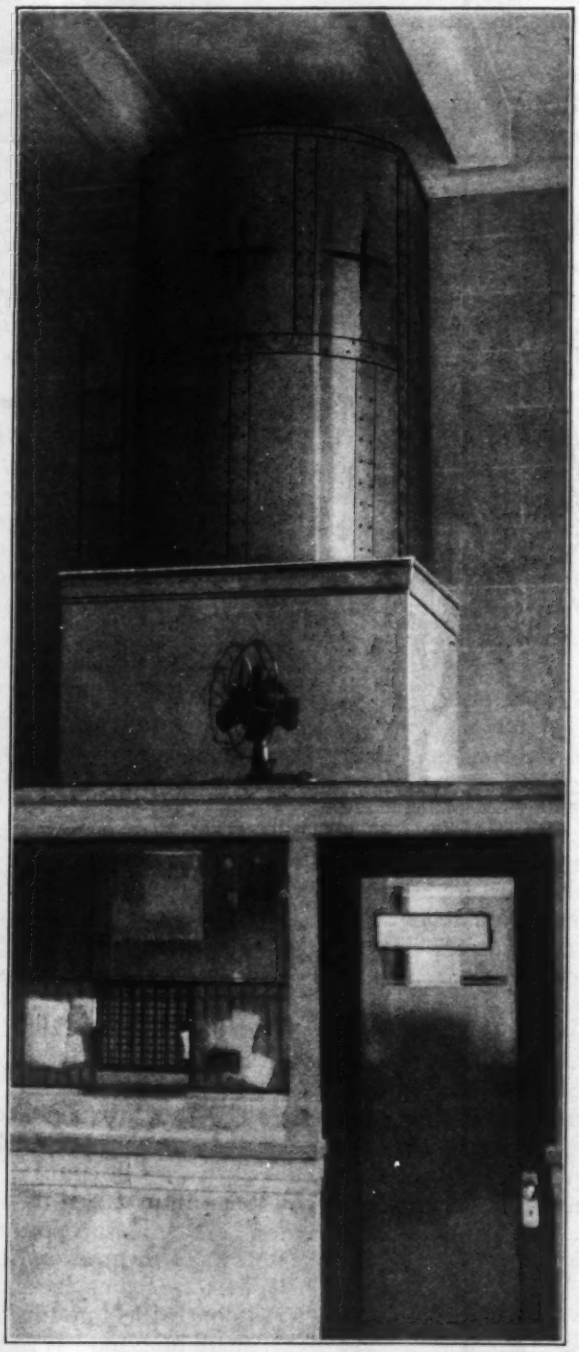
"In order that the public should obey and venerate a law, there must be confidence in the men who made the law, in the motives which inspired it, in the lawyers who interpret it, in the courts that pass upon it, and even in the officials who enforce it."

Thousands read this editorial and many, no doubt, accepted it as orthodox. Followed to its logical conclusion, there is hardly any one who could not trump up a legitimate excuse for the violation of any law.

It is not only in the lack of respect for law on the part of officials and the public that we fail; the administration of the law is handicapped for lack of trained and untrammeled judges and lawyers, and as well by an outworn and antiquated system. The truth is hidden behind a barricade of technicalities. Only recently I saw a very respectable-looking woman on the witness stand badgered by a lawyer on cross-examination until she was so confused that she did not know what she was saying.

He was insisting that she answer the questions with "yes" or "no," and the questions were so framed that he made her say what she did not want to say. She wanted to explain, and she was entitled to explain her answers after she had answered "yes" or "no." But neither the judge nor her own lawyer came to her rescue with the suggestion that she first answer in the affirmative or negative, and then explain. In addition to the mental suffering she was undergoing, the opposing lawyer was really proving his very doubtful case on her unexplained answers.

The chances of a murderer's escape were about 17 times greater in 1920 than in 1885



An armed guard in the bullet-proof "pillbox" protects a New York bank from robbers

OUR present legal system is like an old homespun suit that our grandfathers used to wear. We need a new suit, or a complete overhauling of the old one. It is baggy at the knees, patched in spots, and frayed and glossy with wear and age.

When Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, the Western labor leaders, on the confession of Harry Orchard, were charged with having sent Orchard from Colorado into Idaho to assassinate former Governor Steuenberg of the latter State, nobody contended that the three accused persons, or any one of them, had ever been in Idaho. There was no power in law whereby they could legally be taken out of Colorado and into Idaho, because, not having been in Idaho, they could not have fled from Idaho. True, the courts might have held that they were constructively, if not actually, fugitives from Idaho

In proportion to population, the United States in one year had about 17 times the number of murders committed in Germany, while the convictions for murder in the United States were only a little over one per cent of the total, and 95 per cent in Germany

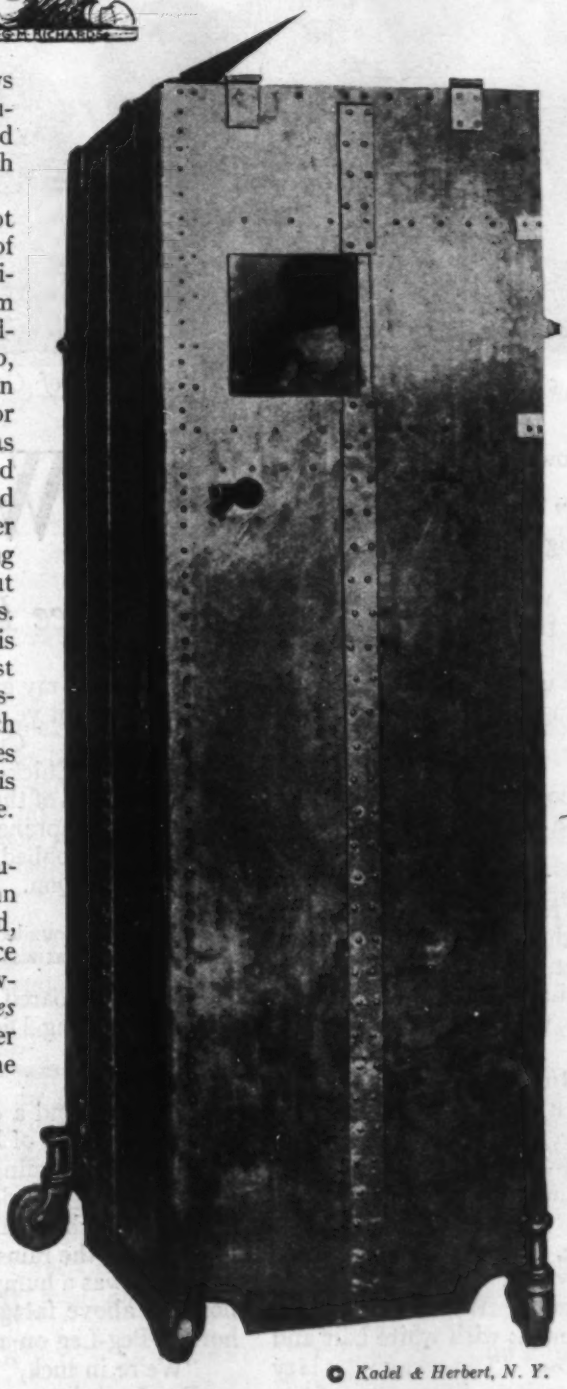
justice; but the courts had always decided that the Federal constitution meant only those who had actually fled from the State in which the crime was committed.

And so long as they did not voluntarily cross the boundaries of Idaho, Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone were forever immune from prosecution, unless they were kidnaped and forcibly taken into Idaho, without opportunity being given them to appeal to the courts for protection. And this was what was done. They were secretly spirited aboard a specially provisioned and militarily guarded train in Denver in the small hours of the morning and hurried into Idaho, without pause or stop except at water tanks. When one stops to consider this crude method of justice, he is almost tempted to ask himself if it is possible that, in an age of so much enlightenment and so many advances in science and industry, the law is such a laggard in civilized practice.

THE real seriousness of this situation is in its possibilities. John J. McNamara has just been released, after serving a ten-year sentence in San Quentin prison for the blowing up of the *Los Angeles Times* building. Had he or his lawyer known of this hiatus in the law, he need never have been tried or sentenced. It was never contended that he was in California when the *Times* building was blown up. The charge was that he had sent his younger brother to California on that mission.

Under the old law, he would have been considered an accessory before the fact of the murder; but the States have abolished this distinction, and now the person engaged in a murder conspiracy, which is carried out, is considered a principal and is charged with the murder in the same form of indictment as is the person who actually commits the crime. But while the States have changed their laws, the Constitution of the United States remains the same, and the Constitution would have been a complete shield for McNamara had he taken advantage of it. The courts have repeatedly warned Congress and the legislatures of this constitutional defect and of the judicial decisions under it which they must follow, but these warnings have gone unheeded.

There is the criticism that the strict course of justice in England sometimes leads to the conviction of the innocent. But this complaint is not nearly so well-founded there as in this country, where district attorneys, oftener than the public suspects, use their offices as stepping-stones to higher honors, and, in sensational criminal trials which focus public attention, sometimes forget their sense of fairness and proportion in their desire for further preferment. There are also numerous instances in the United States where the public has been wrought up to such a pitch by the successive acquittals of criminals that jurors have taken revenge on innocent persons who happened to be placed on trial after one of these outbursts of indignation.



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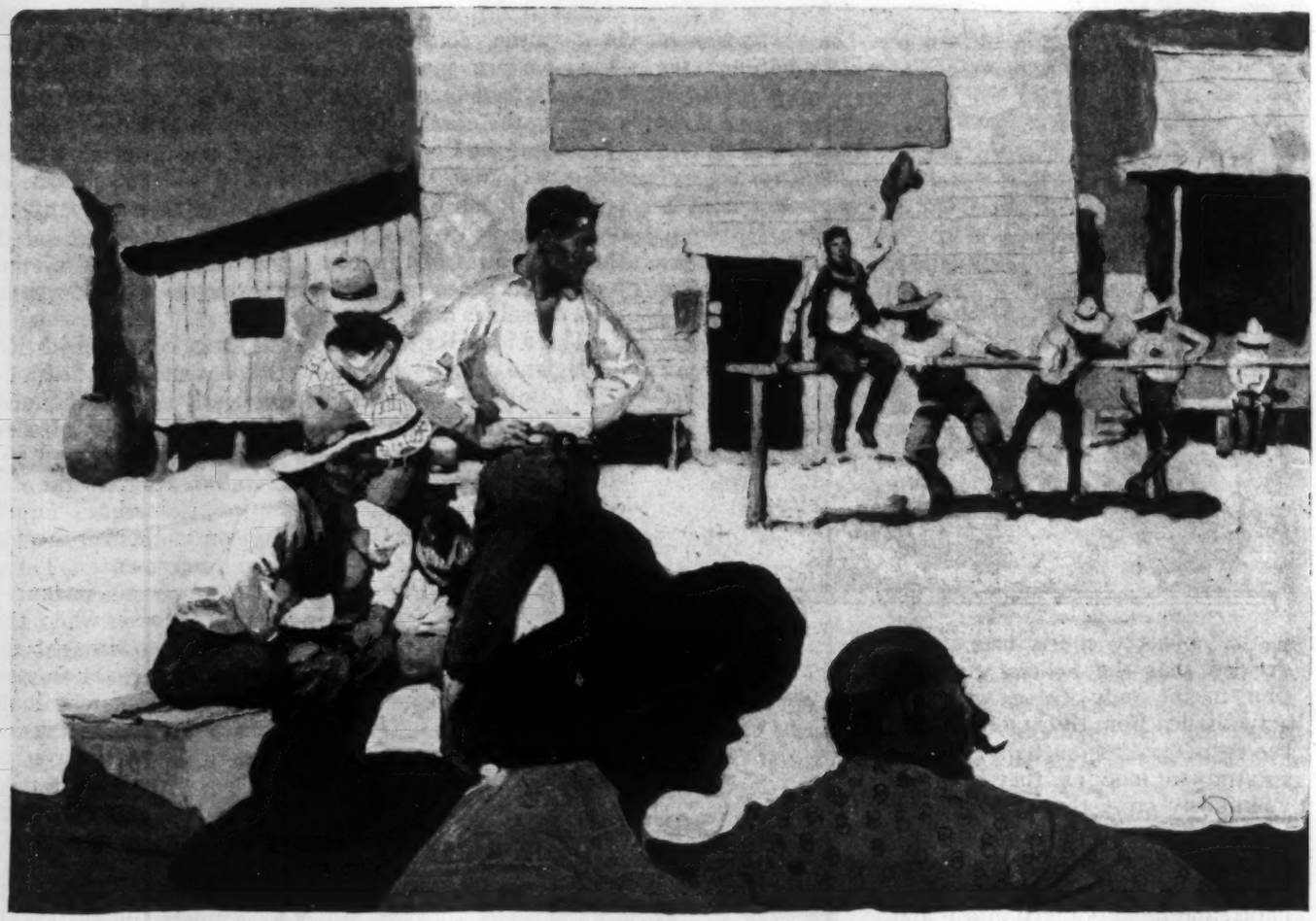
Armored shield used by Chicago police

WITH a judicial and administrative system already handicapped and put to it to cope with the ordinary criminal calendar, we have added the burden of the enforcement of the prohibition laws. Under the Federal prohibition law, 30,000 indictments were secured last year. The convictions totaled 21,000, and the acquittals 950. The other indictments are pending.

When the Volstead law went into effect, our entire Eastern seaboard was practically without any education or experience in prohibition. Throughout the West prohibition had been of gradual growth, and community after community and State after State had gone "dry" after a campaign of experiment and of education. I have known scores of people, hundreds of them, in fact, who became ardent converts to prohibition after seeing the effects of a strict and conscientious enforcement of the law.

Without law and respect for law, no government can endure. Eventually we shall be judged by our temples of justice and our respect for law, rather than by the splendors of our material wealth.



"No rings, no rounds, no gloves!" cried young Dicky. "Marquis of Cowberry rules! At me, cowboy!"

The Wooing of

Three Doughty Knights Come

By Paul

Illustrations by

THEY were three jolly cowboys, ready for love-making.

"Round-up's over," said Big Bob Starret, of the tramping stride and the jovial brown eyes.

"We're pretty well heeled with *dinero*," said Long Tom Gaylor, who had happy teeth that glistened in a lazy mouth.

"And Prohibition won't let us spend it," said Young Dicky Pratt. He was a young colt, fiery, eager, and mischievous.

"We'll be heading south."

"Old Peg-Leg said he'd shoot us at sight."

"But the girls said they'd be waiting."

Chick-a-lock! Chick-a-lock! Cud-a-rup! Cud-a-rup! They rode away.

They rode away, and they rode to the south. They rode big horses. Life stung them all, horses and men. Work was over. Cutting-out, bulldogging, branding were done. The south gleamed ahead. They rode away—three jolly men, long-waisted, whang-muscled, hickory-limbed, berry-cheeked.

They rode to the south. In the south lay Peg-Leg Tate's little ranch. In the south waited Peg-Leg's pretty daughters—and Peg-Leg Tate, himself, who kept his girls tethered, chased suitors away. Cowgirls they were, and they "ran" Peg-Leg's cattle—three pretty girls and three hundred cattle.

Peg-Leg was a shrewd one. His "hands" were his daughters. They cost him no wages. He'd take care not to lose them. Had he killed a man? Well, so 'twas said.

Peg-Leg was brawny and rough; with white hair and tar-black eyes and a flat, red nose. "Get away, you lazy loafers!" he had roared, in the spring. "Stay away from here! They're my girls, ain't they? I'll shoot ye at sight!"

Cud-a-*rup!* Cud-a-*rup!* Chick-a-*lock!* Chick-a-*lock!*—went the steeds of the wooers. And as they sprang, the bays glistened. Three cone-shaped hats bobbed at the sun. They rang and roared through a canyon. And they sang:

> "—We rounded 'em up and put 'em in the cars,
> And that was the last of the old Two Bars!"

Big Bob roared a deep bass. Long Tom yelped falsetto. Young Dicky was proud of his tingling tenor tones.

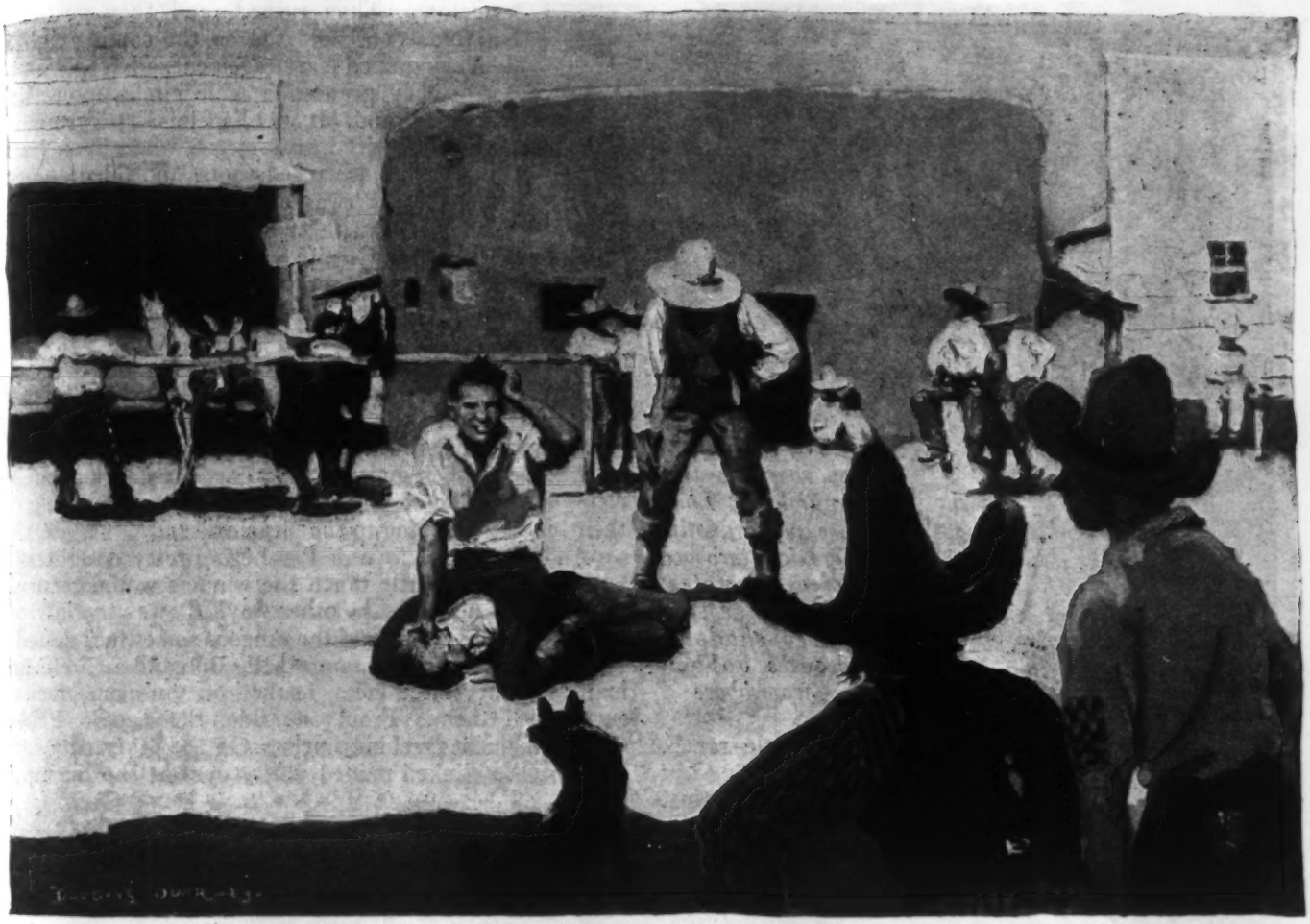
A NIGHT and a day—they were three jolly cowboys on the trail of love. Chick-a-*lock!* Cud-a-*rup!*

Then the morning came and noon. Into the southern country they thundered—into Peg-Leg's leased, grassy domain. Rich grama stems leaped like rabbits toward the sky, for the rains had been wondrously kind.

There was a hump on a hill, blotting black against the horizon, above fat grazing cattle. It was a man and a horse—Peg-Leg on a horse!

"We're in luck," sang the cowboys.

Peg-Leg's house slept in a valley, in the arms of great



The two fought and pounded. They slashed and they bled. Dicky was a young colt, with a hoof on either hand

Peg-Leg's Daughters

Riding on the Trail of Love

Everman

Douglas Duer

cottonwoods, many cottonwoods, thick, massy, and green. The house showed its body through thick, dingy-brown trunks and fluttering green leaves; a body of adobe, brown stripes of body, shaded oblongs, cool squares. Near the cottonwoods a coquettish stream threw sparkling kisses down an arroyo, brown and deep.

Three cow-ponies sniffed inquisitively among the trees; they were saddled horses—branded horses! The cowboys screamed:

"Circle M horses! Circle M boys!"

Competition, you know: more lovers!

Said Big Bob: "Betsy done took me up!"

Said Long Tom: "Belle said I was ace-high."

Said Young Dicky: "I haven't asked Anne yet."

They rushed inside. They found competition indeed. They found Peg-Leg's pretty daughters. But they found three *other* cowboys.

They found three rival cowboys, three Circle M cowboys. These Circle M men were big, lean, and brown. But they were not jolly.

"We're back," called Bob.

"Like we said," whooped Tom.

"Hello, Anne!" cried Dicky.

The Circle M men looked up and scowled. Peg-Leg's three daughters looked up and sat down. They were experienced cowgirls.

"Did you expect us to wait all winter?" inquired Betsy, who was pigeon-plump and sparrow-saucy.

"You're two weeks later than you said," reproved hearty, chili-cheeked Belle, who was a little serious now.

"Meet our friends from the Circle M," spoke Anne. Anne was a slip of swift, dark water sparkling in the moonlight.

Bob laughed. Tom laughed. Dicky laughed loudest of all. They laughed the laughs of good nature—approval. Here were girls worth the winning—girls of spirit, girls of beauty, girls of fun.

"You'll marry us," said Bob.

"We're the best men," said Tom.

Young Dicky cried: "Come on to Espejo, Circle M boys, and we'll settle it there!"

THE Circle M boys were red and aroused. They whirled on Peg-Leg's pretty daughters.

"We'll hog-tie these hay hands!" they shouted. "We'll chase 'em back north. Will you marry us then?"

Said Betsy the saucy: "Maybe so and maybe not."

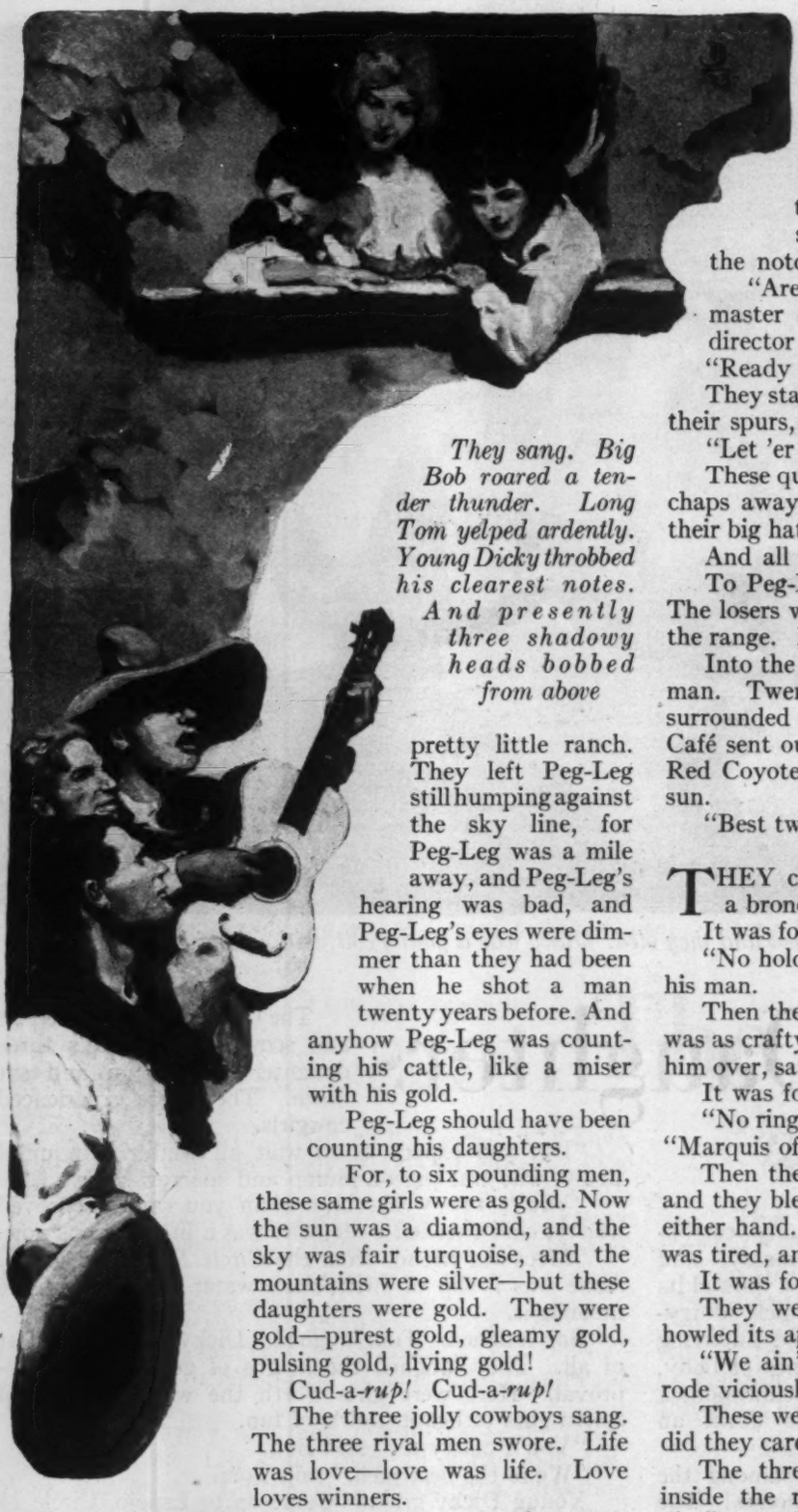
Said Belle the chili-cheeked: "We may not marry anybody."

Said Anne the sparkling: "Good-by, Dicky."

They rode away, those three jolly cowboys and their three sulky rivals.

Cud-a-*rup!* Cud a-*rup!* Chick-a-*lock-lock-lock!* So they went.

They left Peg-Leg's pretty daughters, Peg-Leg's



They sang. Big Bob roared a tender thunder. Long Tom yelped ardently. Young Dicky throbbed his clearest notes. And presently three shadowy heads bobbed from above

pretty little ranch. They left Peg-Leg still humping against the sky line, for Peg-Leg was a mile away, and Peg-Leg's hearing was bad, and Peg-Leg's eyes were dimmer than they had been when he shot a man twenty years before. And anyhow Peg-Leg was counting his cattle, like a miser with his gold.

Peg-Leg should have been counting his daughters.

For, to six pounding men, these same girls were as gold. Now the sun was a diamond, and the sky was fair turquoise, and the mountains were silver—but these daughters were gold. They were gold—purest gold, gleamy gold, pulsing gold, living gold!

Cud-a-*rup!* Cud-a-*rup!*

The three jolly cowboys sang. The three rival men swore. Life was love—love was life. Love loves winners.

Espejo loomed ahead, like a gray battleground. Espejo was no swell town: just ex-barrooms, a store, a church, another store, the Espejo Pride Café, twenty-three misanthropes, forty curs, sand, sun, and siestas. And no paint. And yet Espejo was a town of historic battles.

DOWN the tired gray street poured the six dusty men.

"Whoa, whoa!" they yelled. And: "Whoa, Poco! Whoa!"

Then came the twenty-three misanthropes, popping, like gophers from holes. Then came the forty low curs. All of Espejo's population swarmed at hand. Then out stepped the master of ceremonies, a referee, attendants galore. They rushed, and they gesticulated. They gloated on the coming fight. They gulped encouragement, advice.

They pranced a wide circle upon the thirsty sand. It was Espejo's battleground, Espejo's tired gray street, where men had quarreled, advanced, shot—and killed, sometimes. For 'twas said that Peg-Leg Tate had shot his man in this very street, in front of the notorious Red Coyote Saloon.

"Are you ready, scrappin' men?" bawled the master of ceremonies. He had once been arena director at a rodeo.

"Ready here!" cried the three jolly cowboys.

They stacked their guns, unbuckled their chaps, tossed their spurs, spun their cone-shaped hats.

"Let 'er go," growled the Circle M men.

These quit their guns reluctantly. These kicked their chaps away. These scattered their spurs. These sent their big hats slapping to the bleached sand.

And all for the love of Peg-Leg's pretty daughters!

To Peg-Leg's little ranch the winners would return. The losers would ride the other way. It was the law of the range. But the law of the range is sometimes defied.

Into the gray circle stamped Big Bob and a Circle M man. Twenty-three faces, hooked on vulturine necks, surrounded them. From one side, the Espejo Pride Café sent out its reeking smells. On the other, the sad Red Coyote blinked pained, dusty eyes at the burning sun.

"Best two in three!" cried Bob.

THEY clinched. They wallowed. Bob was big as a broncho, and he threw his man twice.

It was for Betsy.

"No holds barred!" yelped Long Tom, circling in for his man.

Then these two grappled and scrambled. Long Tom was as crafty as a wolf. He bent his man double, flipped him over, sat on him.

It was for Belle.

"No rings, no rounds, no gloves!" cried Young Dicky. "Marquis of Cowberry rules! At me, cowboy!"

Then these two fought and pounded. They slashed and they bled. Dicky was a young colt, with a hoof on either hand. Down went the third Circle M man. He was tired, anyhow. Dicky stood alone.

It was for Anne.

They were three jolly conquerors, and the crowd howled its approval.

"We ain't done!" swore the Circle M men, as they rode viciously away.

These were three beaten men, surly and sore. What did they care for the law of the range?

The three jolly cowboys laughed. They trooped inside the restaurant, after their noses. They spun dizzily on three stools. They grinned at the waitress, who was not pretty like Peg-Leg's three daughters.

"Beans," said Big Bob.

"Beans," said Long Tom.

"*Frijoles*," said Young Dicky, spitting out gore.

It was now afternoon in Espejo. It was hot in Espejo. So twenty-two Espejans curled in siestas behind walls of cool brown adobe and pale-yellow pine. Forty Espejan curs stretched in shadow pools, yelping querulously at the gigantic flies of their dreams.

It was hot in Espejo. The waitress gaped reproachfully at the three jolly men. They *laughed*, these rascals. They *ate!* And it was her siesta time.

Said Big Bob: "We've conquered the enemy."

"But we haven't conquered the girls," said Long Tom.

They gazed heavily at one another, and then decided that this last statement was something worth thinking about. They grew serious. They were two weeks late for their wooing; the girls were hostile.

"We had work to do," growled Bob.

"We'll have to gentle up the girls," grinned Tom. "Do our courtin' all over again!"

"How about music?" said Young Dicky, who was proud of his tingling tenor tones.

YES, courtship was the thing. *Music* was the thing. A serenade was exactly the thing.

There was a Mexican family in Espejo. Therefore there was a guitar in Espejo. A guitar went well with Dicky's tenor tones—and Dicky hadn't asked Anne yet. Dicky bought the guitar.

Then night came and the three jolly cowboys left Espejo, riding through the glowing canyon that led to Peg-Leg Tate's. They rode along swiftly, and their silence was love. Horses' hoofs love the earth. And the moon loves the earth. And three men loved the earth that three pretty girls trod.

Cud-a-*rup!* Cud-a-*rup!*—they rode.

Peg-Leg's house slept dimly among the swaying, gleaming cottonwoods. In the deep arroyo the little stream chirped soft music under the glossy light of the moon.

The three jolly ones came silently, cautiously. 'Twas said that Peg-Leg had once killed a man. They crept behind trees. They hemmed clear their throats. And they sang.

Big Bob roared a tender thunder. Long Tom yelped ardently. Young Dicky throbbed his clearest tones.

A window scraped. Three shadowy heads bobbed from above, among the gleamy leaves.

"So you're back again," bubbled Betsy's low voice.

"We hear you beat the Circle M boys," came Belle's cautious words, with a tinge of what seemed gladness.

"You're a fine singer, Dicky." It was Anne.

Dicky sang again. He leaned against the sheltering tree, softly thrumming the guitar, while the moon reached through the rippling leaves and dropped a silvery mesh across his young, upflung face.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prair-ee,
In a narrow grave just six by three;
Where the wild kyotes will howl o'er me—
Oh, bury me not on the lone prair-ee——"

"Enough's enough, Dicky." It was Betsy, of course—not Dicky's love.

"Let's talk awhile." That was Belle.

"You certainly have a fine voice, Dicky," came Anne's fluty tones.

AND so Peg-Leg's daughters talked, like elves chattering among shimmery leaves, while the three jolly men turned their rugged faces upward, as parched men do for rain.

"The Circle M boys came back," said Belle. "They said you jumped on 'em unawares, and told Dad that they'd help run you back north where you belong."

Anne added eagerly that Peg-Leg was in a fierce

Up and away they sped and as they went they sang the songs of the plains and of the long-horned cattle, and of love and of life

humor. He had chased the Circle M men away with his gun, swearing that he didn't need any help. And the Circle M men had left a letter in the mail box.

"Anne found it," spoke Betsy. "They want us to run away with 'em and get married. They said that they might come for us to-night. They said that we could expect 'em 'most any time. Dad's suspicious, though. He locked us upstairs. He's asleep now."

"And his hearing isn't very good," put in Anne, demurely.

The three jolly cowboys listened, and fidgeted a bit. Truly these Circle M boys were a bad lot. And these desirable girls were most dismaying at times. Who did they love, anyhow? Did they love anybody?

"You wouldn't marry them *hombres!*" rumbled Big Bob.

"Say, Belle!" cried Tom. "You know you promised me!"

"I want to ask you something, Anne," called Dicky anxiously.

LAUGHTER gurgled among the glazed leaves. And Betsy's reply came airily:

"Pa's locked us in and—we like the Circle M boys first-rate."

"We want to be rescued," added Belle.

"We're romantic," appended Betsy.

And Anne ended softly: "We'll marry the men who rescue us, Dicky."

"We'll rescue you now!" roared the three jolly cowboys.

They laughed their admiration for these spirited girls. They would win this priceless gold—this gleamy, pulsing, living gold! They would prove their gallantry.

"Throw up your rope, Dicky," called Anne. And, as Dicky obeyed: "Thank you," she murmured.

"Wait a minute." It was Betsy, who then whispered to her sisters, finally adding aloud: "You'd better get our horses. They're in that north corral. Cut out three for us. You'll find hackamores in the adobe shed."

"But our saddles are downstairs," reminded Belle.

The three cowboys waited anxiously, and finally Anne's voice floated down.

"Can't we ride your horses? You can ride our horses bareback, can't you?"

"Ride them out a little ways, and then we'll join you," urged Belle.

The three jolly cowboys rushed to the north corral. They would let the girls ride their saddled horses. They would ride the girls' horses, ride them bareback.

The north corral was a stockaded pen. In the moonlight it shone whitely, like a thousand faint specters pressing closely in a square. The adobe shed squatted beside it. With hackamores and ropes, the three cowboys crawled through the slanting gate.

Dicky roped out a plunging white horse. Long Tom eared it down.

"I'll ride him out," offered Big Bob.

HE sprang to the horse's back. The horse bucked viciously. The air evolved a parabola that was Bob. He scuffled in the dirt.

"*I'll* ride him out," declared Long Tom.

He flung himself astride. The horse reared and jumped. Long Tom was Parabola Number Two.

"Snake out that big roan! Take a dally on that post, Tom! Now—I'll ride *him* out!" cried Young Dicky.

He leaped astride and grabbed the rein. The big roan shoved Dicky into the ceiling of the sky and came down stiff-legged. There were three parabolas.

"They're tough," decided Bob.

"They're not saddle horses," agreed Tom.

"Too fat," admitted Dicky, limping a bit.

A brook of sparkling voices rippled merrily among the gleaming tree tops.

"Guess we told you wrong," laughed Betsy.

"They're not our saddle horses; they're Dad's bronks," giggled Belle. "Buckers, every one."

"They're just off the grass," Anne flung out gleefully.

The moonlight paled three rueful faces. Then three laughs came, ringing and loud. For here were three jolly cowboys—dead in love. And these desirable girls had played a neat joke on them.

Boom! And *cr-r-rack! Boom! Boom!*

As they left the corral, a gun roared behind—not ten paces behind. A clump and a clatter! A curse and a roar!

Peg-Leg was charging at them, a bulky shape, aroused and vindictive. He shot as he surged—only ten paces away. The three surprised cowboys did not draw their guns. They dived, instead. They dived into the adobe shed. They drew their guns then—but it was too late. The door came slamming shut upon them. A padlock snapped. The moon was shut out.

Came Peg-Leg's rampant voice, like the bawl of a bull:

"So you're back, you lazy loafers! Didn't I tell you to stay away? When you can't steal my girls, you try to steal my hosses. You will, will you?"

Peg-Leg was in a rage. He practiced fisticuffs against the door. He was profane—very.

Three muffled voices answered him and sounds like feet shuffling hollowly over clapboards.

"Let us out, you old miser!"

"Just open the door!"

"Take us one at a time!"

"Guess that door'll hold you!" Peg-Leg roared. "The key's in my pocket. To-morrow morning I'll send for the sheriff. Trespass and thievin' 'll be the charge!"

HE rapped away. A night bird twittered faintly. The adobe shed was tight, and the moon was without.

Three discomforted cowboys banged themselves against the door. They berated themselves. They bruised themselves. They created a thunderous din that would have drowned a thousand cries. But the door was stanch. They dropped pantingly to the floor; there they groaned:

"The old gent jack-potted us!"

"Some heroes, we are!"

"Tenderfeet!"

"Lord—can't we get out?"

They couldn't get out. And then—— Hoofbeats came dimly, far away. They grew louder, steadily louder. They were nearer.

Cud-a-*rup!* Cud-a-*rup!* *Rup-rup-rup-rup!*—they came.

"Is it the Circle M boys?" gasped Bob.

"Out!" cried Tom.

"Stop 'em, Peg-Leg!" raved Dicky.

The hoofbeats were very near. A gun blasted heavily in the night. Was it the Circle M cowboys? Who else could it be?

The three caged men were frantic. Bob and Dicky hurled themselves again at the door, groaning, roaring; prying, pounding. In their own thunder they submerged the sounds of the world outside.

And what was going on without? Were shots booming, and attacks under way? Was it to be a Circle M victory? A dastardly theft of other men's brides!

Long Tom had spied [*Continued on page 126*]

When a Girl's Love and a Man's Honor Meet in Conflict—

Sometimes He Pays

By Maravene Thompson

Illustrations by A. L. Bairnsfather

CONCLUDING CHAPTERS OF A TWO-PART NOVELETTE

THE kindly old French waiter, unseen but seeing, placed a screen opposite the opening to their corner—just temporarily, while he cleared a table, and very accidentally, of course!

In a flash Joan and King were on their feet, arms about each other, lips clinging together. And the joy of it—the transcendent joy!

"I shouldn't have let you!" cried Joan—then kissed him again. "But I won't marry you," she reiterated, "unless——"

"Yes, you *will!*" he exclaimed in rapturous triumph, closing the beloved mouth with his.

Between delirious moments Joan gasped stubbornly: "No—I—*won't!*"

And this stubbornness, her lover had yet to learn, could persist while Joan melted under his kisses and listened, starry-eyed, to plans for their future.

"The world's a small place, after all."

It was Mrs. Anboy's sister who made this highly original remark, made it with the satisfied smile that always accompanies it. She sat rocking back and forth on a little trellised porch, reading a letter aloud to Mrs. Anboy, who lay languidly and uninterestedly in a hammock. It was a letter from Mrs. Anderson, telling about their mutual friend, Lucy Aldrich, who was then in New York, what she had said and bought, and the gay parties given for her. Then came a startling paragraph:

Joan Warren has captured the one really eligible man of our crowd, Newell King, son of the famous traveler of that name, worth a million, young, handsome, perfectly fascinating. Isn't that Warren luck?

"A luck that never fails!" retorted Mrs. Anboy bitterly.

Her sister laughed excitedly. "Perhaps it isn't as much luck as Liddy thinks, considering Mrs. Warren's attitude on divorce."

"You mean her attitude about my divorce?"

"Yes; but after running you out of Hillsboro because you're divorced, she can't very well accept a divorced son-in-law. Newell King's divorced wife and his child live the third street from here. You saw her Sunday at church, in the pew in front of us—the very good-looking woman in pink, with the lovely little girl."

Mrs. Anboy sat upright. "*What?*" she cried.

It was then that her sister made the inevitable remark, "The world's a small place, after all."

That night Mrs. Anboy wrote a long letter to her best friend in Hillsboro. By noon next day half of Hillsboro knew the story.

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

JOAN WARREN, young and lovely daughter of *the* Warrens of Hillsboro, incurs her mother's displeasure by championing the cause of Mrs. Anboy, a divorcee, whom Mrs. Warren refuses to receive in her home. Joan feels keenly the injustice of her mother's attitude, but she can do nothing—and Mrs. Anboy is forced to leave Hillsboro.

Soon after her departure, as if Fate had taken a hand in the game, while on a visit to New York Joan meets Newell King—a man who embodies her dreams of what her lover should be—and the two fall in love at first sight. It is not until two weeks later that King tells the girl of his divorce and of his little daughter. Joan begs her lover to tell her about his former wife, but he refuses to discuss the matter with her. And though Joan is tortured by her jealousy of his divorced wife and the knowledge of her parent's disapproval, she realizes that her love for the man is stronger than these.

CHAPTER III

DURING Joan's absence Mrs. Warren had received several letters from her, but there had been no mention of Newell King in them. Only Cousin Lucy's letters spoke of him. The latest one had stated:

My dear, he is madly, wildly, crazily in love with Joan, and she with him. It does my heart good just to see the two beautiful young things together. You know how *real* Joan is—so adorably simple and sweet. Well, he's just the same. The dearest boy! Not a boy, really, a man of twenty-eight, with the *savoir-faire* of a man of fifty, but his spirit is just a

boy's, clean and fine—and he's so tender and thoughtful. And he has a winning, boyish way of intriguing you into doing what he wants. Now he's begging us to stay another week——

I know he is all you could possibly want for Joan—but I'd feel better if you came down. Joan seems rather shy about answering my questions. I've seen her twice with tears on her cheeks. She says they were about a spoiled frock, and of course they were. But true love never did run smooth and—— Do come! I think they'll both perish if she has to go home at the end of this week.

Mrs. Warren had determined to go even before this summons came, but Mr. Warren had not been well, and she trusted Cousin Lucy's judgment fully. Now, however, she wired that she would leave on the four-o'clock train—and at two the news of King's divorce reached her. She sent for Mr. Warren. He telephoned Cousin Lucy to send Joan home at once.

AND the following day Joan came. At the end of an hour of her mother's arguments, pleadings, tears, Joan set her young lips stubbornly.

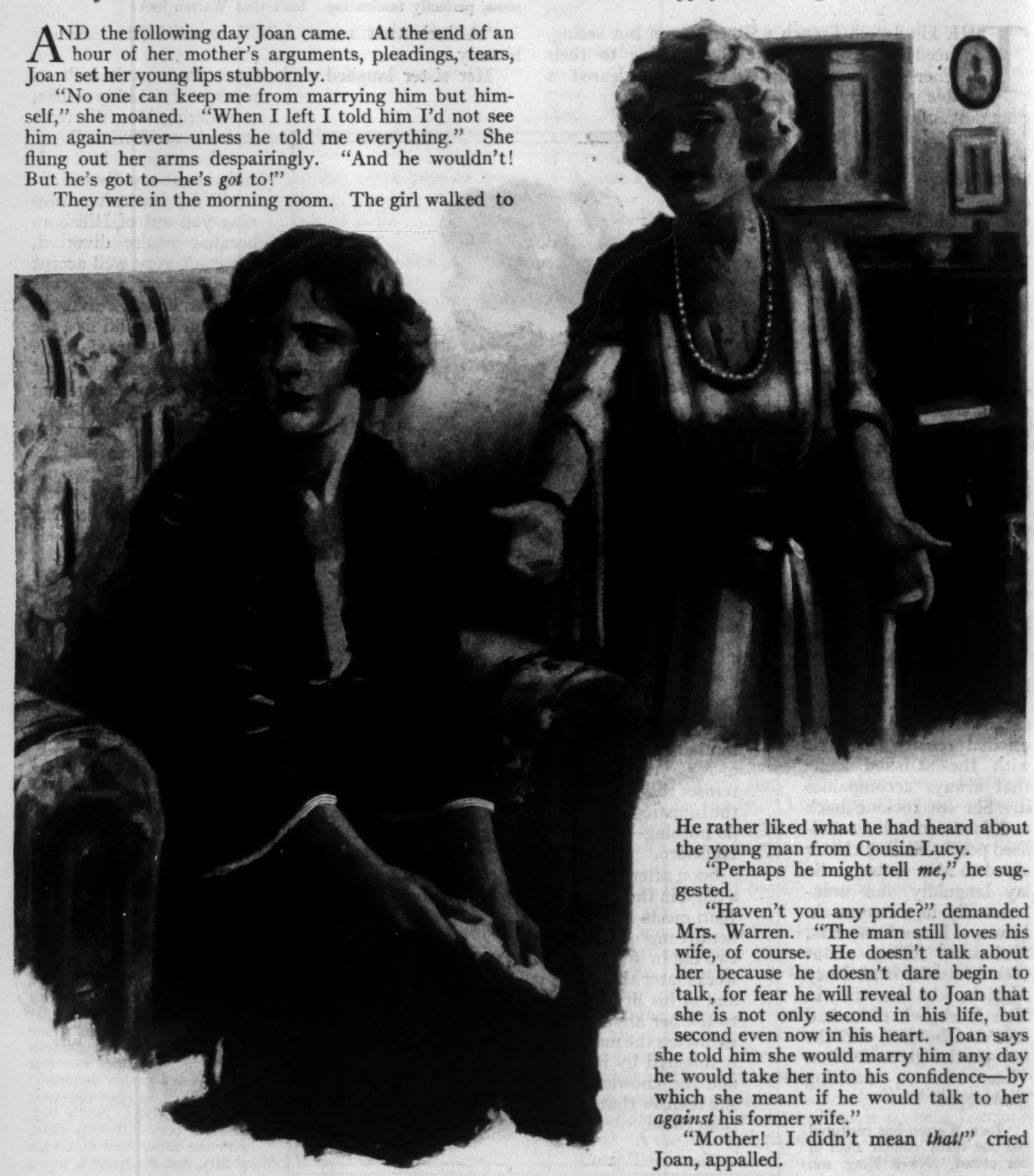
"No one can keep me from marrying him but himself," she moaned. "When I left I told him I'd not see him again—ever—unless he told me everything." She flung out her arms despairingly. "And he wouldn't! But he's got to—he's *got* to!"

They were in the morning room. The girl walked to the French windows; a light rain had left the garden fragrant with beauty, a humming bird sipped sweetness from the heart of a honeysuckle, but Joan was blind to it. She saw just *his* face, his *dear* face—with lips closed firmly over his secret! He had let her come away with a wall between them——

Abruptly she turned, eyes going beseechingly to her mother's, then to her father's, childishly seeking help from them.

"He won't talk about his life with her even to *me*," she sobbed. "I'd believe him against every one in the world! Oh, why won't he tell *me*?"

Mrs. Warren's countenance lighted with satisfaction as she motioned Mr. Warren to leave the matter to her. He looked unhappily at his daughter's tear-stained face.



He rather liked what he had heard about the young man from Cousin Lucy.

"Perhaps he might tell *me*," he suggested.

"Haven't you any pride?" demanded Mrs. Warren. "The man still loves his wife, of course. He doesn't talk about her because he doesn't dare begin to talk, for fear he will reveal to Joan that she is not only second in his life, but second even now in his heart. Joan says she told him she would marry him any day he would take her into his confidence—by which she meant if he would talk to her *against* his former wife."

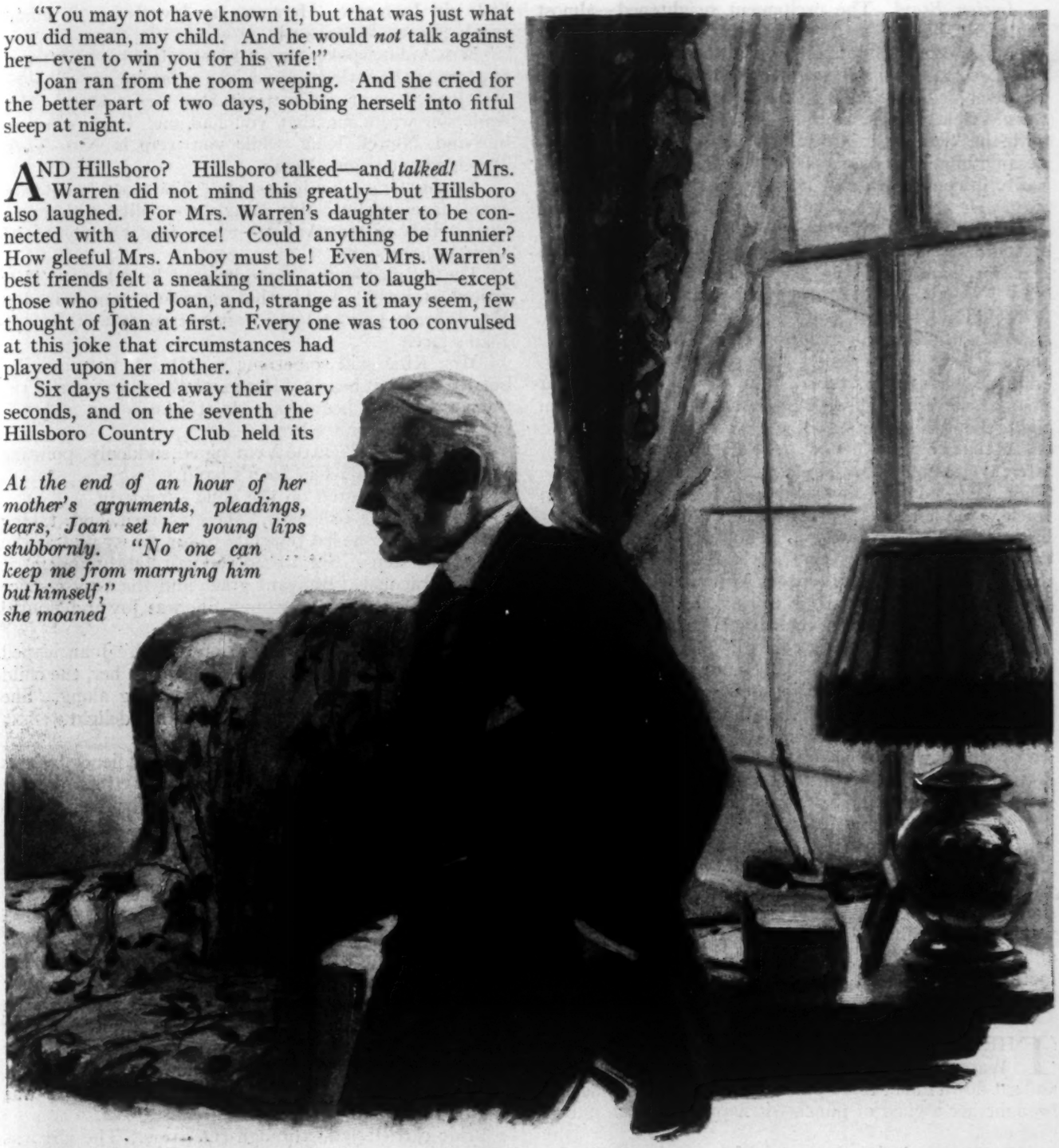
"Mother! I didn't mean *that!*" cried Joan, appalled.

"You may not have known it, but that was just what you did mean, my child. And he would *not* talk against her—even to win you for his wife!"

Joan ran from the room weeping. And she cried for the better part of two days, sobbing herself into fitful sleep at night.

AND Hillsboro? Hillsboro talked—and *talked!* Mrs. Warren did not mind this greatly—but Hillsboro also laughed. For Mrs. Warren's daughter to be connected with a divorce! Could anything be funnier? How gleeful Mrs. Anboy must be! Even Mrs. Warren's best friends felt a sneaking inclination to laugh—except those who pitied Joan, and, strange as it may seem, few thought of Joan at first. Every one was too convulsed at this joke that circumstances had played upon her mother.

Six days ticked away their weary seconds, and on the seventh the Hillsboro Country Club held its weekly social afternoon. Every one not wholly bedridden was there. For it was whispered—the whispers starting from nowhere and reaching everywhere in the strange way whispers have—that Joan Warren would be at the club that afternoon.



At the end of an hour of her mother's arguments, pleadings, tears, Joan set her young lips stubbornly. "No one can keep me from marrying him but himself," she moaned

It happened, however, that no one had seen her since her return from New York, a week ago. The friends who had called or telephoned had been told that she was ill with a slight attack of grippe. The doctor had called every day—so the neighbors reported; but, since he was Mrs. Warren's brother, this was not as significant as it might otherwise have been.

Mrs. Warren had remained at home, ostensibly by her daughter's bedside; Mr. Warren, as usual, was driven to and from his bank; Mrs. Anboy had written no more letters, not even in answer to her best friend's inquiries. Consequently, there was a highly curious crowd at the club that afternoon; expectancy vibrated through the air like heat lightning. *Would* Joan be there? And *how* would she act? And *just* how would Mrs. Warren carry this off? For every one was certain that she'd carry it off!

SHE hadn't arrived at the leadership of Hillsboro society simply because she was Mrs. Tilford Warren, nor because she had wealth. It was that added to all these was an unfailing resourcefulness. Any affair—church, social, state—left in her hands was sure to be a success—somehow! In the midst of defeat she sailed on to victory—somehow! Always *somehow*. No one ever fully anticipated her plans—one reason for the keen expectancy of the crowd waiting to-day for her arrival at the club.

One of Joan's chums, jumping excitedly from a little modish roadster, brought the news.

"On the way here I passed Joan with Lucien Bray!" she cried.

Lucien Bray! The excitement heightened—almost exploded. For at least twenty-five years, since "Lu" was twenty, mothers and daughters had been trying to lure, cajole, corral him into wedlock. But no lock for Lu! He remained supreme, as the desired bachelor of the town. Generally he assumed a slightly affected manner with the "fair sex"—an elaborate gallantry that rather became him. He managed to overcome a lack of originality in conversation by doing everything in a swagger way. He was worth a million—so said Hillsboro, and added hastily, "Anyhow, enough to keep a wife in splendid style." Altogether, he was considered a catch even for Joan.

DURING the past winter he had shown her more attention than he had ever before shown a girl, and there was a general belief that the elusive Lu would embrace matrimony, if Joan would say the word. But no one believed that Joan would—which would serve him right, thought Hillsboro.

As the two came swiftly up the driveway a few minutes later, the members of the club gazed at them curiously. They believed they detected a possessive attitude in Lucien, and felt that Joan's shoulder was nestling against his in a newly intimate way. They were in Bray's high two-wheeled, English dogcart, behind his dappled bays, driven tandem. Bray, bronzed, with a close-cut, tawny mustache, his lean figure clad in English sports clothes—black-and-white-checked knee breeches, brown leather leggings, tweed coat, faun-colored waistcoat, peak cap set jauntily forward—was an immaculate figure, as always. Joan, in a fascinating orange blazer and white sports skirt, a dashing little hat tilted over the piquant face, was smiling up into his eyes.

Groans, shrugs, chuckles, smiles, and laughter went around the piazzas. So *this* was how Mrs. Warren had settled her domestic crisis! Trust *her!*

"Hello, everybody!" greeted Joan gaily. "It's been ages since I've seen you all. And no one's changed *at all!* You should have pined away at my absence!" she chaffed.

The same joyous Joan! Lovely and insouciant as ever! It was *she* who had not changed *at all*. Her friends were a little stunned. Had there been no unhappy love affair—no week of heartbreaking struggle with her mother? And was there no grave in her heart where her love now lay buried?

THE Warren limousine drove up just then; Mrs. Warren got out, mounted the steps in her calm way and sat down in her usual place. And, as usual, some one brought her a glass of punch—it happened to be punch that day.

Meanwhile, under the watchful eyes of her friends, Joan danced and flirted gaily, smiling impartially on Lucien and the rest of her partners. When she took off her gloves there was a moment of breathless silence, for on the third finger of her left hand was a ring! A wonderful blue stone, curiously cut, in a lovely, dim old setting—Oriental, the watchers thought. It didn't look like a ring that Lucien would buy. Had the *other* man given it to her, they wondered.

After an hour of dancing Joan changed pumps for "sneakers" and played tennis, her "fifteen love—thirty love," ringing out merrily as ever. She finished a game, ran to the clubhouse, and up the steps, flushed, triumphant, tennis racquet in hand. Coming toward her down the long porch were Mrs. Frank Anboy and a young woman—an exquisitely gowned young woman, slender, yet deliciously curved, with tiny ankles like a thoroughbred's, black hair and eyes against a skin of creamy rose. She had a lovely little girl by the hand. And it was the little girl Joan saw. Here was her lover's face in miniature! She stood quite still——

Mrs. Anboy spoke, her softly modulated voice attuned to carry to the little groups on the veranda.

"Joan, I want you to meet Mrs. Grace King. Mrs. Anderson wrote me that you had met Grace's former husband, Newell King, while you were in New York. This is his little girl, Vera."

Neither Grace nor Joan spoke. The blood faded from Joan's face and lips; Mrs. King's eyes, filled with anger, went swiftly to Mrs. Anboy—whose face was alight with a triumphant smile.

The people on the veranda were breathless. They waited—tensely. And in that moment no one looked at Mrs. Warren, only at Joan—for the tragedy was there, in Joan's face.

Mrs. King said something to Mrs. Anboy, angrily; but Joan did not hear it. Her mind was whirling with the thoughts, "She's beautiful. He still loves her. That is the reason he won't tell me——"

"What's that?" little Vera piped suddenly, pointing to the tennis racquet in Joan's hand.

Joan's eyes rested on the child—tenderly.

"It's to hit a ball with," she explained, and, taking the little hand, she led the child to the grassy plot at the side of the steps. She tossed the ball lightly and hit it with the racquet. Buoyant grace and the very essence of play were in Joan at a game. She was Joy and Youth!

VERA ran after the ball, tripped, fell. Joan leaped after her. But before she could reach her, the child was up again, sturdy little legs twinkling along. She threw the ball to Joan—and laughed her delight.

"Do it again!" she commanded.

Joan did it again. There was a big audience by this time. Swift as wireless the news had flown. Joan Warren was playing with "that man's" child and "that man's" divorced wife was looking on.

Just then came a shout from the tennis court: "Joan, game's starting!"

"Coming," she caroled back. Then she lifted Newell King's little daughter, and looked into the dark eyes, so like her lover's. To the onlookers it was a scene that was branded on their minds. The big white clubhouse with its green monogrammed awnings, sunlight on the grass; the divorced wife, a vision of loveliness, at the head of the steps; Joan, her face alight with beautifying tenderness, gazing steadily at the little girl——For a moment they stood so, then Joan carried the child up the steps and put her down beside her mother. A second later she was running nimbly toward the tennis court.

Pride carried Joan through the game. The girl was laughing, gay, playing to win, as she always did. And all the while, whirling in her brain was the thought, "He still loves her, that's why he wouldn't tell me anything about her."

CHAPTER IV

NEXT morning's mail brought a letter from him. Joan read it sitting on her bed, her face wan from the sleepless hours of the night.

My Joan, to-day I found our home—*our* home, Joan! It's at Great Neck, facing the Sound, a home not too big nor too little. Magnificent grounds with fine old trees.

The present owners—I don't get the deed until next week—built the house. No one else has ever lived in it. Husband, wife, and three children—a family to make your heart ache with longing. All pals. They all showed me over the house. Dolly and May were sure their rooms were the nicest. Henry Duncan, Jr., said he had "the only room in the house." The nursery, still filled with childish toys, is their playroom in bad weather, a jolly, sunny room with a

Joan held the letter a long time after reading it. It was all love, every line—beautiful love

In full view of the curious onlookers Joan lifted Newell King's little daughter and gazed steadily at her, while his divorced wife, a vision of loveliness, stood at the head of the steps

big porch off it. Mrs. Duncan looked at the long-legged trio, then wistfully at the outgrown toys, and I knew she was thinking of the time when they were blessed little toddlers.

Her own room—yours, Joan!—is in the southeast corner. My, what a view of the Sound! Her children were born there. Smiles and tears came as she told me. Her husband put his arm around her.

Joan! No endearment is as precious as just your name—for that is wholly yours. I say it over and over. *Joan!* I'm very happy to-day. A family like the Duncans leaves a benediction on a house. Yours forever, NEWELL.

Joan held the letter a long time after reading it. There was no word in it of Hillsboro, of her people, of doubts; no assurances, no protestations, no passionate avowal of love. Yet it was all love, every line—beautiful love.

ONLY—he had bought a home for that other woman, too, and there had been a nursery for a "blessed little toddler"—his own. She saw Vera's little face, the sturdy body; heard the gurgling laugh. A pal already, even for a man——

She leaned against the bedpost, and looked down with misty eyes at the blue-stone ring on her finger. He had put it there. She had told him not to—with her lips, but her heart had caroled hosannas as he slipped it on, and she had kissed him, solemnly, in betrothal. He had said, "*I* have never loved any woman but you, Joan." The emphasis on the *I* had made her feel that he meant that he, the adult man, had loved no other—that the first love had been the unformed boy's.

But she knew now that the *man* loved another better than herself, loved the woman who had been his wife, the mother of his child—— On the roof of the hotel that night he had reminded her, "You don't know what it means to hunger for companionship, Joan." And that was what he wanted of her—companionship, to mitigate the loss of the other woman.

She took hold of the ring. It slipped easily, for it was a little large. He had got it in India. It was a rare ring that had a story of—happiness! Whoever wore it was blessed with happiness, he had told her.

She stared at it mistily. *Happiness!* Some time later her mother heard her wild sobs; tried the door.

"Go away! Go away!" cried the girl.

But a few hours later, she was driving the roadster at reckless speed, mile upon mile, until she reached a near-by city. There she sent a telegram to Newell King, written with trembling fingers.

Will you tell me why? Answer me to this office yes or no. Nothing else please. On your reply depends my final answer.

JOAN.

The intervening time she spent driving, scarcely knowing where she went in her misery. When she returned the message was awaiting her, but she drove halfway home without opening it. Then—slowly—she broke the envelope.

I answer what I always have. And this much more, that I will never take but one answer from you. NEWELL.

Joan uttered a little whimpering cry, the bewildered cry of a child who sees its cherished treasure snatched away by hands that should be kind. Oh, how could he hurt her this way? Then misery was crowded out by seething rage. How dare he close his past against her, and *then* expect her to become his wife? Why, a husband and wife were *one!* If he could not share *all*——

All—*yes!* She felt very modern and new-womanish in her rage. She did not mean to be just a trivial part of a man's life, like the woman of the past! No, indeed! Poor Joan did not dream how much happiness has been sacrified on the curious human trait that seeks to invade every crack and crevice of the beloved's heart, demanding that graves be opened, memories exhumed, all—to the most sacred or loathsome—exposed to naked view, while the sufferer writhes as avid orbs peer in. Writhes and never quite forgives, or, if forgiving, never, never forgets! And more than this—Joan did not know how complex and hideous human relations may become under that inky-black, age-old failing, jealous curiosity.

Joan, however, did not call it that. She drove home in a rage which she considered righteous, and which was only pitiful, because of the burning misery that fed

it. If only she could hate him! If only she could stop hearing the desired voice pleading, "Joan! *Joan!*"

"I'll marry Lucien!" she flung at her mother wildly, then caught at her arm as Mrs. Warren turned toward the telephone. "No, no! I'll tell Lu myself. but not—now—— I couldn't bear—it—just now!"

DURING the long hours of the night Mrs. Warren heard the girl's piteous sobbing. But she came down to breakfast, her eyes glistening with resolve, and afterward, her voice hard, she telephoned Lucien. Yes, he could call that evening.

Mrs. Warren started to take her in her arms, but stopped. There was the death of youth in Joan's face. Her mother shivered a little, then quickly reassured herself that Life, not she, was doing this to her child. She gazed at the young, embittered face. Was the unseen hand always there, ready to rob?

Or to *give*—as it was now giving *her* the son-in-law she desired?

The maid came in just then, bringing Joan a letter. Puzzling over blots and unfinished sentences, the girl managed to read the following:

DEAR MISS WARREN:

I didn't know Newell loved you—I didn't know you lived here. I came to visit Mrs. Anboy's old home because she pretended to have taken a fancy to Vera and——I have Newell's word I can have Vera all my own as long as I play square, and I *have* and I *shall*. I've had my lesson. I'm going to be married again myself, but no other woman can have my child to teach to hate me. And you needn't side with Newell to try to get her—even part of the time. She'd love him best—she did even as a baby—he was crazy about her was why—would stay home from any place evenings to play with her—and he thought *I* should stay in, too.

But don't you think I've not been a good mother. I have been. I *am*. And he'll never get her. For I'll never, *never* forgive him for the—loathing in his eyes. Well, I've got back at him for that, by keeping Vera—and I intend to keep her—understand!

GRACE KING.

In a twinkling, Joan's mind was made up. She would have to stand face to face with Grace King. Her little car seemed to have wings, until, breathless, she found herself at Mrs. Anboy's door. And it was that lady, handsome in a trailing gold robe, who greeted her.

"MRS. King left this morning. But come in, Joan," she pleaded. "Let me tell you how sorry I am."

She led the way to the living room. The shades were still down; sunshine filtered through the spaces, lighting up eerily the two tense faces. Mrs. Anboy placed Joan on a divan; seated herself beside the girl.

"Child, I could flay myself!" she groaned. "In my selfishness I didn't think of your loving him, not until I saw your face yesterday. Later, my friends told me how you had stood up for me." She buried her face dramatically in her hands. "I want to hide myself. I won't let

life be good to me. I fly at it, batter myself, not thinking of the consequences—to any one. And your mother had insulted me——"

"I want to know about Mrs. King!" cried Joan. "Why did she leave him?"

Mrs. Anboy lifted her face, amazed.

"Why, hasn't *he* told you that?"

"No." Joan could not keep the hurt from her voice.

"But surely you must know."

JOAN leaned toward her tensely. "Know what?"

"That she was unfaithful to him."

"Then why didn't he tell me that?" asked Joan indignantly. "I'm not a child!"

"No," smiled the elder woman indulgently. "But Vera is a child—*his* child. To disgrace the mother would hurt Vera all her life long."

"But he could have told *me!*" protested Joan.

"And you would have told your parents. And they, to make as good a case as possible for their *divorced* son-in-law, would have told Hillsboro. No, my dear, there is just one way to keep a secret, and that is to *keep* it."

"But *you* know it!"

"That woman let it out last night in her hysteria, without realizing it. She was terrified that he might take advantage of this visit of hers to try to get Vera, and she won't let him have her even for an hour."

"But how *can* she be so cruel?" Joan demanded. "His own little daughter!"

"She hates him because she has injured him; and I think because of the passionate scorn of her he evinced," Mrs. Anboy explained. "If he had only been broken up about *her*, but he seemed to think only of the child: *Vera* must not be tainted by what her mother had done—*Vera's* name must be kept spotless. That was what she kept screaming last night—that and a threat that she would tell the truth of their divorce herself, if he tried to take Vera."

"Oh, but she would not!" cried Joan, in horror.

"Um'm—I don't know, and *he* doesn't know. And *that* is the whip she holds over him to keep the child. You see, she has found out she can hurt him through his daughter; and her desire to flay him is so great that she would stoop even to that—yes, in her mad obsession, I *do* believe she *would*—rather than give him the joy of sharing the little one's love."

"Oh, then it isn't because of her own love for Vera?" asked Joan.

"No; though she is truly devoted to her, and *is* a good mother, I'll say that. Also she does permit him to employ an old governess of his own for Vera—an intellectual and gracious woman; so that he practically controls the child's education and welfare. Besides, she knows that if she makes another false step it will become known to him. So, really, there's nothing against her except her past mistake; and in order to keep that secret, he——"

"*Oh!* But now *you* know it—and you have *told!*" cried Joan, alarmed. She clutched the other woman's arm. "Please, Mrs. Anboy, promise you won't tell any one else, ever—*ever!* *He* has done this beautiful thing—thought of his little girl whom he loves, not of himself at all! Oh, please, let *us* think of her, too!"

Mrs. Anboy took the sweet, flushed face between her hands.

"You love him very dearly, don't you?" she asked gently. "And you want to make up to him for what he has suffered."

"Yes," assented Joan. "Though I can never make it all up. *He* will always have to pay for *her* sin."

Mrs. Anboy smiled—grimly. "Personally, I can't feel sorry when an innocent man pays. Enough innocent woman have to pay for men's sins. But you can rest easy that *I* will keep his secret. *That* will be a joy. For I haven't yet forgiven your mother," she ended.

Joan left soon afterward, but halted at the Anboy gate and gazed toward her home. If she went to the station now she could make a train that reached New York at two in the afternoon. She and Newell could be married this very day! But — her mother, her father! Would they understand that she *had* to go? To leave father and mother and cleave unto the husband—the Book said that. And another familiar phrase came hauntingly, "You take this woman to be your lawful, wedded wife, to love and to protect——" To *protect!* She knew now why this word was in the marriage ceremony. Because, even though some men failed lamentably, there were others who *did* protect—an endless army of them—men who played the man's hard part of silence, no matter how it stained or hurt. And he, whom she so loved, was one of these—"mute, inglorious."

AT half-past two that afternoon the door of Newell King's private office opened. He looked up to see Joan standing on the threshold, gazing at him, with a look of glorious surrender in her eyes, lips smiling tremulously.

For a moment he looked at her incredulously, amazed at her presence there, at that hour. But there was no mistaking the radiance of her eyes, the tenderness of her smile.

He jumped up from his chair and came to meet her eagerly.

"Joan, you have come to me!" he cried, and caught her in his arms.

"Yes, I've come, dear," she whispered, her lips against his.

"No more questions? Taking me on faith?" he asked, with muted joy.

And, because Joan was an American girl of her own heady time, she gave no hint in her answer of those depths that had been stirred—only the froth of the waves that danced in the sun.

"On faith—forever! And never a question, Newell!" she assured him. "Just sticking my hand into life's grab bag—pulling you up—and trusting to luck."

THE END

In McClure's Next Month

The Island of Lost Pearls

A GRIPPING short story by Morgan Johnson of romantic love and strange adventures "somewhere east of Suez."

The Gloved Hand

ONE of the most exciting real-life detective stories yet written by Major Russell, whose revelations of A. E. F. Secret Service work in France have been among the outstanding magazine features of the year.

Colette Cries Help!

And Jim Maitland Comes to the Rescue of a Damsel in Distress

By Major H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by G. W. Gage

JIM MAITLAND, with a slightly puzzled frown on his face, sat staring at the contents of a letter which had arrived by the morning mail. At the opposite end of the table his wife was endeavoring to cope with young Jim's healthy breakfast appetite, a whole-time job of such magnitude that she failed to notice her husband's preoccupation. And it was only his sudden exclamation that made her look up.

"Why, by all the powers, it's little Colette! Dick—you remember Colette?"

I racked my brains unavailingly for a moment or two, until his next words brought back the whole episode to my mind.

"Colette—the girl from MacTavert's saloon. And look at her here, with a stout-hearted husband and twins all complete."

Then he looked more closely at the picture he held in his hand, and the frown deepened. Without a word he passed the photograph across to me, and then he gave a little grunt.

"Notice anything?" he asked.

It was evidently the family group, taken by a local photographer and mounted on a picture postcard. Sitting on a chair was a girl—a pretty girl, with happiness written all over her face, and on her lap were two remarkably healthy - looking infants. Standing behind her was the proud father, arrayed in his best clothes, and with a collar half an inch too small and an inch and a half too high. But it was at something else that I was looking—something too obvious to escape attention, the something which had caused the frown to deepen on Jim's face.

"And who may Colette be?" asked his wife.

I handed her the postcard, and she glanced at it.

"What a pretty girl!" she said. "But what on earth is the matter with the poor girl's right arm?"

Jim and I looked at one another, and he smiled gravely.

"You have persuaded Dick into making an ass of himself on paper, my dear," he remarked. "You get him to tell you the story of how Colette had her arm splintered to pieces in MacTavert's dancing saloon in Valparaiso. How many times I've thought of that girl's pluck."

He pushed back his chair and strolled toward the window, pausing on the way to kiss his wife.

"You wouldn't have had that kiss, Sheila, if it hadn't been for Colette's broken arm. In fact, you wouldn't have had me for a husband at all," he added.

"Do you mean that she saved your life?" said his wife, looking at the picture with renewed interest.

"As surely as that I've just had breakfast," he answered gravely.

She glanced at me and I nodded.

"All right, Mrs. Jim," I said. "You shall hear about it. She saved mine, too."

We walked quickly along, the girl between us. As far as I could see the street was deserted and I breathed more freely

THE thing happened in MacTavert's bar. Incidentally, it was more than a mere bar; flamboyant notices and flaring lights in the street outside proclaimed it to be a dancing saloon. And even that fell short of the full truth, for Bully MacTavert knew—none better—the principal source of income from sailors just in from a voyage. When a man has taken forty days to get a wind-jammer merely around the Horn, on top of the rest of the voyage, and has then beaten up the west coast of South America toward Valparaiso, it isn't only drink he wants. When the second officer, with a marlinespike in his hand as an adjunct to speech, has discharged every possible member of the crew to save the wage bill while unloading and loading, men are apt to run a bit wild. There's money to burn in their pockets, and when it's finished a crew will be wanted for some other boat. Until then—there are women.

That was MacTavert's principal line. It means a

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quicker return for your money, and not such a rapid depreciation of stock. Not that MacTavert laid out much money to start with; there are quicker and surer ways into which it is perhaps better not to enter. And MacTavert was a past master in all of them. Once a girl was there, God help her!—for she was beyond human aid. She was MacTavert's property, body and soul, and as such she did his bidding for the price of her keep.

FOR MacTavert was no believer in letting them have any money. Money makes for independence, and independence was the last thing he wished to encourage. He fed them, he housed them, he bought them their tawdry finery, because that was a good investment.

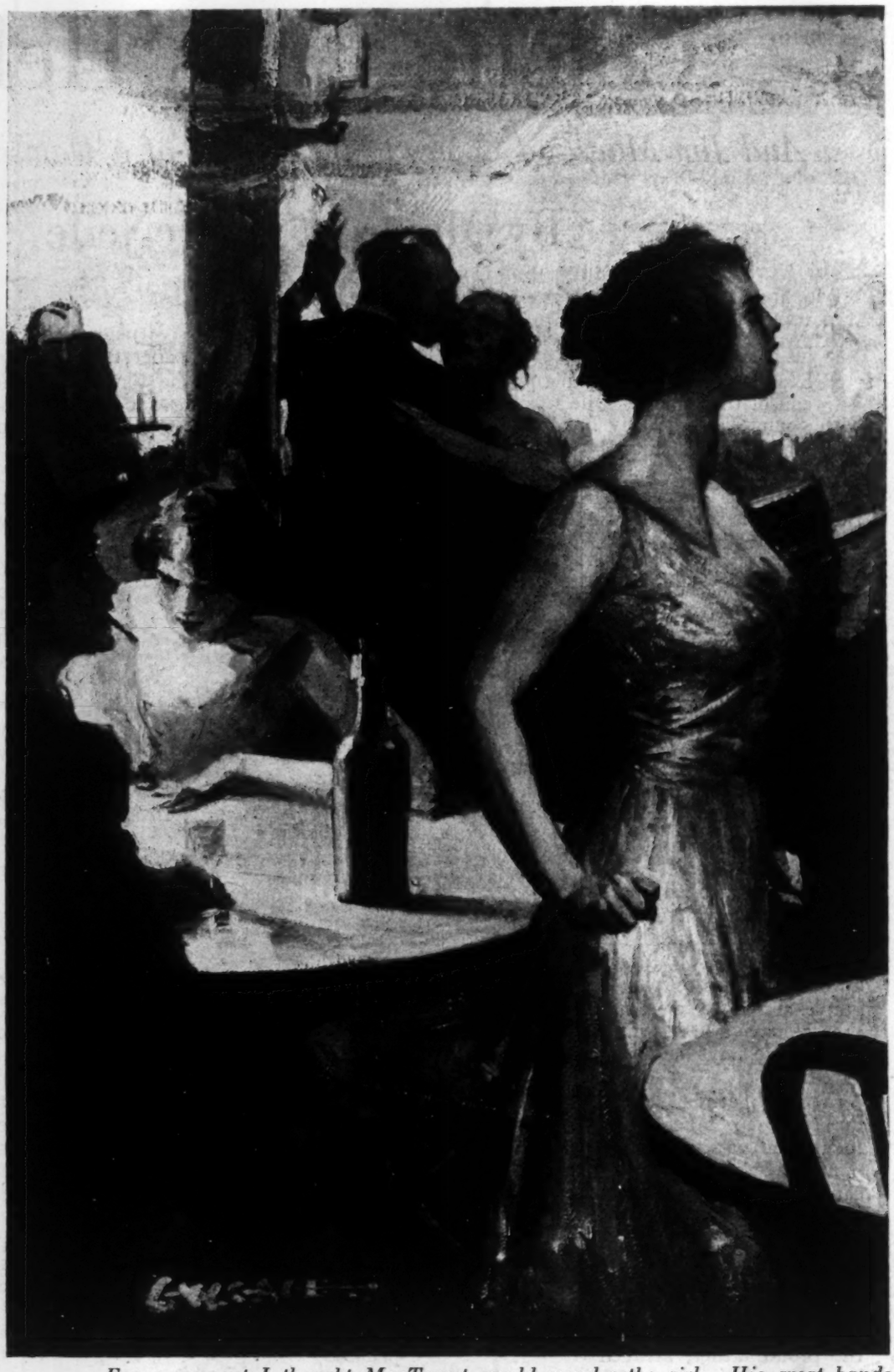
But as for money—no; that was his side of the contract. They could be bought like his drink — no credit allowed—and MacTavert pocketed the cash.

Not often does one find a man so completely dead to every sense of human decency as he was. Originally, as his name implied, he was a Scotsman. Just about forty-eight years ago he had first seen the light of day in a Glasgow slum. There may be kind-hearted people who will say that he never had a chance; maybe he didn't.

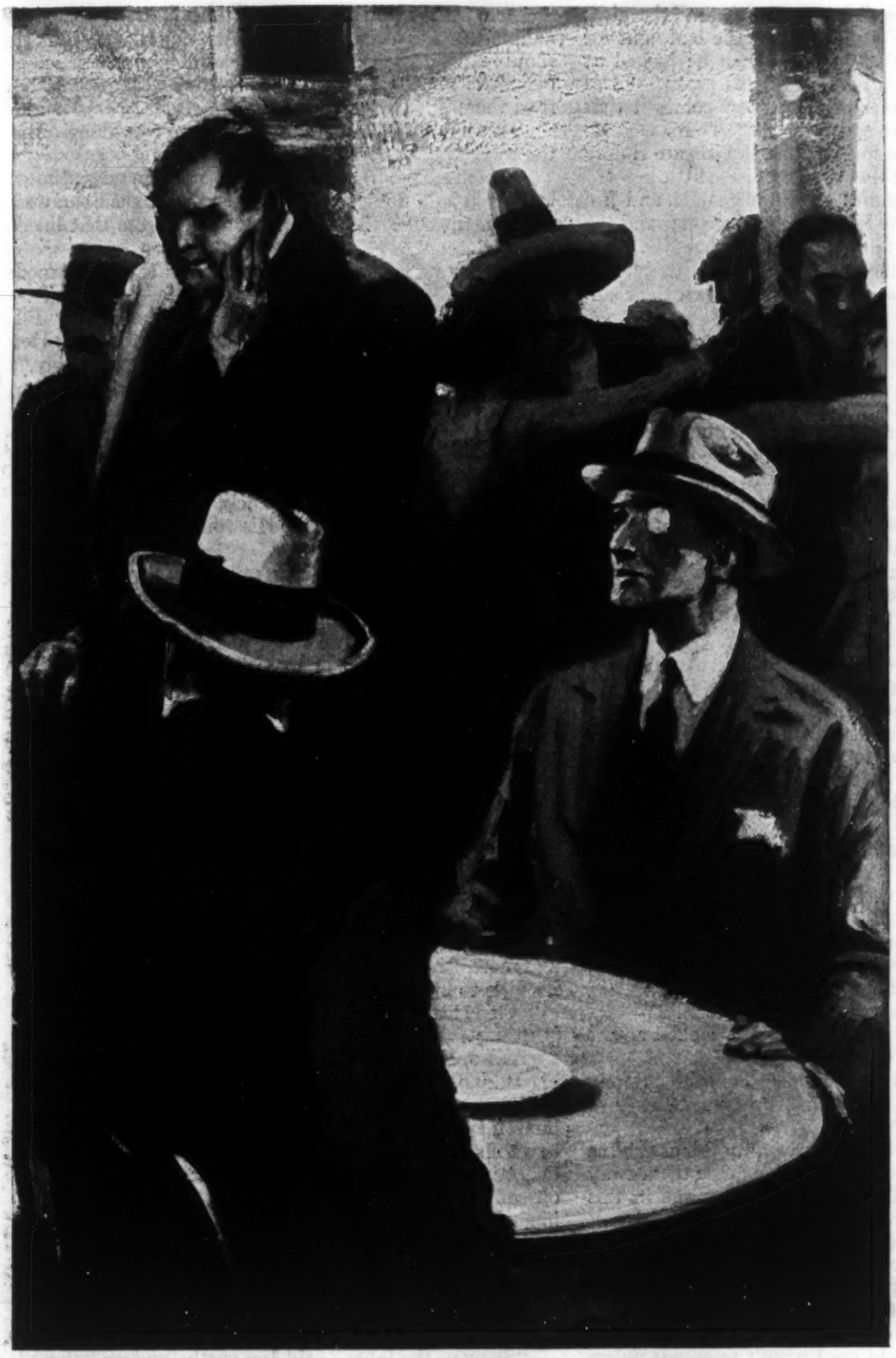
Born and nurtured in the gutter, at ten years old he was a man in vice, or, at any rate, in his knowledge of it. At fifteen he went to sea in the three-masted brig *Celandine*, and Glasgow saw him no more. At thirty he decided that he could do better for himself than seafaring, and, helped by a strong will, an utterly unscrupulous character, and an intimate knowledge of what seamen wanted when they came ashore, he started on his own in Valparaiso.

He began in a small way; perhaps the only Scotch trace left to him save his name was an unusual canniness about money. During those fifteen years when he roamed the seven seas from Newfoundland to Australia, from China to Suez, he managed to save a little out of his pay, which he had banked here and there all over the globe. And when he finally gave up the life and decided on Valparaiso as the scene of his future operations, he found that he had quite a respectable sum which he could draw on for capital.

He chose Valparaiso obviously because the majority of shipping there is American, and the American sailor is paid higher wages. Trifles like that told with MacTavert.



For a moment I thought MacTavert would murder the girl. His great hands



shot out toward her, and she shrank back, terrified. And then Jim spoke again

And now, eighteen years later, the small, stuffy saloon in which he had started had grown into a big, garish dancing hall, while its owner, heavy jowled and gross, looked on his creation with beady eyes and found it good.

MacTavert's clientele remained the same, but many more could be accommodated. And further, a very lucrative side show had developed gradually during the last few years. Tourists, anxious to see the sights, as they put it, were apt to be escorted there by specially selected touts of his own—people who paid anything up to ten times the regular tariff without a murmur. And MacTavert himself would welcome the poor fools with an expansive smile, which displayed his yellow crooked teeth to full advantage.

It was one of these touts who approached Jim and me before dinner. Neither of us knew Valparaiso, and we were at a loose end, but that tout had "tout" written altogether too largely all over him. So Jim, with commendable brevity, consigned him to his undoubted future destination, and we turned back toward our hotel for a cocktail before dinner.

And then there occured one of those things which a man ignores or does not ignore, according to the particular brand he is. When a woman gives a little cry for help, it is as often as not advisable to continue one's stroll and leave matters to be dealt with by the proper authorities. Ulterior motives have been known to be behind such cries.

NOT, however, for Jim. He was perfectly capable of dealing with ulterior motives should they arise, and, until they arose, he was of the brand who emphatically does not ignore. He swung round, and the next instant I was standing alone. And when I came up with him again, the tout who had recently accosted us was struggling impotently in his firm grasp, and Jim was staring at a girl who was standing on the pavement beyond. She was a pretty little thing, but what struck me most was the look of terror in her eyes as she glanced at the man whom Jim was holding.

"Can I help you in any way?" said Jim, in Spanish. "I thought I heard you call out."

She looked at Jim, and her mouth drooped.

"It doesn't matter," she said, in despair. "At first I thought you were English."

Jim smiled.

"I most certainly am," he answered, and the girl's face lit up once more. "I must blame the bad light for failing to see that you are, too." Then he looked at the man who was still struggling in his grasp. "And that being the case," he continued, "how comes it that this man made you cry out for help? Touts who do anything so foolish as to molest English girls are simply asking for trouble, aren't they, you repulsive little beast?"

The man squirmed and twisted in his hands, and Jim smiled placidly. Then he took him by the collar and the seat of his trousers and fairly slung him across the road. He lay for a moment where he fell; then, with a look of venomous hate on his face, he vanished down the road, and Jim turned back to the girl.

"Now, what can I do for you?" he asked gently.

SHE had been gazing at him in admiration, and now she clapped her hands together.

"Oh, but you're strong!" she said, and her eyes were shining. "That little brute ought to be killed. He's one of MacTavert's men."

"So I gathered," said Jim quietly. "In fact, a little while ago he was suggesting to my friend and me that we should go to MacTavert's place this evening."

The girl shuddered, and once again the look of terror came into her eyes. She began to speak a little breathlessly, touching Jim's arm every now and then with her hand.

"It's an awful place— a ghastly place. And when I saw you, somehow I knew you were English, and I followed you. I thought perhaps you might be able to help me. That's why that little brute tried to interfere— to keep me from speaking to you."

"But why should he object to your speaking to us?" asked Jim, looking a trifle puzzled. "What has he got to do with you, anyway?"

"I'm in the most dreadful trouble," said the girl, and her lips were trembling. "You see, I'm at MacTavert's."

"You're at MacTavert's?" repeated Jim slowly. "But I don't understand. Why are you at such a place?"

"I was told to go there last night. I had no money, and I met a woman who said she could give me a room, and it didn't matter about paying her. And then I found that it was at this awful dancing saloon."

It was all a little incoherent, and Jim looked at her gravely.

"Then why not go away?" he said at length. "Surely there must be a British chaplain here, or somebody to whom you could apply."

"But I can't find my box, or any of my things." The girl was on the verge of tears. "They've taken them away and hidden them. And I don't know any one in this horrible town, and I can't speak Spanish."

"I see," said Jim quietly, and his eyes were very gentle. "I see. Well, what do you want me to do?"

"If only I could tell you my story!" she cried. "But it's getting late, and I haven't time now. I must get back, or that brute will discover I've gone out, and get in a rage. You see, he told me I wasn't to go out unless he said I might. Oh, if you could come to the place to-night, and tell MacTavert you want to dance with me——That's what I have to do, you see: dance with any one who wants me to. Then I could tell you. And perhaps you could help me."

SHE was looking up at Jim through eyes that were swimming with tears, and Jim smiled at her reassuringly.

"All right, kid," he said quietly. "We'll come, and you shall tell us all about it. And then we'll see what we can do."

"Oh, thank you a thousand times!" cried the girl, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. "I think I should have drowned myself if I hadn't seen you passing by. You know where it is, don't you? Just down the road there."

"We'll find it," said Jim. "Now you trot along. By the way, what is your name?"

"Colette," said the girl simply, and she gave Jim a look such as a dog gives its master. And then she was gone, flitting like a shadow through the trees that lined the road.

For a few moments Jim watched her; then he turned to me.

"I may be a fool, Dick," he remarked, "but I'll take my oath that wasn't a put-up job. In fact, I'm thinking we may be just in time to prevent a tragedy."

"You'll probably find MacTavert a fairly tough customer," I said, as we strolled back toward the hotel.

Jim grinned. "I like 'em tough. Let's dine."

He was silent during dinner, and it was not until we had nearly finished that he spoke.

"If it's what I think it is, Dick, Mr. MacTavert and I will have words to-night." His voice was savage.

MACTAVERT'S dancing saloon was very easy to find. As we entered the doors the strains of an automatic piano grinding out a waltz met our ears, and for a moment or two we stood just inside watching the scene. It was typical of scores of similar places to be found in seaports all over the world. A little larger, perhaps, than the average—apart from that there was nothing to distinguish it from a hundred others. A general reek of perspiring humanity and stale spirits filled the air: the thick haze of tobacco smoke made it almost impossible to see across the room.

In the center, where a space had been left, five or six couples were dancing; around the walls, men of every nationality sat drinking at little tables. Every now and then one of them would seize some woman by the waist and solemnly gyrate around the floor in the center to the strains of the piano. Then the pair would sit down again, and more drinks would be ordered—MacTavert expected his girls to increase the liquor consumption.

"Good heavens, Jim, what a horrible spot!" I muttered in disgust.

As I spoke we saw Colette. She was dancing with a big Italian, and her eyes lit up as she saw us.

Jim smiled at her, and at that moment MacTavert himself approached. His shrewd eyes had soon discerned two toffs standing by the door, and he had no intention of letting them escape if he could help it. He bowed obsequiously, showing his tobacco-stained teeth in an ingratiating smile, and Jim regarded him in silence.

"And what can I do for you gentlemen?" said MacTavert. "There is a good table unoccupied at the other end of the room, and I think I may say that my whisky is good. Or there's champagne, if you prefer it," he added, hopefully.

"Show us the table," said Jim curtly, and we followed MacTavert across the room. "Now bring me some whisky," he continued, when we were seated.

"Certainly, sir," returned the other. "And if there is any lady who takes your fancy," he continued, with an odious leer, "you have merely to mention the matter to me."

"There is," said Jim quietly. "The girl over there dancing with that Italian. Tell her that my friend and I will be honored if she will join us at our table."

MacTavert rubbed his hands together; things were progressing altogether to his fancy. Just as there was a special tariff for wines consumed by visitors like our-

selves, so also there was a special tariff for girls.

"Leave it all to me," he remarked confidentially. "And if"—his voice sank to a whisper—"you would care to smoke a pipe, or possibly——" He paused meaningly.

"I don't go in for opium or coke or any other rotten dope," said Jim shortly. "Get the whisky."

For a moment MacTavert's eyes gleamed angrily; he was not used to being spoken to in that way. But a second glance at Jim's face made him decide that speech on his part would be not only superfluous, but unwise, and he left us.

WE saw him approach the table where Colette was sitting, and speak to her. She rose instantly and followed MacTavert across the room, leaving her late dancing partner scowling furiously. But he said nothing: it was evident that what MacTavert said went in that place. He spoke to the girl with a kind of savage intensity as she tripped along at his side, and I thought she answered him back. Anyway, a sudden snarl showed on MacTavert's face, and he caught her roughly by the arm, only to pull himself together at once and regain his oily obsequiousness as he reached our table.

"This is Colette, sir," he said, pinching the girl's cheek playfully, and she promptly smacked his face.

"Splendid!" said Jim lazily. "Do it again."

For a moment I thought MacTavert would murder the girl. His great hands shot out toward her, and she shrank back, terrified. And then Jim spoke again.

"I ordered whisky, barman."

MacTavert's great, coarse face was within a few inches of mine, and his hands were around my throat

MacTavert swung round on Jim with an oath.

"Who the hell are you calling barman?" he snarled. "I'm the owner."

"Are you?" drawled Jim. "How fearfully jolly for all concerned! But it doesn't alter the fact that I ordered whisky."

The veins stood out on MacTavert's neck like whipcord, and his face turned an ugly red. There was no mistaking the utter contempt in Jim's voice, and MacTavert was not accustomed to contempt. But he found, as others had found before him, that there was something about this tall, perfectly dressed individual, with his quite unnecessary eyeglass, which lent force to the old saw concerning discretion being the better part of valor. After a moment or two he swung around on his heel and slouched over to the bar to get the required drink, while Colette sat down, and Jim laughed.

"He wanted me to make you order champagne," she said, "and I wouldn't. Oh, thank heavens you've come! This place terrifies me more and more every moment."

With a scowl on his face MacTavert lurched over to the table and banged down the whisky.

"Four dollars," he grunted, sullenly.

"Think again," said Jim quietly. "I'm not buying your beastly saloon: merely two glasses of whisky."

"If you don't like the price you can clear out," snarled MacTavert.

"I shall clear out exactly when I please," returned Jim. "In the meantime, there's a dollar for the whisky. And if you don't like the price you can take your poison away and throw it down the sink."

And once again MacTavert retired muttering, with the dollar bill in his great mottled hand. He was being beaten all along the line, and he knew it. He was up against something he couldn't understand—something that left him vaguely frightened, though no power on earth would have extracted such an admission from him.

DRUNKEN sailors, mere strength in any form, he could cope with—had coped with successfully for the whole of his life. But in Jim he had encountered something new, and anything new made him uneasy. It was outside his experience to be calmly and superciliously brow-beaten in his own saloon. He relapsed into dark mutterings behind the bar, assuring himself with growing anger that if he had any further lip from this damned toff he, personally, would throw him into the street.

And in the meantime the toff was smiling across the table at a very frightened girl into whose face the color was slowly coming back.

"My name is Jim," he said quietly, "and his is Dick. So now we all know one another, Colette. And what we want to know is how you came into this unpleasant place. Then, after we've heard that, we must see how we can get you out."

The girl looked at him with shining eyes; he seemed to her the most wonderful man in the world.

"You'll think me such a little fool when I tell you," she whispered miserably; and Jim smiled again.

"We've all of us made idiots of ourselves at one time or another. Tell me, Colette—you're not French, are you, like your name?"

The girl laughed. "No; I'm English." Her voice faltered for a moment. "I come from Sussex; from a little village lying under the South Downs."

Her eyes had filled with tears, and suddenly Jim leaned across the table.

"Steady, kid, don't cry. I want to talk to you about that little village. I want to find out how you came to leave it."

AND then, little by little, we heard the whole pitiful tale—not new to those who listen, but bitterly, tragically new to each one who tells. And as we heard it, told falteringly with many a pause, my only coherent wish was to have my hands around the throats of some of the men involved. I left MacTavert to Jim, who was staring at that gentleman with smoldering eyes.

She had run away from home, had the girl who was called Colette. It was dull, and a gentleman had assured her that she would be able to earn big money in London. On the stage, he said—pretty clothes and jewels and lots of dancing and amusement. So she'd stolen out of the house one night, and gone up to London to an address he had given her. She had never seen her mother and father again—and for a time as she came to that part of her story she fell silent. The automatic piano thumped on in MacTavert's bar, the haze of tobacco smoke grew denser, but all Colette could see was a little cottage in Sussex, with honeysuckle climbing round the windows and a kitchen spotlessly clean. Just home—that's all——

The Italian with whom she had been dancing lurched by with a snarl, which effaced itself as he caught Jim's eyes fixed on him, and with a little start Colette came back to reality. She was telling us her story—that story, new and original to her—little dreaming how well we knew every line before she spoke it. For the main theme is always the same—only the details differ.

The address in London to which she had gone so hopefully turned out to be a theatrical agency. And there an oily gentleman had taken stock of her, and offered her on the spot a job with a company that was to go on tour in South America. He had assured her that all she required was experience, and that on her return he, personally, would get her an engagement at a West-End theatre. And she swallowed it whole, as hundreds of unfortunate girls have swallowed it.

Then came the awakening. The company had played for a week in a fifth-rate hall in Valparaiso to find on Saturday night that the manager had decamped with what money there was. They were stranded—penniless, or practically so—in a foreign town, with not a soul to turn to for assistance. The rest we knew already: the women with the kindly offer of assistance—the woman in MacTavert's pay.

"She seemed so nice," said Colette miserably, "and then I found myself here."

ONCE again the poor child's eyes filled with tears; she was paying a big price for her one mistake of foolish vanity in England. And Jim's eyes were very gentle as he looked at her.

"I see, Colette," he said quietly. "I understand. I'm thinking it was very lucky you saw us to-day."

For a moment he looked at me; how lucky it was I don't think the girl quite realized. A good deal of the innocence of that little Sussex village still remained to Colette.

"And now," continued Jim cheerfully, "the only thing that remains is to get you away. I don't think we'll bother about your box and things to-night; I'll fix up about them to-morrow morning. We'll just walk out, and I'll find you a room at some hotel."

He smiled as he saw the look of amazed hope on the girl's face—a look which faded almost as quickly as it had come.

"Well—what's troubling you now?" he said.

"I can't, Jim!" she cried. "It's wonderful of you to have thought of it—but I can't."

"Why not?" His voice was a little stern.

"There was a missionary here last night, and he took one of the girls away," she said, at length. "And that brute MacTavert hired two men to throw him into the docks. They nearly drowned him."

For a moment Jim looked puzzled; then, with ostentatious deliberation, he lit a cigarette.

"And you're afraid, Colette, that they will do that to me?"

She nodded. "I couldn't have you hurt for me," she answered. "I'm not worth it."

Jim was polishing his eyeglass, which had suddenly become a bit misty.

"Thank you, little girl," he said quietly, after a while. "That's awfully sweet of you. But you needn't worry about it, I promise you. Somehow or other, I don't think MacTavert and his pals will throw me or Dick into any dock. And if they do," he went on, with a sudden grin, "I'll guarantee that they will come in with us." He pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. "Come along; we'll go now."

He led the way toward the door, and after a moment's hesitation the girl followed him. They had got halfway across the room when MacTavert saw them. With a shout of anger he rushed out from behind the bar, and reached the door just ahead of Jim.

"Where are you taking that gel to?" he demanded, barring the way.

INSTANTLY a silence settled on the room; every one craned forward eagerly to see what was going to happen. And Colette, her breath coming in little frightened gasps, cowered close to me, while her eyes were fixed on the tall figure of Jim just in front of her.

"In England, MacTavert," he remarked, and every word cut like a knife through the room, "in England you would be flogged with the cat for your method of living. Unfortunately, we are not in England, and so I propose to take the law into my own hands. If you don't get out of my way I shall hit you."

MacTavert laughed, or rather he bared his yellow teeth in what was intended to be a grin. At last this man was talking the language he understood, and when that language was used MacTavert, to do him justice, was no coward.

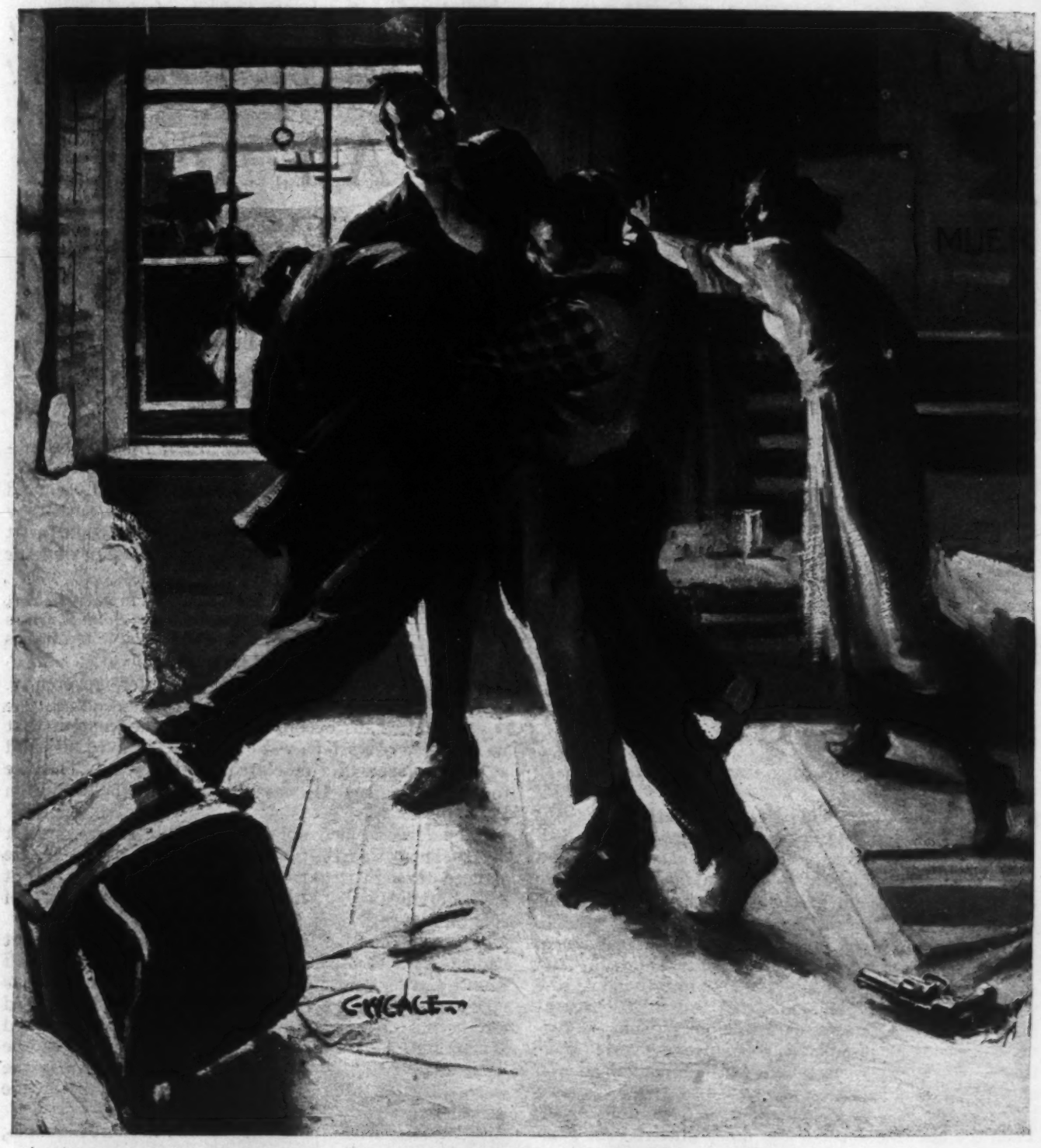
"You'll hit me, Percy, will you?" he mimicked. "Sure, you frighten me, darling."

A burst of laughter went round the room, but it died away in a gasp of astonishment. At one moment MacTavert was standing there leering at Jim—the next he had disappeared. And only the drumming of his feet, sticking out from under a table which he had overturned in his fall, indicated his position. Not till the drumming ceased did Jim turn and contemplate the room.

"When he takes an interest in life again," he remarked pleasantly, to no one in particular, "you can remind him that I gave him fair warning."

He passed through the door and we followed—no one lifting a finger to prevent us.

"Easy money," said Jim, grinning, "but I think we'll get a move on. When MacTavert wakes up he won't be full of brotherly love."



A man with a revolver in his hand was covering Jim from outside while two other men hung on to him and steadily maneuvered him nearer and nearer to the window

We walked quickly up the street, the girl between us, and as we turned the corner that hid the flaring notice I looked back. As far as I could see the street was deserted, and I breathed more freely.

Several blocks farther on we came to a small and respectable-looking hotel, and after a brief survey Jim decided it would do. A room was available, and he engaged it for Colette.

"I'll be around in the morning," he said, cutting short her thanks with a smile. "Until then you go to bed and sleep."

We watched her go up the stairs before we left. At the top she turned and waved her hand, and Jim waved back, with a nod of reassurance.

"Poor little kid," he said, as we went out into the street. "Thank heaven we were here, and she saw us! Otherwise——" He paused suddenly, gripping my arm, and stared across the road. "Under that tree, Dick," he whispered. "Do you see anything?"

It seemed to me that on the path was a shadow such as a man might throw. But when we got there and looked about there was nothing. The road was deserted, and at last we turned and retraced our steps toward our own hotel.

And it was that one mistake which nearly cost Jim his life and caused the disfigurement which Mrs. Jim had noted in Colette's photograph.

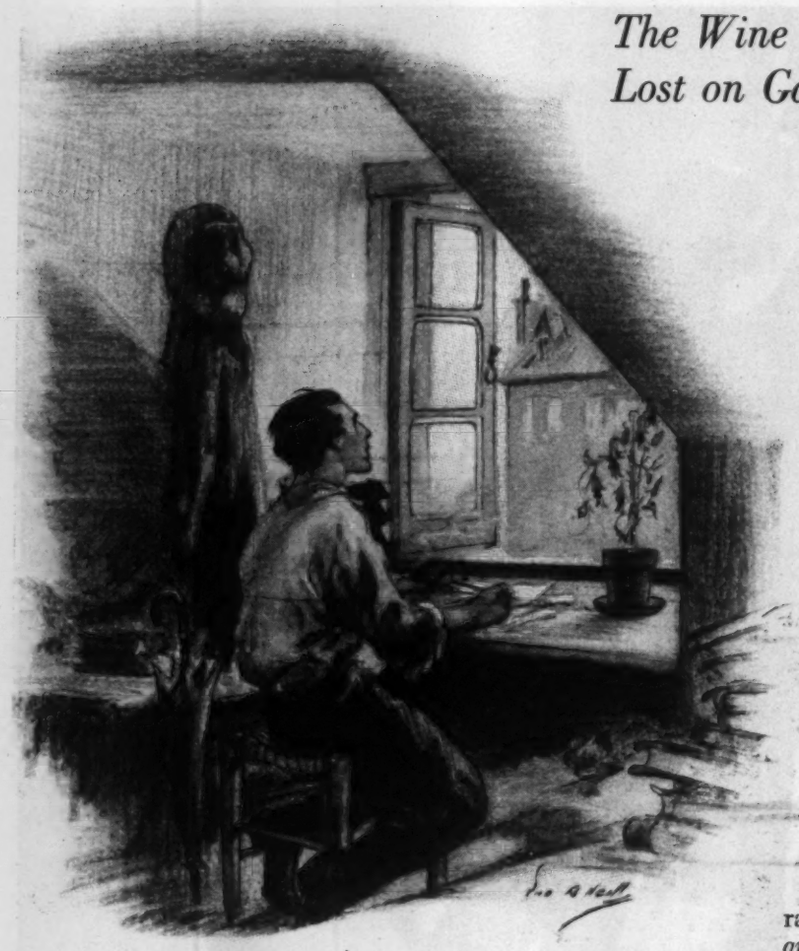
[*Continued on page 128*]

The Wine and the Lady's Eyes Weren't Lost on Gaston — But the Humor Was!

An Act of Fiction

By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrations by John R. Neill



He was garret-poor, this writer of tales

THE wine was to blame. Or perhaps the lady's eyes or the twenty francs in his pocket. Charge it, if you wish, to the editor who that very day had bought Gaston's first *conte*, paying him the same twenty francs that now rested beneath the folds of his jacket.

Gaston had lied. Unblinking, unblushing, careless of circumstances, he had smiled at the lady, and lied. And she, in turn, had dipped her pert nose into the huge rose which she held in both hands, and had smiled back at him. This was Gaston's night, the one night in the universe set aside for him by the gods. He was garret-poor, this writer of tales; he dined sparingly on bread and cheese; he mended his own jacket and did his own laundry; barbers were for another race; he drank beer. Then the heavens opened, and down fluttered the gold-and-blue note of the *Banque de France*. Twenty francs!

He went forth to claim the night. Straight for *Boul' Mich* he turned his exhilarated steps, to the gayest of those Montparnasse restaurants where one may be fed on a franc, dined on two of them, wined on four, and made hilarious on six.

At the corner of *St. Germain* he stopped at a kiosk, and bought the *Echo* with the single copper which had been his fortune that morning. He folded the journal into an outside pocket and leisurely entered the café. Already it was abuzz with the talk of the dinner hour. Tables glared white under a cloud of blue smoke, bottles sounded on glass, excited diners clapped their hands and called loudly to galloping *garçons*.

He chose a small table where he could watch. Like a millionaire, he unfolded the paper and placed it beside the bill of fare. Glancing over the latter, he decided on *hors d'œuvre*, *poissons Normandie*, *poulet Gruber*, the inevitable *pommes frites*, *fromage camembert*, and—Haute Sauterne to start with, then some Barsac——He would demand *quatre-vingt-dix*—which he was sure they wouldn't have—and he would take what they offered. Afterward a glass of *crème de cacao*, and a couple of Martels.

That would break his bill in halves. Yes, it can be done, if you know *Boul' Mich* as Gaston knew it! He would have ten francs left for the rest of the month.

The waiter took his order, reverently. Gaston was kind to him, condescending. He raised his eyebrows over the information that *quatre-vingt-dix* was extinct. He waved his hand at the apologies of a desolated management. Then he took up the paper. He was a lucky man—the luckiest in Paris.

The *Echo* seemed dull. What little affairs interest men! There was the short story of the day—— He glanced through it patronizingly. It would do, but it lacked originality. "Monte Carlo" flared at the head of column five.

Here was another lucky man. Reginald de Montfort had closed his house in Paris and was sailing his yacht off Monte Carlo. Reginald de Montfort, who wrote a *conte* now and again for the pleasure of doing it, who painted for the pleasure of keeping up a studio, who collected silver candlesticks from the earth's four corners as one of his many whims! There were two lucky men in the world—Gaston, the poet, and Reginald de Montfort, the richest bachelor in Paris.

Just then a lady asked permission to share his table; the other tables, it appeared, were filled.

GASTON arose elegantly, conscious of his creased trousers. Certainly, she should share his table; he was alone, delighted.

"I expect my husband," said the lady. "I will hold a place for him."

They talked. The husband did not arrive and Gaston's dinner did. It cooled. Conversation warmed. The lady would not wait; her husband no doubt had been detained. She ordered, and Gaston found himself assisting her.

Why not? It was his night. Twenty francs of the *Banque de France* in his jacket pocket—he would play host. The lady was gracious; she carried the rose well; her hat—oh, it was just the proper tilt, the Parisian tilt. And her eyes!

The lady would have no wine. Certainly, he should

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continue; but she did not care for it. They talked—restaurant chatter. The opera? No, he had not attended the opening—out of the city.

"You travel?" asked the lady.

"Sometimes." Gaston was a fictionist. "One is bored with too much of it."

"I have not left Paris in ten years!" confessed the lady.

"Since you were a little girl," responded Gaston, who was at heart a gallant creature, and who had finished the Haute Sauterne and half the Barsac.

THE lady laughed, and dipped her nose into the flower.

"It is true!" exclaimed Gaston.

"You are very kind." The lady smiled with languid eyes across the table. "I knew you were of the old families the moment I sat down."

"It is madame who is kind." Gaston finished the Barsac.

"One can tell," continued the lady. "The gentleman has carriage, he wears his head well, he is thoughtful."

Don't blame him. She had the voice of a fountain under moonlight, her eyes—oh, her eyes! The waiter cleared the plates, and Gaston drank the *crème de cacao*. The lady would have a Martel; Gaston had three. He was inspired.

Somehow his eye dropped to the *Echo*, just as she tipped her pretty head, and guessed:

"You are a Bourbon?"

"You honor me." He glanced again at the paper.

"A Murat?" asked the lady languidly.

"I am not accustomed to tell," the fictionist pleaded. "I often come here in this attire. This is the first time I have been found out. No one ever before guessed that I am other than the poor student that I look."

"People have dull eyes," said the lady, who did not have.

Gaston could not help it. He looked at the paper again, and confidentially he leaned across the table.

"Madame, I happen to be Reginald de Montfort, of Paris and Monte Carlo."

He turned over the paper, folded it, and thrust it behind him on the chair.

"Reginald de Montfort!" echoed his companion.

"At the service of the most beautiful woman in Paris!"

"Not *the* Reginald de Montfort, not *Count* Reginald?"

"None other," the author answered lightly.

The lady stared. Gaston flicked the cigarette ash into his coffee cup. He fingered the twenty francs in his pocket.

"I have often heard of you, Count Reginald," said the lady. "But I did not know you were so young. I have never seen your picture."

"I never have pictures taken. It is because of excursions such as this." Gaston waved an unsteady hand about the room. "Were I known, it would be impossible to come here. Now, unrecognized, I dine as I please, and it is a pleasure. Here I meet you——Is it not worth it?" He ordered another Martel.

THE lady looked at the clock. Ten. She must hurry. Gaston bowed from the waist, and touched the pretty gloves to his lips. The lady, smiling, but bewildered, passed through the swinging doors.

Some one flung something over his head, some one else caught him by the knees. He opened his mouth to scream and found it filled with cloth

"*L'addition!*" shouted Gaston to the waiter, who nodded.

"Fifteen francs, fifty."

Gaston left two francs upon the table and pocketed the remaining two-fifty. He strolled out of the smoky room, after bowing gravely to the orchestra leader.

The night was brisk. Gaston thought of the garret, up five flights of rickety, creaking stairs. He thought of the Seine, and its reflected lights. He thought of the eyes of the lady. His night! He would make the most of it; he would walk by the river.

There was a narrow street, cutting off *Boul' Mich*, zigzagging drunkenly down to the Seine. Gaston decided it was as good a way as any. It was dark there. He could walk with the vision of the lady's eyes unblurred by baser luminance. He turned into the byway.

How far he had walked was not clear to him when he tried to remember it afterward; perhaps twenty steps, or thirty—more likely several hundred. A cab lurched toward him, and he crowded close to the building to let it pass.

But it halted opposite him. The door opened. Some one flung something over Gaston's head; some one else caught him by the knees. He opened his mouth to scream, and found it filled with cloth. He reached out his arms to do combat and found his hands pinioned.

HIS shins scraped the cab step. The door slammed. He was stuffed into the corner of the seat.

He was conscious of hands. Hands upon his feet, around his wrists, in his pockets. Then a voice.

"The keys! Get the keys! It's a short way."

The lady! The lady of the eyes, of the hat tilted just the proper tilt—or is it the improper tilt that makes Paris hats so fetching? The lady!

At first Gaston was annoyed. His dream of the eyes had been shattered, and now came the voice, that liquid, springlike voice, ordering some one to search his pockets. And just after he had paid for her dinner!

They pulled the cape from his head, but his mouth still gaped with a stifling cloth gag. His hands now were neatly tied to his hips. Two other men and the lady—and the cab, trotting over the cobbles in a matter-of-fact manner.

"I'm sorry, Count Reginald," explained the lady. "Once, when you kissed my glove, I nearly decided not to do it. But then I remembered—you like adventure!"

Gaston chewed the cloth, and attempted to answer.

"Never mind." The lady was leaning close to him—he smelled the rose now. "Don't try to talk more. You've done enough for one night. I thought you would never stop!"

For the first time in his life Gaston desired to kick a woman—or bite her. But his feet and his mouth were prisoners.

"WE are going to your house, Count Reginald," explained the lady. "You see, my husband, here—oh, yes, I met him coming after me as I left the restaurant—my husband has pistols. So has his friend. So has the driver. It will do no good to make a fuss. We want a few pieces of silver, none of the rare ones. We are connoisseurs in our fad, as you are in yours, and we know the sentiment attached to a rare stick. Silver is silver. We want—oh, half a dozen pieces, a bit of jewelry, and perhaps something else that might take our fancy. We will not harm you."

The thin man, who was also the younger, searched Gaston's pockets, and brought forth the garret key. He passed it to the lady.

"Where are the rest?" she asked.

Gaston rolled his eyes, and shook his head vigorously.

"Pay attention," advised the lady. "I hate to see a gentleman treated roughly, especially one with whom I have dined so well and so recently. But there's no arguing with my husband; he's headstrong, and a good marksman. So——"

They removed the cloth from Gaston's mouth.

"It's a mistake," he explained. "I am not de Montfort. I am a poor writer—a journalist. I live back in Montparnasse, where you found me!"

The lady's laugh did not sound as musical as it had in the restaurant.

"Why, the idea!" she exclaimed. "The rogue wants us to believe that we don't know a gentleman when we see him."

"But I am not," pleaded Gaston. "I am——"

"Is this the key to the gate or to the door?" The thinner man held it under Gaston's trembling and perspiring nose.

The carriage stopped before an ornamented gateway. The door opened, and Gaston was set rudely upon the curb.

"To the gate or the door?" the man repeated.

"I tell you, I am not de Montfort," he protested.

If he had lied before, under the influence of lights and eyes and the smell of the rose, he now gushed virgin truths. But the fat man growled, and broke off his protestation.

"The gate's open," he announced.

"Go ahead," commanded the lady.

Gaston felt his way up the stone steps. As he did so the article in the *Echo* flashed through his mind—"sailing his yacht off Monte Carlo."

Now they had reached a double door. The man with the key rattled it against the lock.

"It's not the one," he grumbled. "How do we get in?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell you." Gaston was conscious of trembling knees.

"Find a way," the fat man directed.

GASTON relapsed into his part.

"Ring the doorbell," he suggested. "That is what I usually do."

"And have the house about our ears? You are clever, Monsieur Count." The lady laughed.

"Then I cannot tell you. I do not know."

"Find a way. We'll follow." The lady's husband displayed one pistol.

Gaston groped along the wall, unsuccessfully attempting to open the closed shutters. But they were bolted from within. He came upon the walk which led, he supposed, to the kitchen garden. Here was another door, close to the ground, evidently to the servants' quarter.

"Try it," commanded the lady.

It was locked.

"There's a mat—perhaps you keep keys under that." The lady of the rose gracefully lifted a rug from the tiled entry floor. There was no key. Gaston sighed relievedly.

"Break in," the thin man commanded.

"I can't. I've never broken into houses."

"Not into your own house?" asked the lady.

Her husband handed Gaston a barrel claw.

"Twist it," he directed.

Gaston gulped, and reluctantly committed felonious entrance.

The passage was dark, but through a door at the end showed a dim light.

"To your collection room," whispered the lady, taking the writer by the arm. "Lead us there first. If

any one sees us, explain that we are friends come to look at the silver."

Gaston wavered, then walked ahead. From the central hall he led the way to a Louis Seize parlor, thence into a second chamber.

"Lights," directed the lady. "Shame! Entertaining friends in the dark."

Gaston struck a match, and the gas blazed in a chandelier.

On the wall hung a picture of a sailing yacht, and again Gaston remembered—and cursed—the *Echo*. A door led into another compartment, and the impromptu host edged through it. Here the walls were lined with cases, and even in the light from the second room candlesticks gleamed through the glass.

Gaston turned on the gas. His dinner lay ill within him. His collar, his last and favorite collar, wilted at his throat. He looked down at his knees; the creases which he himself had put there were gone. There were blots of mud from the cab step.

Gaston sulked in a chair. The fat man stood guard over him; the lady and her husband moved from case to case, sliding back doors, fingering the silver candlesticks.

"Should any of the servants appear," warned the lady, "explain that we are friends."

Gaston made sounds in his throat.

"You are not a gracious host," continued the lady. "Don't sulk so. Be gay. You are too depressing!"

She touched one of the larger silver pieces, weighed it on her delicate palm, and her eyes sparkled. Gaston's knees were quaking. He sat tortured, a host ill at ease.

Then the curtain at the end of the room moved, a hand gripped its edge, and a scared white face peeked through the opening.

"I often come here in this attire, but this is the first time I have been found out," said Gaston. "People have dull eyes," said the lady, who did not have

"Tell him we are guests," whispered Gaston's jailor.

He jabbed a pistol rudely against Gaston's ribs. Gaston swallowed. He squirmed. Where was his glibness of the restaurant?

"Tell him!" The pistol pressed Gaston's side again, and the face at the curtain turned two shades whiter.

"They are my friends," Gaston announced jerkily, in sepulchral accents. "My friends are seeing my silver."

"Tell him to go to bed—not to wait up for you," whispered the man at the other end of the pistol.

"Go to bed," the ungracious host repeated. The face in the curtain disappeared, with hurried compliance.

"THAT done, we'll have no more interference," said the fat man. "Too many servants are an annoyance, *hein*, Monsieur Count? No privacy at all."

"Quite right," said the lady. "Servants are usually a nuisance."

She tilted an inlaid candlestick under the gas light.

"This is a pretty thing," she said judiciously. "I think it will do."

She placed it on the center table. The thin man set its mate beside it.

Gaston had forgotten his *conte;* the memory of the twenty francs had vanished. He lived in the present, in the moment, which seemed to have halted and to be standing still. He perspired. More minutes tarried. The thieves worked diligently.

Then a rush of feet in the next room, beyond the curtain, in the doorway, on the stairs—pounding feet everywhere. Gaston arose to his numb, shaking legs. And the man who had guarded him slipped the pistol into Gaston's own pocket, at the same moment lighting a cigarette. The lady paused, with a short, beaten-silver stick in her hand. She wrinkled her brow, annoyed. The thin man looked quickly at the shuttered window, and dropped into the chair from which Gaston had leaped.

Gendarmes! Gendarmes everywhere! Tall gendarmes with blunt police revolvers, short gendarmes with long Spanish pistols, gendarmes with beards, gendarmes with mustaches, gendarmes in kid gloves, gendarmes weighted down with medals, old gendarmes, young ones—in they galloped. Gaston watched with relief.

Their brigadier sprang to the center of the room. Gaston recognized him by his red trousers and his straight two-edged sword, which he waved, after striking a dramatic attitude.

"Halt!" shouted the chief. "Halt, or I shoot!"

Gaston wondered how to comply. It was difficult. Except for his knees, he was already motionless. Then from the curtain again appeared the scared white face. It had pink rabbit eyes and below it was the livery of a butler.

"That is the thief," he said. "That is the leader. He is a pig. He ordered me to bed!"

He pointed to Gaston.

Gaston smiled.

"Ho, thief!" exclaimed the gendarme chief. He lunged forward on one foot, and thrust the blade of his sword against Gaston's damp ribs. "Ho!"

GASTON closed his eyes and weakly responded, "Ho!"

"In the name of the Republic, I arrest you!"

The brigadier halted, poised in another dramatic attitude. He felt about for another command. But the lady spoke, and her voice was mellow as moonlight, and her eyes were stars.

"I beg your pardon, colonel," she said, addressing the chief, who flung back his shoulders at the title. "I do not understand. The Count here"—she waved a narrow white hand in the direction of Gaston—"invited us to come with him to see his silver."

"Invited you?" Gaston found voice. "They invited me. They forced me."

The lady's eyes were full of far, sad longings, and she turned them full upon the gendarme chief. He tugged at his mustache and straightened the row of medals.

"Speak, madame," he directed. "Let me hear your story."

"I met the Count in a restaurant to-night. He invited me and my two friends to come to his home to view his collection of silver. At first we refused, for we do not often accept the invitations of strangers. But he insisted, so we came."

Gaston groaned. The brigadier approached him.

"You hear the evidence. Can you answer it?"

"It is a mistake," Gaston insisted, and moistened his lips. "They thought—— It was this way: I had been dining. I met a lady. I told her I was the Count de Montfort. But I did not invite her here. I was brought here myself—I was captured."

"Oh!" cried the lady. "I wonder there is not flame on his lips for uttering such falsehoods. Oh, colonel, do not tell me he is not the real Count!"

"He is not!" the chief snorted.

The lady looked miserably at Gaston. She took a step unsteadily, and stumbled into the chief's ready arms. She tilted her head upon the shoulder opposite his medals and closed her eyes. For a full minute the chief stood stiff and motionless. Then he lifted the lady to a chair.

"Do not leave me!" she cried, and touched the brigadier's cheek with her own. "Oh, my brave colonel, do not leave my friends and myself in the room with that man! I understand it now—that expression in his eyes—he is mad!"

GASTON strove to conquer any expression in his eyes. But he was too late. The gendarmes drew closer; they looked at him steadily.

"Ah," they whispered.

"Ah," answered Gaston.

"Poor man," said the chief, and extended a protecting arm about the lady's waist. "Poor man, he is mad. He thinks he is the Count de Montfort."

"I do *not* think so," answered Gaston. "I tell you I was playing a little game. I told the lady I was, but——"

"For shame!" shouted the chief. "For shame to play a little game with the lady. That is a crime which I cannot tolerate!"

Gaston choked. He thrust his hands into his pockets. His fingers touched the revolver which the fat man had dropped there. He withdrew it.

"Hold!" shrieked the chief. "Disarm him! A madman with a pistol! Hold!"

The gendarmes disarmed him, violently. The lady shrieked, and clung more closely to the chief.

"I tell you," pleaded Gaston, "these are robbers! They forced me into a cab. They drove me here. They forced me to break in. They put the pistol in my pocket."

The brigadier laughed, and pulled his beard. The gendarmes laughed, in military precision, three sharp "ha's"—and silence. The fat burglar and his thin companion smiled. The lady wept.

"Thieves put a pistol in your pocket! You should write stories for the papers," mocked the brigadier.

"I do," Gaston moaned. "I am a journalist."

Gaston wept. His veins were cold. Where were the Barsac, the Haute Sauterne, the Martel, and the *crème de cacao?*

"I am a poor journalist," he whispered again. "To-day I was paid twenty francs, and I drank too well. I told

the lady I was the Count. I am not, I am only an author."

The chief tapped his head, meaningly.

"My beautiful lady," said the chief, bowing from the waist and clicking his medals, "it is with deep regret that I understand your sad position. You are the victim of a madman! Ah, he is dangerous! One minute he thinks he is a count, the next that he is an author! You and your friends will permit one further annoyance? At nine in the morning, in the Station of the Fourteenth Arrondissement, you will make charges of madness? Upon him, my brave men, the chains — the lunatic!"

The gendarmes complied. The lady shook her head. Her eyes were damp with tears.

"Ten o'clock," the chief corrected. "Nine is too early for you."

"You are good, Monsieur Colonel," sobbed the lady, looking reproachfully at Gaston. "*Au revoir.*"

"Till morning," replied the brigadier. He leaned more closely and touched the white hand to his lips.

The brigadier halted, poised in a dramatic attitude. "Hold!" he shrieked. "A madman with a pistol!"

"For remembrance." The lady thrust the rose into his buttonhole.

She departed. Her two conspirators departed with her, leaving Gaston in chains and the gendarmes in possession.

The butler ran to the cabinet. He opened the doors and looked in.

"The candlesticks!" he cried. "The silver sticks from Malta! Where are they? They are gone!"

Gaston breathed, and looked up happily.

"Under the lady's cloak," he announced.

The chief dropped his sword into its black scabbard. He thrust his hands into his pockets. He scowled and assumed thought. But it was for a moment only.

"My purse!" he shrieked, and looked wildly about the floor.

"Under the lady's cloak," repeated Gaston.

A gendarme ran in.

"I have been assaulted," he cried, "by a terrible, tall woman and two men, who have captured your carriage, Monsieur Chief, and have gone away!"

The brigadier drew his sword, brandished it wildly. "Out!" he roared. "Out and find them! Leave no stone unturned, no door unlocked in all Paris. Find them—the lady, the men, the candlesticks, the carriage, my purse, my honor! Find them, my braves — out, out! Pursue them!"

The gendarmes departed, with a rattle of hobnailed boots. The butler looked at the chief, the chief looked at Gaston. Gaston looked at his chains.

"Come," said the chief, "we have been miserably deceived, the three of us." He unwound the chains from Gaston's wrists, muttering imprecations.

"Where is the Count?" he asked the butler.

"Sailing his yacht, off Monte Carlo," the butler answered.

"But his keys?" the brigadier inquired. "Where are his keys?"

"Here."

"To the wine cellar?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a dullard!" the brigadier shouted. "Why do you stand there that way? We die of thirst! Our courage —it must be fortified! Hurry, hurry!"

The Ships — By Harry Kemp

THE mountains thunder and are still;
Whole forests lie along the ground,
Each prostrate top, an upheaved hill,
A great, green-heaving mound.

But soon the flashing axes strip
Each trunk smooth as a cannon's bore
As woodsmen swing with pliant hip
And the saws drone and snore.

'Tis thus the hills give to the plain,
'Tis thus the plain gives to the sea,
While banded hand and heart and brain
Build for a world made free—

Till, ribbed like prehistoric things,
The great ships grow upon the stays,
Fit for the voyages of kings
Down vast and azure days!

First Page Stuff

In Which a Newspaper Reporter Turns Sleuth

By James Fellom

Author of "Not on the Blotter"

Illustrations by Edward C. Caswell

"Come through now!" whipped out Sheridan, leveling an accusing finger at the prisoner. "You followed Leblanch from his office—and then what?"

THE grilling of Harold Murtry, suspected of the murder of Emil Leblanch, was in full swing when Chief of Police Ryan and I entered the prisoner's cell. As a matter of fact, the fellow had been bombarded with questions, ceaselessly, for the past twenty hours, and still showed no signs of a breakdown. Yet Chief Ryan had just informed me he would have Murtry's confession before night. And Ryan was a fox at doping out a criminal's frame of mind.

Detectives Logan and Sheridan, reinforced by Detective Sergeants McCann and Ryerson, were seated in a semicircle, with Murtry in front of them, hurling question after question at him, disputing his answers, tripping him up, now and again charging him with murder; cajoling him in one breath, threatening him in the next.

"Come through, now!" whipped out Sheridan, leveling an accusing finger at him. "You followed Leblanch from his office—— Then what?"

"I've told you twenty times I circled the block when I saw him stop to talk with Walter Hooper, the bookkeeper——" began Murtry desperately.

He was shaking like a leaf. His eyes were bloodshot. There was a heap of cigarette butts on the concrete floor near his chair.

"Just a minute!" Logan broke in harshly. "You said last night that Hooper went duck-hunting, see! Who was this other party chewing the fat with Leblanch?"

"I said that Mr. Leblanch met Walter Hooper——"

"Now, don't come that stuff on us, Murtry. You said you talked with——"

"No. No! I didn't say I talked with anybody!"

Here Ryerson broke in with well-feigned impatience. "He's right, Logan. Give the kid a chance, can't you? He said he met Leblanch at Acacia and Montgomery. At six-twenty or so, wasn't it, Murtry? You'd bought the gun at the Garden City Hardware Store some weeks ago, and you and the clerk talked about the distance at which a pistol would kill. That right? And this here's the gun, ain't it?" He held out a .38-caliber revolver, nickel-plated, with a mother-of-pearl handle.

I was looking at Murtry. He was perhaps thirty, blond, rather prepossessing. Just now his face was ashen, wan. He hadn't slept since his arrest, twenty-six hours before. He nodded, barely giving the revolver a glance.

"LEBLANCH had stopped to kid your jane, and you croaked him—with this gun, see! Look, one bullet is missing—the one that killed Leblanch!" snapped out McCann, speaking for the first time. "Your rich boss had won your sweetheart. You were going to shoot him on the spot, but it was too open. You hurried after him until he got in front of his home—it was quiet in Lake Avenue, people were at dinner. You shot him and beat it. You ran into Hooper on your way back, and he brought you downtown in his machine. You killed Emil Leblanch—with this gun, see! You were jealous of him because your jane was falling for him——"

"There's no girl connected with this, so help me God, fellows!" cried the man desperately. "There's no girl! I——"

"Leblanch had money, dressed classy, and your girl was falling for him, Murtry. You know it. And you killed him. You stood back of a tree on Lake Avenue and killed Leblanch because he cut you out. Don't stall. You killed him, didn't you, eh? Didn't you? You were a poor working stiff and he was a sporty bird, with lots of jack and two cars and a swell home, and he slipped her some classy jewelry, and give her joy rides and big feeds. He had you faded, eh, Murtry? Fine, handsome fellow this Leblanch, and he throwed the bull and your jane give you the raspberry. Come across, Murtry! We got it on you. You can't get by, understand! Say you done it and have it over with. What d'you say?" McCann, breathing hard, his eyes boring into those of the prisoner, ceased speaking.

"BETTER own up, kid," said Ryerson suavely. "Save the State money and maybe the judge'll handle you easy. They'll dig up the girl, anyway, and stick you for fair. You've already said this is the gun you used——"

Here Chief Ryan interposed.

"Murtry, who was this party Leblanch was talking to when you saw him at Acacia and Montgomery? Was it a man or a woman?"

"I— I—— It was getting dark, chief. I didn't see any one." Murtry dropped his head wearily on his hand. "I've told them over and over that I left the office shortly after six and——"

"We know all about that," broke in Sheridan. "You said Leblanch met Hooper, the bookkeeper, at Acacia and Montgomery—and he didn't, see! Who did he meet?"

"I—I don't remember—— I mean, I didn't see—it was getting too dark to see. I thought it was Mr. Hooper——"

"You're positive, Murtry, that you didn't buy the gun to kill Leblanch—that you wasn't jealous of him?" asked Chief Ryan. He added suddenly, taking the prisoner off his guard: "Where does Gladys Roberts live?"

The prisoner started. The cold, sharp eyes of his five inquisitors were riveted on him, noting every change of expression. By a great effort, he got control of his voice.

"I—I don't know any woman by that name, chief."

"You're sure you never quarreled with her about Leblanch? Didn't you get sore because he took her to the Oyster Loaf for dinner?"

"I don't know Gladys Roberts, chief. Mr. Leblanch might have known her—I can't say," stammered Murtry.

Chief Ryan asked him several other questions and, receiving no satisfaction, turned and walked out of the cell. I followed him. He stopped in the corridor and beckoned to McCann and Ryerson.

"TAKE him down to the morgue at three o'clock. Everything's ready," I heard him tell them. They nodded and went back to their merciless grilling of the suspect.

"I'd like to make a little bet with you, chief," I said to Ryan, as we parted company in the jailer's office.

"I'm game. What's your proposition?"

"I'll bet you a new hat Murtry is innocent!"

He stared at me in surprise, then grinned.

"As a reporter, I'll admit you're a pretty nifty sleuth, Lest. But you've got your dope mixed this time. You're on. If Murtry confesses I win, eh?"

"Yes, provided you don't free him before the preliminary hearing, day after to-morrow," I replied, returning his grin.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"That you'll be out a ten-dollar bonnet if you do," I laughed, as I went out the door. I wasn't a criminologist, but I knew Murtry was *lying*.

Now there's only one thing that I want to mention at this time and that is that the sketch of how Murtry had killed Leblanch as given by Sergeant McCann was pure fiction and designed solely to weaken further the prisoner's mental resistance. As police reporter of the *Progressville Morning Times*, I had followed the case closely and I knew the chief points on which Murtry was being held. First, he had purchased a revolver and discussed with the clerk the distance at which it would kill a man; second, he had been seen hurrying away from the vicinity of the murdered man's residence by Hooper, Leblanch's bookkeeper; third, his explanation of how he had purposely evaded meeting Leblanch and what had followed was contradictory, and thereby incriminating.

From the viewpoint of the police, Harold Murtry was the murderer of Emil Leblanch; and Gladys Roberts, the mysterious girl in the case, was the factor by which the department desperately hoped to furnish the motive for the crime. Continued failure to locate her, however, had moved Chief Ryan to concentrate on wringing a confession from the prisoner.

It was two in the afternoon when I left Murtry's cell in company with Chief Ryan. At four—shortly after he had been confronted with the body at the city morgue—Murtry broke down and admitted the murder.

From that time until eight o'clock I just loafed on the police "beat." It was just eight as I climbed out of a taxi, dismissed it, entered the Keystone Apartments—a fashionable structure in the residential section of the city—and rang the bell of Apartment 11. The door opened almost immediately, and a young woman gazed out at me from the semidarkness of a hall.

"I am Mr. Manning of the *Times*. I understand a Miss Roberts telephoned Mr. Coles, the city editor, and that he arranged a meeting——" I began.

"Please come in, Mr. Manning," she said in low, quick tones.

I COMPLIED, and she closed the door and led the way into a prettily furnished living room.

"I am Gladys Roberts, Mr. Manning," she announced without preliminary, when we were seated. "I appealed to your paper because I dare not go to the police with my story, and because I have heard that the *Times* often conducts investigations independent of the authorities, for the element of news involved."

"I believe you told Mr. Coles that Mr. Murtry was innocent—that you had certain evidence which would establish his innocence? If this is the case, I can assure you the *Times* would gladly interest itself in his behalf, at the same time protecting you from undue publicity."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Manning. I have spent such wretched hours since—since the death of Mr. Leblanch. I—I have been threatened. I can't tell you by whom. It was a telephone call—a man's voice. I don't know who it was. He said that if I testified in favor of—of Mr. Murtry, he would kill me."

I gazed at her in silence for a few seconds. She was an attractive woman of about twenty-five, rather tall and slender, with light brown, wavy hair and large dark eyes. I noticed she wore a dark street dress, and that her general appearance was one of sedateness; certainly not the type of woman to frequent cafés and accept jewelry from men, I thought. Just now, her lip was trembling; her face a trifle pale.

"How many times did this man warn you?" I asked.

"Twice. Yesterday and to-day."

"Then you were a witness to the murder, Miss Roberts? You know who killed Emil Leblanch?"

"I'll tell you everything, and you may draw your own conclusions," she said, and went on in nervous, earnest tones: "For more than two years I have been Mr. Leblanch's private secretary, and my mother has been his housekeeper. He was a bachelor, as you doubtless know, and I believe his only known relative is a half brother, living in Grass Valley—my mother wired him and is waiting to hear from him regarding funeral arrangements. Anyway, every Friday it has been my custom to leave the office and go to Mr. Leblanch's home around four o'clock to finish with the less important correspondence of the week.

"LAST Friday, the day of the murder, I was late and reached the house about six o'clock. While I was busy with my work, Walter Hooper—he's been bookkeeper for the Leblanch Fruit Packing Company for perhaps fifteen years—drove up in his machine. My mother called me, and Mr. Hooper gave me two wild ducks which he had shot that morning in the marshes.

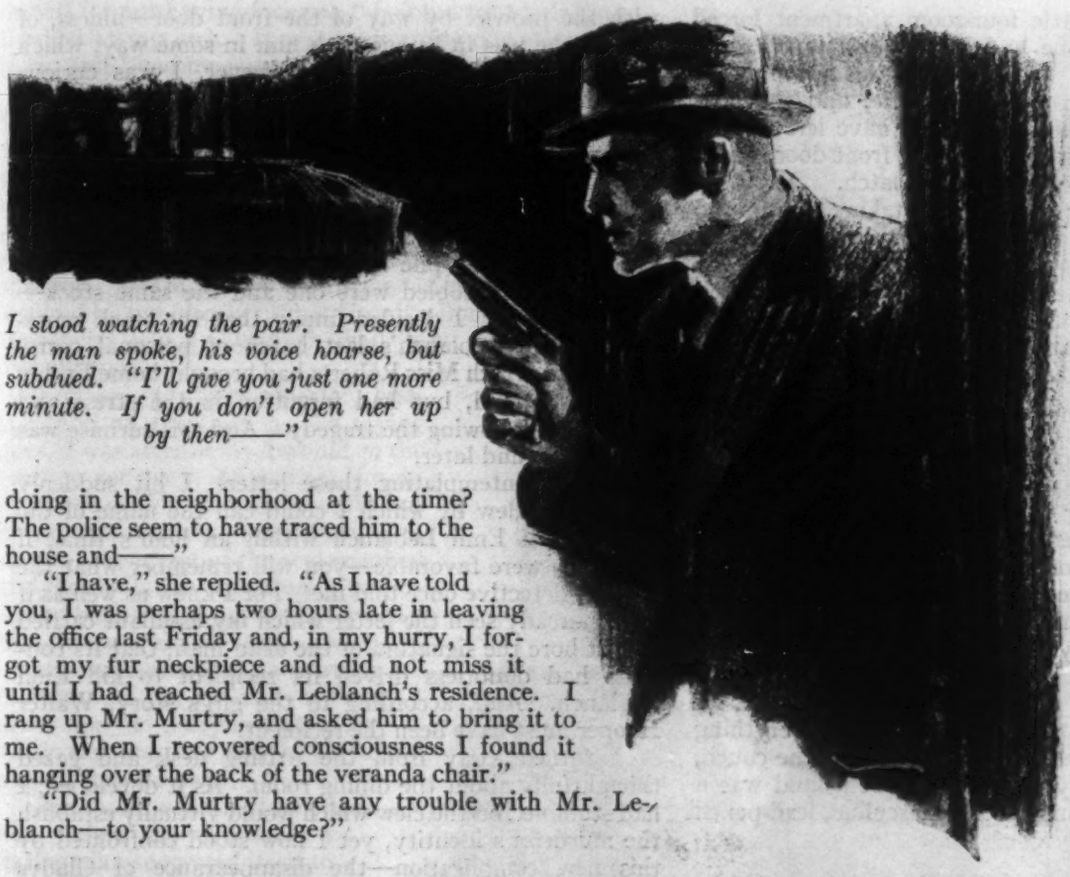
"I told him that Mr. Leblanch was greatly put out because he had not been at work that day, and Mr. Hooper declared that neither Mr. Leblanch nor any man could make him work on his birthday. I saw then, for the first time, that he had been drinking, and I tried to change the subject. But he kept on talking about it, and worked himself into a rage, saying some fearful things about Mr. Leblanch. His whole attitude was vicious and threatening to say the least.

"It was then just about the hour my employer usually reached home, and you may imagine how my mother and I felt at the thought of having the two men meet. We thought that there would surely be trouble. So, between us, we managed to get him out of the house, and I accompanied him a short way down the walk and watched him go out the gate. His machine was standing at the curb, I noticed.

"IT was dusk and the trees and a four-foot hedge which runs along the front of the grounds made it impossible for me to tell whether he got into the machine or not. But it didn't start up at once and, thinking that perhaps he intended waiting for Mr. Leblanch—who always walked to and from the office—and that there would be a fight—Mr. Hooper was in such an ugly mood—I began walking toward the gate to try to persuade him to leave. I had taken only a few steps when I heard a man curse, saying; 'Take that, and see how you like it, you——' Then he cursed again, and fired.

"I stopped, paralyzed with fright. The sound of the automobile dashing away roused me, and I managed to reach the gate. There, lying on the pavement a few yards away, was Mr. Leblanch. As I rushed to his side, my foot struck something—slid it along the sidewalk—and I saw that it was a revolver. Mr. Leblanch was dying as I knelt beside him. The sudden realization of his condition was such a shock that I fainted. Mother says she found me in one of the veranda chairs. I don't know how I got there, except——" She broke off, visibly affected by her tragic recollections.

"I'll venture to surmise that Mr. Murtry discovered you lying on the sidewalk and carried you to the house," I said. "Have you any idea, Miss Roberts, what he was



I stood watching the pair. Presently the man spoke, his voice hoarse, but subdued. "I'll give you just one more minute. If you don't open her up by then——"

doing in the neighborhood at the time? The police seem to have traced him to the house and——"

"I have," she replied. "As I have told you, I was perhaps two hours late in leaving the office last Friday and, in my hurry, I forgot my fur neckpiece and did not miss it until I had reached Mr. Leblanch's residence. I rang up Mr. Murtry, and asked him to bring it to me. When I recovered consciousness I found it hanging over the back of the veranda chair."

"Did Mr. Murtry have any trouble with Mr. Leblanch—to your knowledge?"

"NO. They always appeared to be on the friendliest terms—that is, as friendly as employer and employee ever become. Of course——" She paused and looked away, a troubled expression in her eyes.

"You may speak freely, Miss Roberts. Whatever you say will go no further. It is important that I should know."

"Well, Mr. Murtry and I have been keeping company for several months—perhaps you already know that he is head of the shipping department. Anyway, Mr. Leblanch invited me out to dinner on one or two occasions, and—and Mr. Murtry and I had words over it. Really, Mr. Manning, the incidents were trifling. Mr. Leblanch was courteous and kind—a gentleman in every sense—and Mr. Murtry's attitude was quite uncalled for, I thought."

There was a short silence.

"Now, was there anything else which, in your estimation, might help Mr. Murtry's case—or, to put it another way, assist in strengthening the case against this man Hooper?" I asked finally.

"The mysterious feature of the whole terrible affair is that my revolver is missing," she said, with some hesitation. "There was a burglary in one of the apartments downstairs some weeks ago—possibly you remember it—and, becoming alarmed, I asked Mr. Murtry to buy me a pistol, which he did. Every night since then I have placed it under my pillow on retiring. On Thursday evening, when I went to get it out of the drawer where I kept it during the day, it was gone. My bedroom window opens upon a fire escape at the side of the building and the thief evidently got in that way. He rummaged through my effects, but I haven't missed anything else."

"Did Mr. Hooper know that Mr. Murtry bought the revolver for you?"

"Yes. At the time I told him jokingly that I was ready for burglars, and showed him the weapon. It was a .38-caliber revolver, nickel-plated, with a mother-of-pearl handle."

I nodded. It answered the description of the one I had seen in the hands of Detective Ryerson, in the prisoner's cell that afternoon. As I rose to go, I said to her:

"It may be necessary for you to have a talk with Chief of Police Ryan, Miss Roberts. I would arrange the meeting, of course, and guarantee to shield you—as far as possible—from connection with the affair." I was on the point of telling her that Murtry had confessed—that he had doubtless found her revolver on the sidewalk when he discovered her and, thinking she had shot Leblanch, was assuming blame for the crime in order to save her—but I thought better of it. Handing her one of my cards, I said, instead: "No matter what transpires, Miss Roberts, make no move before getting in touch with me. Now, this mysterious man who threatened you over the telephone—did you recognize his voice as Hooper's?"

She shook her head. "No, it was apparently disguised—rather hoarse and disconnected."

We were standing in the living room, perhaps an arm's length from the open door leading into the narrow hallway. Suddenly, without warning, the wall button which one pushes to put the lights on or off upon entering or leaving the apartment, snapped sharply in the hallway back of me, plunging the room in darkness.

I heard the girl catch her breath, startled. As for me, a shiver ran down my spine, as I remembered the threat she had received over the telephone. Quicker than it takes to tell it, I reached out and clutched her with the intention of pulling her to the floor with me—I was expecting a hail of bullets—at the same time cautioning her under my breath against making an outcry. But the person lurking in the hall beat me to it. I felt a crashing blow on the side of my head, and knew no more.

WHEN I regained consciousness—perhaps a quarter of an hour afterward—I found I was bleeding profusely from a bad, swollen cut above my right ear caused, I later ascertained, by a pair of heavy tongs belonging to the fireplace in Miss Roberts' dining room. It was some moments before I could recall where I was or what had happened. The living room was still dark, and I lay there listening for a time before venturing to move. But there was no sound, and finally I began to creep slowly about until I found the door into the hall. After much searching, I located the electric-light button, and drawing my automatic—my assailant had considerately allowed me to keep it—I snapped on the lights, expecting, of course, to find Gladys Roberts dead.

Instead, she had disappeared; and five minutes'

search through that little four-room apartment forced me to conclude that she had disappeared under most unusual circumstances. Every window was fastened, the kitchen door was locked on the inside, and the only possible avenue, by which she might have left or been spirited away that I could see, was the front door, which was equipped with the ordinary night latch.

My head throbbed painfully and, taking the time to bathe the wound in the bathroom, I thought over this new, mysterious angle in the Leblanch case. I decided it was hardly probable that my assailant would have carried an unconscious woman through the hall of an apartment house at this early hour—it wasn't nine, yet, and the chances of discovery would be too great. The unknown had shown extreme caution: the fact that he had turned off the lights to escape recognition proved that he was intent on working under cover. But what completely stumped me was how the fellow entered the apartment.

I WENT back into the living room, and looked around. There were no signs of a struggle—nothing to indicate that anything out of the ordinary had taken place there within the last twenty minutes or so, except the red patch on the carpet made by the blood I had lost. I was mystified.

Somehow, I began to suspect Gladys Roberts of treachery—which was rather unreasonable, everything considered—until I spied my hat. It lay on the couch, and stuck conspicuously inside the ribbon band was a sheet of paper, containing a bold, masculine, lead-pencil scrawl which read:

> Manning, if you don't lay off investigating this case, it'll be curtains for you the next time. I'm in dead earnest.

There was no signature.

Some warning, I told myself grimly. Believe me, the sight of it made me thirst all the more for vengeance! I reread the scribble and recalled that a veteran detective had once said, "The criminal who leaves a note behind him is giving his home address and telephone number, and doesn't know it. The real crook is too wise for that." By this he meant that in these days of scientific police methods—handwriting experts, finger-print bureaus, and all that sort of thing—the identity of the writer can, more often than not, be traced through an apparently obscure medium, such as a sample of his penmanship.

I regarded the writing carefully, then the paper, and made a discovery that, for the moment, banished from my mind all thought of Gladys Roberts and her mysterious disappearance.

THE note had been hastily written on the blank back of a four by six-inch envelope. As I afterward learned, the unknown, in hunting for a piece of paper on which to jot down his warning to me, had had recourse to a letter in his pocket. He had torn the envelope in two pieces, using the back for his purpose. The paper was an excellent variety of bond. It was unsoiled—proof that it had not been carried about for any great length of time, or, to put it differently, that it had been recently received. Raising it to one of the electric-light globes above my head, I discerned the watermark—that translucent lettering, usually the name, which is contained in the body of the better grades of stationery. Its very name—I'll call it what it wasn't—"Utopian Bond," was sufficient to convince me that the person who had written my unknown assailant was a man, or woman, of wealth or fastidious taste, since I knew Utopian Bond to be among the most expensive linens on the market.

Woman, I said, didn't I? You see, I hadn't quite satisfied myself that Gladys Roberts had disappeared with the prowler by way of the front door—unless, of course, she was in league with him in some way, which really did not seem likely. However, I was curious enough to want to be sure. If she had penned that letter to him, why——

I spotted a writing desk in the dining room, and about the first thing my eyes fell on was a stack of letters—perhaps a dozen—sealed, and provided with stamps for mailing. A few seconds later I assured myself that the envelopes in that pile and the envelope on which the warning was scribbled were one and the same stock—Utopian Bond. I decided finally that the stack represented Emil Leblanch's last batch of personal correspondence, which Miss Roberts had brought home Friday evening to mail, but had forgotten in the stress and excitement following the tragedy. And this surmise was correct, I found later.

While contemplating those letters, I hit suddenly on the one clew by which I could call the name of the murderer of Emil Leblanch within an hour's time, if all things were favorable—you will remember what the veteran detective once told me! For I knew as well as if I had already seen the letter which my assailant carried that it bore the signature of the dead man; that its contents had doubtless driven its recipient to kill Emil Leblanch. And, according to the girl's story, Walter Hooper must have been the recipient.

I turned away from the writing desk and gazed thoughtfully about the dining room. As it developed, I had stumbled on the clew which would virtually establish the murderer's identity, yet I now stood confronted by this new complication—the disappearance of Gladys Roberts. I was rather troubled as to what might have happened to her, since I was pretty well convinced that the intruder had been the chap who had threatened her over the telephone.

PRESENTLY I made a second search of the apartment. No use. I didn't find even a trace of her. And it was a cinch she couldn't have vanished except by way of the front door! The more I thought about her mysterious disappearance, the greater became my misgivings. Only one thing assuaged them slightly, namely, if my assailant had contemplated killing Gladys Roberts he would have done so when he had us both at his mercy, there in that darkened living room. Therefore, he had spared her—forced her to go away with him. For what purpose, I wondered.

After thinking the matter over carefully, I decided that the surest and most expeditious way of locating her was to find him, and the only way that might be accomplished was to pay a visit to the Leblanch home in order to learn his name.

The wound in my head had stopped bleeding, and I bandaged it with some gauze I found in the bathroom. Finally I turned out the lights and opened the front door. A phonograph was screeching jazzily in an apartment across the hall. Unobserved, I went down the stairs, reached the sidewalk, and set out for the residence of Emil Leblanch. Ten minutes later I was entering the gate.

I have forgotten to tell you it was Sunday night, which is something I, also, had overlooked—since the Sabbath day is like any other on a morning newspaper—until I started to mount the steps. Then I paused irresolutely. That would account for the house being dark, I thought, though it followed that, with the body of its late owner lying in a downtown mortuary, Mrs. Roberts, the housekeeper, had dismissed the servants and closed up the place.

I was more than disappointed, I was disgusted with

myself for not having foreseen this important point; and I railed at my luck. It was a long ride downtown and back, and I had no assurance that I'd locate the woman.

I KNEW, beyond the question of a doubt, that inside the house was the *carbon copy* of the letter which my assailant carried, on the back of whose envelope he had scribbled the warning—written evidence which would give me irrefutable proof of the identity of Emil Leblanch's murderer—his name. And I was stalled. Nobody was at home. The night was advancing. And the high hopes inspired by my discovery that Utopian Bond was the stationery which Leblanch had used began to dwindle gradually.

You see, I was a reporter, first, last, and all the time, as the saying goes. I was after news. I would go the limit to get news. Of course, Harold Murtry's confession was big stuff, but it was not nearly so sensational as a story of the arrest of the real criminal and the revelation that Murtry had assumed blame for the crime in the belief that he was shielding his sweetheart, coupled with such startling incidents as the girl's mysterious abduction, a possible battle between the murderer and the police, and all the rest of it.

As I stood hesitating in the darkness before the residence, a daring plan suggested itself to me. Why not burglarize the place? I glanced around me. The house lay back from the street, spacious grounds separating it from its nearest neighbor. Not a soul was abroad!

Cautiously I circled the house, trying the doors and windows on the lower floor. They were all locked. After reconnoitering further, I finally shinned up one of the posts of the back porch, gained its roof, and found an open window. It was fitted with a sliding wire screen and, removing this, I stepped inside, listened a moment, then turned on my flash light.

I found myself in Mrs. Roberts' room—Gladys' picture stood on the dresser—and, passing through it, I presently came upon the servants' stairs. These I negotiated, reached the wide hall below, and tiptoed catlike toward the library, the location of which I knew, thanks to the fact that I had visited the Leblanch house on the night of the tragedy.

I had just arrived at the library entrance when I got a thrill. The door was ajar about three inches and, just as I was on the point of pushing it open, I made out a faint glow as of the reflection of a light coming from inside. Slipping my automatic out of my pocket, I peered through the crack and saw two figures: Gladys Roberts kneeling before a safe in the corner of the room, and a man standing over her with a revolver in one hand and in the other a flash light whose rays were directed at the combination. This the girl was manipulating with trembling fingers.

I had put out my light and now stood watching the pair. The fellow had his back to me. He was a rangy six-footer, wearing a slouch hat and long overcoat. This certainly was Walter Hooper—I knew the Leblanch Company's bookkeeper by sight. The girl's suspicions

"I—I have been threatened," said the girl. "I can't tell you by whom. It was a telephone call—a man's voice. He said that if I testified in favor of Mr. Murtry he would kill me"

as to the identity of the murderer were doubtless correct, judging from the tableau before me. Presently the man moved his head, and I saw that a white handkerchief hid the lower part of his face to his eyes. He spoke, his voice hoarse, but subdued.

"I'll give you just one more minute. If you don't open her up by then——"

"I—I don't remember it. Honestly, I—— The combination appears to have been—been changed. Can't you see—see I'm trying?" gasped the girl in terrified tones.

"Don't you kid me! You're stalling. By heaven, you'll either get me in there or—— Do you open it, or not?" he snapped, suddenly pressing the muzzle of his revolver against her head.

AT this point I took a hand in the proceedings. Pushing open the door, I began to creep up on the fellow, keeping him covered with my automatic as I went. A large library table stood in my path. I made it out in the half gloom and carefully steered my way around it; but I didn't see the knee-high taboret with its potted fern, artistically placed on the floor near by. I blun-

dered into it, overturning it with a tremendous crash.

Then things started happening with a vengeance.

Out went the fellow's light, plunging the room in darkness. His revolver roared and two bullets whistled spitefully in my direction. I fired at the flashes of flame and got a cry out of him, scampering out of range just in time to escape an answering fusillade. Miss Roberts added her screams to the tumult.

"Men! Steady at the doors, there! Bring him into camp—dead or alive. Surrender, Hooper! We've got you!" I called out, endeavoring to bluff him into the notion that a posse of police had trapped him.

But my ruse didn't work out as I thought it would.

"Come and get me!" he snarled back at me.

On the instant I heard him go dashing through the darkness to the rear of the library, making for the door into the dining room, colliding with articles of furniture which stood in his path. I knew that if he ever got out of that room, he was as good as gone. On the impulse of the moment, I did the one desperate thing to stop him—if he didn't stop me. I flashed on my light.

I was crouched near the table at the time. Snapping on my flash just when he was within a jump of the entrance, I fired at his legs and he pitched to the floor in a heap. Then I sprang toward him and covered him with the weapon.

At this juncture the furious ringing of the front door bell and the authoritative rapping of what I recognized as a patrolman's night stick sounded through the house. The girl, half-swooning with terror, lay reclining against the safe. Neither one of us could answer the summons.

Then somebody kicked in a parlor window and a moment later Detectives Sheridan and Logan and the cop patrolling that "beat" appeared, with drawn guns—as I afterward learned they had discovered that Mrs. Roberts was the girl's mother, and had come to find out from her her daughter's address.

They approached, sizing up my captive; giving me the once-over.

"You—Manning! What the deuce are you doing here? Who's your bandit friend?" burst from Sheridan.

"I'm delivering to you the murderer of Emil Leblanch," I said unhesitatingly, handing the fellow's revolver to him.

He gave me a funny look.

"Say, kid, you're cuckoo! Where do you get that stuff? Murtry's confessed."

I made no reply, but reached down and jerked the handkerchief mask off the prisoner's face.

It wasn't Walter Hooper. This chap was a man of thirty-five or so, with a lean countenance, square of jaw, his lips thin and cruel, his eyes blue and cold as flint. None of us knew him, nor had Gladys Roberts any recollection of ever having seen him before—though, as Leblanch's private secretary, she was acquainted with most of the people with whom he had had dealings.

Then I remembered the letter the unknown carried and, frisking him, found it, together with the other half of the envelope, which bore the name and address, "Claude J. Leblanch, Grass Valley, Cal." It was not necessary to search for the carbon copy of that letter, since I had its contents there before me. It read:

MY DEAR CLAUDE:

I absolutely refuse to help you out of this new disgrace you've brought on the memory of our father. I regret that my money ever went to purchase immunity for you in the past. You've been trying hard to break into jail for years, and this time you're going to succeed as far as I'm concerned. I'm through with you—understand that!

Yours, etc.,
E. L.

"AND so you stuck old Tanglefoot Ryan for a new lid, eh? Say, boy! If you collect that bet off of him, I'll tack five dollars a week to your pay," laughed Jesse Coles, city editor of the *Morning Times*.

Several hours had passed and we were seated at a table in Java Jake's, regaling ourselves with ham and eggs. With us was "Barnacles" Thurston, our waterfront man, and R. Kipling Smith, the "cub" reporter, Stanford University student still redolent of theses.

"I'll take that five. You can make it retroactive from the first of the month if you want to," I chuckled, pulling the chief's check out of my pocket and tossing it over to Coles.

"But, Mr. Manning, you have failed to clear up certain discrepancies that rather impair your excellent narrative," quoth R. Kipling, focusing his horn-rimmed headlights on me.

"Son," I said, with pedantic gravity, "one of the essentials of journalism is to train the imagination to bridge the gaps. Do you get me? Master the Five W's—who, what, why, when, where—and use your noodle, and you'll be able to write a double column as easily as a paragraph. However, in order that this evening may be an eventful one in your young life, I'll tell the story as it really happened.

"Claude Leblanch, half brother to Emil on his father's side, had been hitting the fast-and-furious for some years—out of one scrape and into another—and Emil had been the goat, coming forward regularly to save the family's honor. A week or so ago Claude got in a jam over a shady real-estate deal he had pulled off in Grass Valley. It looked like a long term for him in the Big House, and he wrote a frantic letter to his brother to hop on a train and bring his influence and money along with him.

"But Emil reneged. He wrote that letter I found on Claude, and the latter, realizing that he was headed south if he didn't raise the cash to buy off his victims, rushed down here to make a personal appeal. In desperation, he gave Emil a strong talk, telling him he was in business in Grass Valley and if the crooked stuff he'd been accused of became generally known it would ruin him. Emil was adamant, however, and a violent quarrel

Ten Thousand Dollars Reward

GOOD detective stories are scarce. Good love stories are none too common, either. And humorous stories are scarcer still. Readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE have been complimenting us on the exceptional stories which we have been fortunate enough to publish in each of these lines.

This month, however, we are able to announce a fascinating story that combines to an unusual extent all three elements——love, mystery and humor.

"Ten Thousand Dollars Reward," by Charles Wesley Sanders, is the most amusing and exciting detective romance that has come to our attention in many months. No reader who likes thrilling fiction can afford to miss it.

Watch the coming issues of McCLURE'S.

ensued. That was on last Thursday afternoon, in his brother's private office.

"That night, deciding to visit Emil at his home in order to renew his plea, Claude set out for the place. Gladys Roberts was bidding her mother good night at the gate, and as he came up he overheard her tell the elder woman to be sure the doors and windows were locked, as Emil had brought home a large sum of money which she had placed in the safe. It was dark, and the two women were standing back of some foliage which rises alongside the gate. They hadn't seen Claude. In his confession to the police, he says that he managed to crouch under the hedge where he waited for the girl.

"He followed her, boarding the same car she did, and on the way downtown he thought over the matter of burglarizing the house with her assistance. He concluded that the best and safest way would be to get her alone—preferably in her apartment—and, disguised so she couldn't identify him, force her to give him the combination of the safe and the key to the residence. For he cunningly reasoned that, since she could handle his brother's funds and since her mother was employed at the house, the girl must hold a position of trust which gave her access both to his brother's home and to his safe.

"Trailing her to the Keystone, he discovered the location of her apartment and found that its windows gave on a vacant lot. Then he climbed a standpipe to the fire escape. The bedroom window was open, but Harold Murtry had arrived meanwhile and was talking with Gladys in the living room, and Claude had to call his scheme off—particularly when the couple went out together a few minutes later.

"JUST why he searched the apartment I do not know. It was one of those curious acts which are performed, without apparent good cause, by men whose minds are criminally bent. Anyway he did. And the result was that he found the revolver which Murtry had purchased for Miss Roberts, and pocketed it. He waited for her in the dark apartment, but when it began to grow late and she had not returned he abandoned his scheme, deciding to try again the next night.

"On the afternoon of the murder, determined to track her to her apartment as he had previously done, he followed Gladys from the office to the Leblanch home. He strolled up and down Montgomery Avenue, being certain she would board the Montgomery Avenue car as she had the evening before. The Leblanch residence is on Lake Avenue, less than half a block from Montgomery, and he was standing at Acacia—the street this side of Lake—when Emil came along.

"Emil immediately began to question his presence in the neighborhood. Claude, taken by surprise—he thought his brother motored to and from the office—saw his plan of robbery frustrated, since the mere fact that Emil suspected him of wrong-doing was sufficient to fasten the crime on him. Nothing was left for him to do but to square himself by telling Emil that he was waiting for him—and then he started to make a second plea for help.

"They began walking toward Lake Avenue, just as a car stopped at Acacia to let off some passengers. Harold Murtry was on that car, bringing Miss Roberts' fur which she had left at the office. He recognized Leblanch by the light of the street arc, but mistook Claude's figure for Walter Hooper—I did the same in the library—and, entertaining a dislike for his employer because of the latter's paternal interest in the girl, Murtry got off the car and circled the block to avoid meeting Emil.

"Claude's pleadings were in vain. Emil was one of those men who take a whole lot, but when they're through, they're through. Becoming desperate, Claude threatened him. They had turned into Lake Avenue and were approaching the Leblanch place when Walter Hooper came out of the gate and got into his machine. He did not recognize Emil—either because it was too dark or because he had been drinking—nor could he give the police a definite description of Claude. However, when Claude shot Emil, Hooper, fearful of being summoned as a witness, dashed away in his machine.

"AS you've probably guessed, Claude killed Emil with Gladys Roberts' gun, and deliberately dropped it on the sidewalk in order to throw suspicion on her. Then he darted into the Leblanch driveway and hid in the shrubbery of the garden as the girl ran to the assistance of the dying man.

"As for Harold Murtry, after circling the block, he rounded the corner into Lake Avenue in time to see Gladys fall fainting over the body. Finding the revolver and knowing that it was the one he had purchased for her, he concluded that the girl had killed Leblanch. No one had heard the shot—the neighborhood was at dinner—and he carried her to the veranda. Then, putting the gun in his pocket, he decided that if it came to a showdown he would shield the girl by confessing to the murder. He hurried away down Montgomery to Acacia and met Hooper, who drove him downtown. When Hooper read about the murder next morning he went to the police, and Murtry was arrested.

"Just a few more points: Claude Leblanch went into hiding after the killing. The longer he thought about his safety, the greater became his fear that Gladys Roberts might have heard Emil and him quarreling, and that she would go to the authorities with her story, causing an investigation which, by some turn of fate, might fasten the murder on him. This obsession it was which moved him to warn her by telephone.

"Also, the sum of money which he had heard was in the safe began to engross his attention. He decided to carry out his original scheme of forcing Gladys to give him the combination and key to the house.

"EARLY this evening he again climbed the standpipe to the fire escape. Miss Roberts, who had recently moved from the Carmelita Apartments to the Keystone—which accounts for the fact that her whereabouts were unknown to the police—was waiting for me to call.

"With the aid of his jackknife, Claude slid aside the fastening of the bedroom window, climbed in, locked the window again, and, wrapping a handkerchief about his face, prepared to confront her in the living room, just about the time I rang the bell. He listened to our talk. Although her story pointed to Hooper as the murderer of Emil Leblanch, Claude made up his mind to go through with his scheme anyway. Picking up the fire tongs as he sneaked through the dining room, he turned out the light to escape recognition, and laid me out. Then, at the point of a revolver, he forced Miss Roberts to accompany him to the Leblanch residence—he was afraid that the noise I had made when he bowled me over with the fire tongs would cause somebody to investigate. They kept to the dark and quiet streets and at last reached the dwelling. Terrified lest he shoot her, the girl unlocked the door for him." I ceased speaking.

"Marvelous, Mr. Manning! Positively amazing!" R. Kipling Smith, the cub reporter, beamed admiringly.

"Not nearly so marvelous or amazing as that five-dollar raise, eh, Lest?" said Barnacles Thurston.

"I'll tell the lopsided world!" I grinned, lighting a cigarette. "Another cup of java, Jake," I added to the fat restaurateur, who went waddling by just then.

New arrivals entering Bilibid Prison, in Manila—where the justice accorded the prisoners is tempered with sympathy

Our Prisons in the Philippines

Where the Ancient Torture Chambers of Spanish Days Have Become Models of Penal Reform

By Philip Kerby

THE eminent British economist, John Stuart Mill, once wrote: "Show me a nation with an effective prison system, which deals justly, efficiently, and sympathetically with the commission of crime, and I will in turn show you an enlightened nation, which has proceeded far along the path of progress."

Thomas Mott Osborne, the originator of the Honor System and Welfare Society at Sing Sing and former warden of the New York State penitentiary, wrote a short treatise in 1916 on prison reform, in which he outlined the ideal prison of the future. He stated that sociological workers had discovered that crime and disease bore an exceptionally close relationship and that as soon as the physical disease was cured the instincts for the commission of crime would be eliminated. He also believed that in the prisons of the future the Honor System would come to play a great part, and that the prisoners would be made to feel the mutual responsibility they bore to each other and to society at large.

It seems curious that Americans should turn toward their distant island possessions—the Philippines—to learn practical prison reform. And yet every year several commissions travel to the Philippines, not only from America, but from European countries as well, to study the problems in applied sociology which have been successfully solved there.

It is practically certain that Mr. Osborne did not have the Philippine prison system in mind when he wrote his treatise, since all his allusions are to ideal conditions of the future, yet practically every recommendation he made was at that time being put into practice in the Philippine prisons.

The layman usually thinks of prisons with a certain feeling of dread. He conjures up a picture of cold, damp, dreary walls, iron-barred windows, fellow humans, deathly pale, slinking past like animals in a cage. Prisons and their inmates are to him the epitome of the seamiest side of life—the side to be avoided at all costs. In other words, both to him and others of his stratum of society, they are horrible examples, and prove to be a deterrent to the commission of crime.

But how about the other side? Suppose a man commits a crime in cold blood, either with or without justifi-

cation. It may be his first offense, or, on the other hand, he may be a so-called hardened criminal. What opportunity is he given to reform—to lead a better life? His only companions are criminals, like himself, and his only occupation lies in thinking how he can escape—to revenge himself upon society, which has been unjust to him.

One of the most difficult problems which confronted American Army authorities, when the Philippines were taken for protection under Uncle Sam's ample coat tails, was the reformation of the prison system. Under Spanish rule the prisons were places of unbelievable horror. Torture chambers similar to those in vogue during the Spanish Inquisition were found on every hand, and a man was frequently cast into jail merely because he chose to have different political beliefs from those of the chief for whom he worked.

PERIODICALLY the United States becomes perturbed by a sudden crime wave. Elsewhere in this issue C. P. Connolly presents a startling article which reveals that in fact the United States is suffering from a *permanent crime wave*, of appalling proportions when compared with the records of other nations. Our failure to administer swift and unerring justice is one of the causes of lawlessness in the United States. But criminologists tell us that our prisons themselves are in part to blame, since they are all too often veritable breeding spots of crime.

Philip Kerby's account herewith of a pioneer work in prison reform—a prison system in the Philippines which is serving as a model for penal institutions throughout the world—has even greater significance for the United States, if read in the light of Mr. Connolly's amazing and illuminating article.

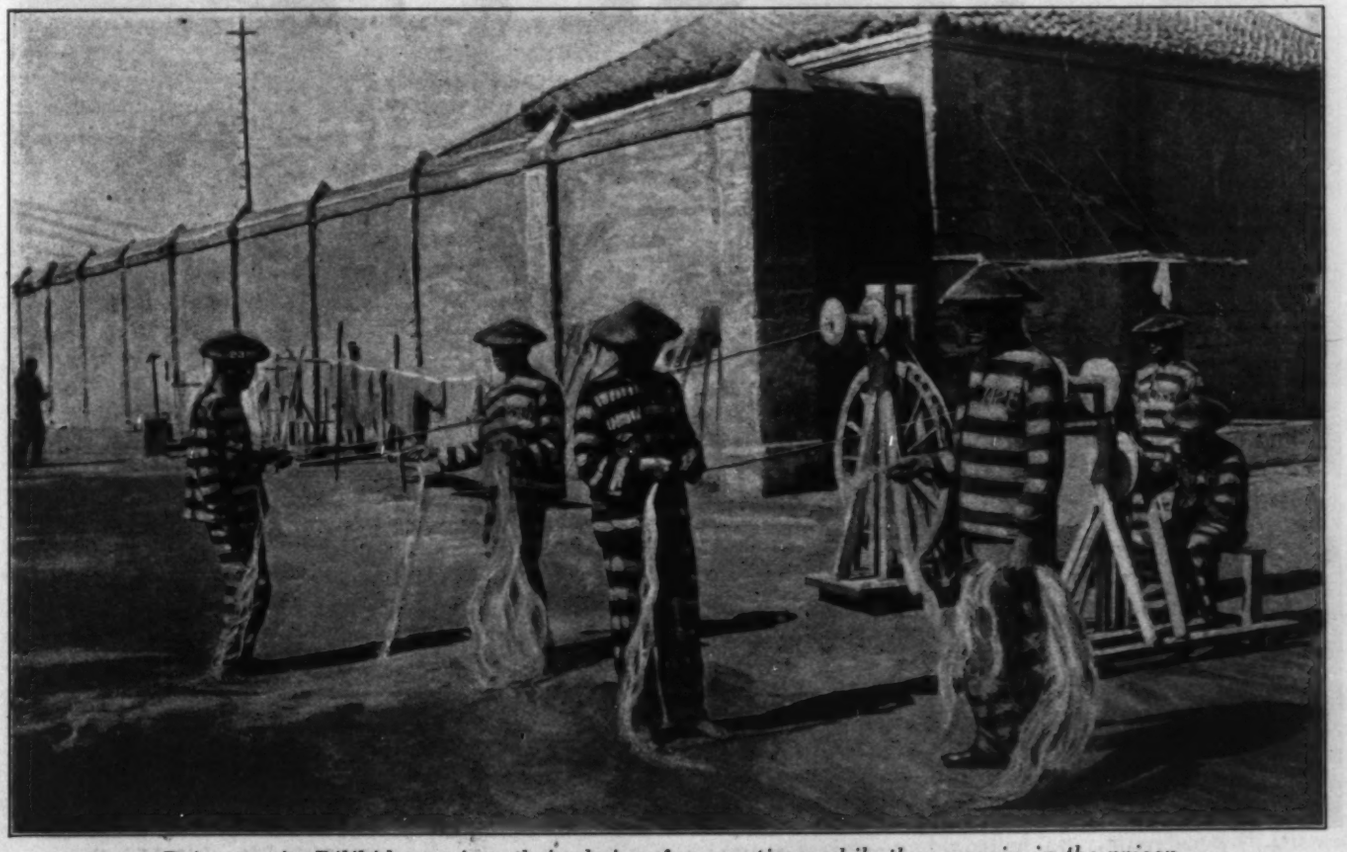
Americans Institute Prison Reforms

WITH the prisons literal pesthouses, governed by a distant, lofty, and arbitrary grandee from Spain who exploited the prisoners for his own profit, it is small wonder old records show that suicides were quite the fashion. One of the first reforms instituted by the Americans was a sweeping and far-reaching house cleaning of all the prisons.

Political prisoners were accorded conditional amnesty and many others were accorded retrials, at which they were honorably acquitted. The prisons themselves were thoroughly overhauled and the remaining occupants were subjected to medical examinations, and then given treatments at the expense of the Federal government—heretofore an unheard-of procedure.

The reforms, however, were carried on over a number of years and the weeding out of undesirable personnel in prison executives was thorough in the extreme, so that at the present time—although it is by no means perfect—the prison system in the Philippines leads the world.

Let us consider, then, the three model prisons in the Philippines, in order to understand how they differ from similar institutions at home. In doing so, please bear in mind that the Philippines consist of some thirteen-hundred inhabited islands and some five thousand more which are rocky atolls, sand spits, or coral reefs forming the long scimitar called the Philippine Archipelago, lying some six hundred miles off the China coast. I merely



Prisoners in Bilibid are given their choice of occupations while they remain in the prison

mention this fact, in passing, to give a rough idea of the difficulties of policing such a country. And the fact that it *is* policed—effectively and efficiently—is a great tribute to the Philippine Constabulary, one of the finest bodies of trained native troops in the world.

The three prisons consist of Bilibid in Manila, the San Ramon Penal Farm at Zamboanga, Mindinao, and the Iwahig Penal Colony on the Island of Palawan.

First Impressions of Bilibid

DURING my many months' residence in Manila, friends frequently advised me to visit Bilibid, but I declined, as prisons, reform schools, and similar institutions have always been abhorrent to me. However, one afternoon I chanced to meet Mr. J. W. Quillen, Director General of the prisons of the Philippines, who invited me to be his guest at Retreat—an invitation which I could not very well refuse.

While waiting for the director in the spacious "lobby" outside the heavy, steel-barred doors, I watched many of the squads of prisoners returning from their day's work on the roads in and about Manila. There was a jaunty military precision about all their movements, similar to that of an army returning from a long hike. They carried their shovels and pickaxes at "Shoulder Arms," but deposited them in neat piles before "checking in" for the night.

Several families of prisoners were waiting for a word with their relatives within, and the little children played about the open, palm-decorated courtyard without a trace of fear. At twenty minutes to five o'clock several parties of tourists drove up and obtained tickets to view the retreat ceremony.

A few minutes later Director Quillen arrived, returned the brisk military salute of the guards on duty, and led me through the steel doors into the prison courtyard. We ascended a spiral steel ladder to the second floor which topped the wall, then walked along a gangway of some three hundred feet to a tower which stands in the center of the octagon-shaped prison yard.

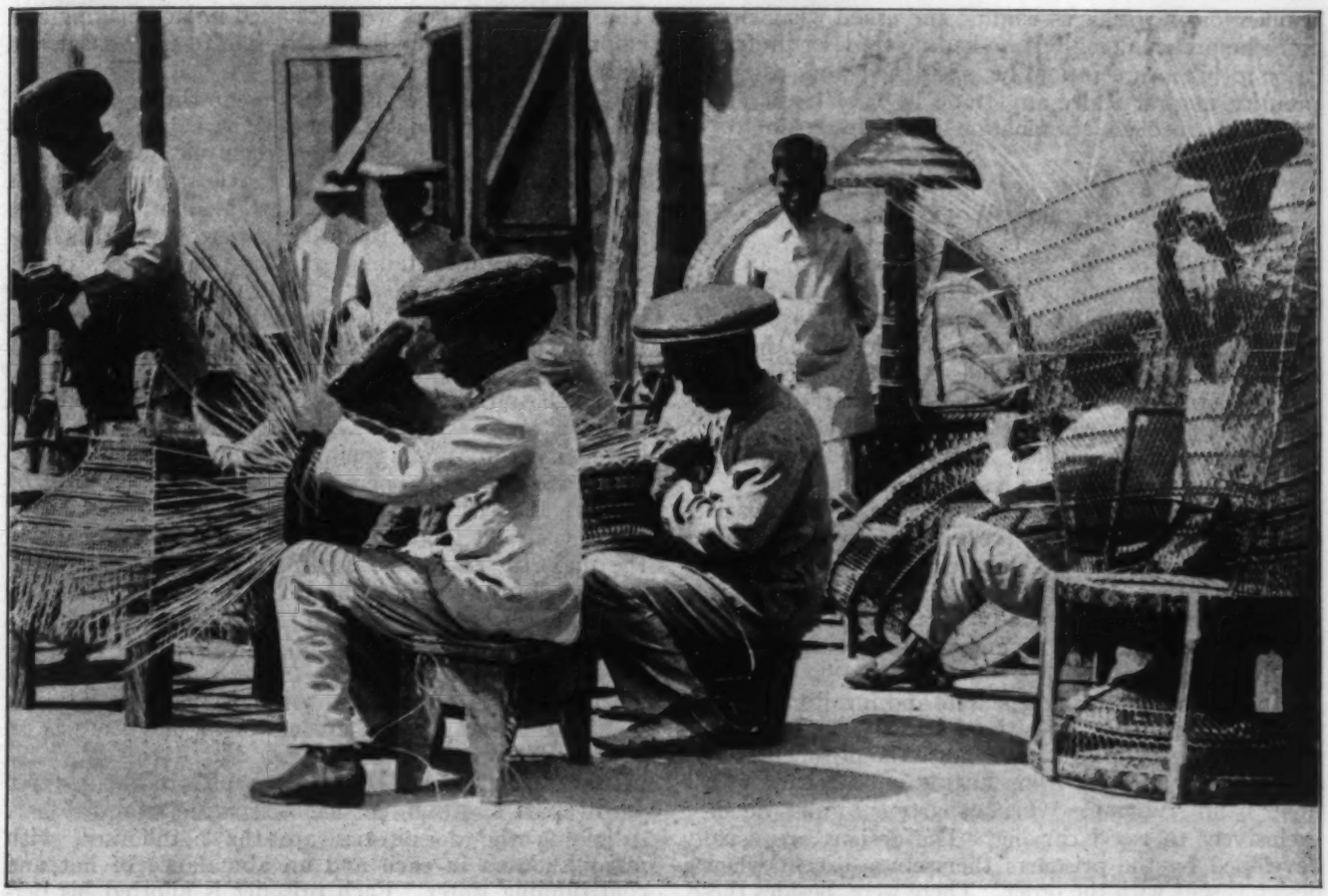
From this vantage point it is possible to see into each one of the eight subdivisions. The three sectors on the right are reserved as the men's "dormitories," while the fourth section is the broad, grassy parade ground. The buildings on the opposite side are devoted to workshops and administration quarters, while the spacious hospital extends lengthwise across the side of the octagon next to the parade ground.

"Retreat" at Bilibid

AT length the prison band appeared, clad in smart, light-blue uniforms; at their head was a drum major who performed all the traditional gyrations of his high office. The band itself was composed of sixty pieces, ranking in a class with the Philippine Constabulary Band, which won first prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

After the band had taken its place the prisoners marched out of their "dormitories" in military formation, and took up their positions, flanking the band and

The lace made by the women prisoners at Bilibid is in great demand among the housewives of Manila



The weaving of wicker furniture is one of the most interesting and profitable occupations at Bilibid—orders accumulating six to eight months in advance of production

oblique to the "dormitories." They were dressed in various uniforms: some wore stripes, others blue denim, and still others Quaker gray, depending upon the length of time they had served. Soon afterward the women—there were about one hundred and fifty—emerged from their dormitory. They were dressed in simple, gray, loose-fitting garments, not dissimilar to the Filipino national costume, and they wore, also, white 'kerchiefs over their heads.

After an interesting physical drill, in which the men all participated vigorously, the women performed several calisthenic exercises to the accompaniment of the band. A whistle blew and the picked drill company appeared on the field, marched and countermarched at continuous double time, making intricate figures. All this was done to whistle signals. Following this exhibition, two other detachments performed a flag drill to waltz time which was most effective.

At five o'clock three buglers blew "Retreat." Then the band played "The Star Spangled Banner." The first-class prisoners—those who wore the gray uniforms—were allowed to salute the flag, while the others remained at rigid attention. As the last strains were played Old Glory was slowly lowered from the flag pole atop the administration building—and the ceremonies were over. The prisoners then marched in company formation "by twos" to the big kitchen, and I returned with Director Quillen to his spacious living quarters in the Administration Building.

There I told the director that I understood at last why visitors to Manila made a special point of witnessing Retreat at Bilibid, and asked permission to visit the prison on the following day in order to see how the prisoners fared when not "on parade." He readily assented, stating that he was quite proud of the work accomplished by the prisoners.

Accompanied by Director Quillen, I made the rounds the following day, and my eyes were opened regarding the possibilities of prison reform. When a prisoner enters Bilibid he is committed first to the Isolation Ward in the hospital, where he is given a thorough medical examination—which includes not only an investigation into his present state of bodily health, but also takes into consideration the elements of environment and heredity relating to the motives and acts which resulted in his commission of a crime.

Admission of Prisoners

A BOARD of alienists determines his mental reactions and after continued observation makes a report concerning the prisoner's fitness for some particular line of work. Sometimes, in order to relieve tension on a certain set of brain cells a simple operation is performed, which removes the "criminal kink" in the prisoner's make-up, thereby restoring him to so-called normal sanity.

After completing the isolation period, the prisoner is ranked as "fourth" or lowest-class prisoner, and he starts forth on his career as an integral unit of a large family. Usually he performs two months of hard, physical labor out of doors in the bright sunshine—mowing the spacious public lawns, and assisting in repairing and policing the many walks and drives in and about Manila—and as a result is greatly benefited in health.

After a two months' probationary period, during which he learns the rudiments of military discipline, the necessity of obeying the commands of his superiors, he turns in his uniform of stripes and is accorded a suit of blue denim—overalls and jumper, with a broad-brimmed hat to match—and is called into conference with Director

Quillen, or one of his assistants, and asked what kind of work he prefers doing. If he had no trade or profession prior to his incarceration, he is assigned work as an apprentice at practically any trade he may select or for which his medical examination card shows him to be particularly fitted.

Bilibid's Workshops

BECAUSE of this careful selection there are few "square pegs put in round holes." But if the prisoner, after a month or two, shows himself to be disinterested in the line of work he has undertaken, he is recalled and given another choice. The object of this seeming pandering to the prisoner's likes and dislikes has proved highly efficacious, according to Director Quillen, since he must not only take an interest in his work, but he must also feel pride and responsibility in it.

During my inspection of Bilibid I visited the various workshops and saw how the prisoners were repairing automobiles and gas engines belonging to the government; how they wove the beautiful and artistic rattan furniture which is famous all over the East—so famous, in fact, that orders have accumulated six to eight months in advance of production.

In other shops were carpenters and furniture makers, wood carvers, gold and silversmiths. The furniture department was interesting because the prisoners did all the work themselves, from cutting off the bark to the final hand rubbing. One department was devoted exclusively to wood carving. The designs are usually developed by the prisoners themselves, except when a design is sent with the order. There were, besides these, a small brass foundry and an upholstery department. The women prisoners were occupied in lace-making and embroidery, which finds a ready sale to the housewives of Manila.

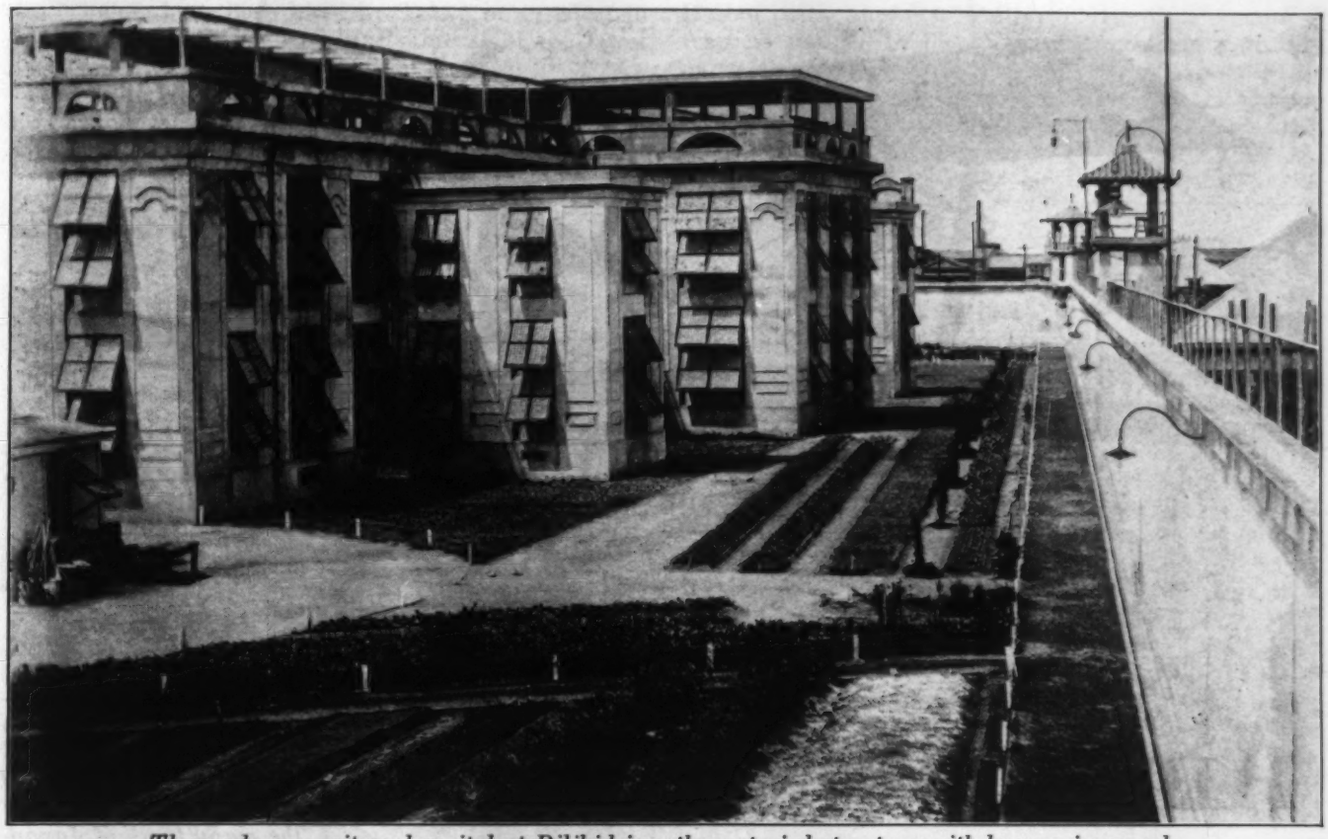
After leaving the shops, we went through the big, well-lighted, appetizing kitchen. I was just in time to see a big batch of bread—more than one hundred one-pound loaves—come out of the ovens; and, truly, it smelled better than the "kind that mother used to make." The walls of the kitchen were lined with huge caldrons, some containing steamy, flaky rice, others filled with fish chowder, and still others with the fish itself. The Filipino's diet consists largely of rice and fish, which to him are the meat and potatoes of Occidental nations.

The hospital—immaculately clean, with all the latest sanitary appliances—is a three-storied structure with large, airy wards and a roof pavilion for tubercular cases. There are two large operating pavilions, and a staff of doctors and surgeons are in regular attendance. The day I visited it there were less than thirty patients and the majority of these were cases of accidents—which spoke well for the general health of the prison.

The Model Dormitories

AFTER a trip through the "dormitories," corresponding to our cell houses, I could easily understand why the sick list was so small. These dormitories resemble military barracks. The cots are placed about three yards apart and each cot has a separate mosquito bar. Adjoining the dormitories are the bathhouses, with many showers in each and an abundance of hot and cold running water. Each prisoner is allotted his personal toilet kit upon which he prides himself. The

Expert gold and silversmiths at work in the silver shop at Bilibid—where no one is idle



The modern, sanitary hospital at Bilibid is a three-storied structure with large, airy wards and a roof pavilion for tubercular cases

dormitories are inspected twice daily, and, as a result, are models of neatness and cleanliness.

The only cells, as we know the term, are in a separate building at some little distance from the dormitories. These cells had only two occupants who were there because they had proved unruly, and could not be trusted with the majority of prisoners who appreciated the advantages of a normal community life. Director Quillen told me that considerably less than one-half of one per cent of those convicts who have passed under his jurisdiction during his fifteen years of service have caused disturbances which resulted in strict disciplinary measures, and that less than five per cent of all prisoners released have committed second offenses.

Prisoners Paid for Their Work

A PRISONER in Bilibid is paid for his work at practically the same scale as his work would bring in the open market, but four-fifths of this money is kept at interest for him until his release, when he presents his vouchers and receives the total amount due him. However, a constant check is kept on his progress and if at any time he is caught backsliding, or proves recalcitrant or disobedient to the strict prison routine, he is immediately declassed and fined a percentage of his wages. If his insubordination continues, strict disciplinary measures are taken, including a bread-and-water diet and solitary confinement until he asks for pardon, and agrees to mend his ways.

After a trip through Bilibid I believed that I had seen the acme of prison reform, and so remarked to Director Quillen. I found great difficulty in believing him when he told me that in many respects Bilibid was the least advanced of the Philippine prisons.

"Do not judge the work of prison reform merely upon the standard maintained at Bilibid," he said. "Although we have managed to cast aside many of the old prejudices here, we have done nothing in comparison with the work accomplished at either the San Ramon Prison Farm or the Iwahig Penal Colony. Here we had a nucleus to go on—the buildings were here and needed only remodeling—whereas, elsewhere, everything had to be constructed. We have merely put the most modern ideas into practice."

[*To be concluded in August*]

Shall We Cede the Philippine Islands to Japan?

TO do so would be our only alternative to letting her take them by force if she should some day attack them and our army were then in no better shape than at present. Herbert B. Mayer, who has had access to confidential army reports, writes for the August McClure's an eye-opening article on America's military unpreparedness. We have, he says, only one Regular Army regiment immediately and completely fit to fight in the field. No American should fail to take note of the significant facts in this forthcoming article.

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"Japan is the most advanced nation in aircraft in the Orient." The Japanese air pilot Kawanichi with one of the many types of Japanese military planes

Air Power and the Japanese

How They Are Building the Finest Air Force in the World

By Clifford A. Tinker

NATURE in an ironic mood freakishly, but cunningly wrought the islands of the Japanese Empire into a series of gigantic defensive stepping-stones. These stepping-stones, easily accessible one with the other throughout the extent of the Empire, stretch in scimitar-like contour from Kamchatka on the north nearly to Hongkong, China, on the south, thereby forming a rough-and-ready bulwark before the richest coast line of Asia.

If the upheavals of bygone ages made these islands a natural defensive barrier, a mechanical age—by introducing aviation thereon—has made them impregnable. Moreover, Japan is peopled by a prolific feudal race, and, were it not for the able and particularly rational minds which guide that race, those stepping-stones would become offensive bases with remarkable possibilities for conquest. For the wholesale adoption of science and the mechanic arts has provided the feudal race with a mobile fighting arm—aviation—an arm wonderfully well suited to offensive operations from such bases against such a coast as Asia presents.

Fortunately, the rational guiding minds responsible for adopting aviation as a means of defense are in no sense engaged in schemes of conquest. The recent withdrawals of Imperial troops from Chinese territory and from Vladivostok indicate the honesty of purpose of the Nipponese government.

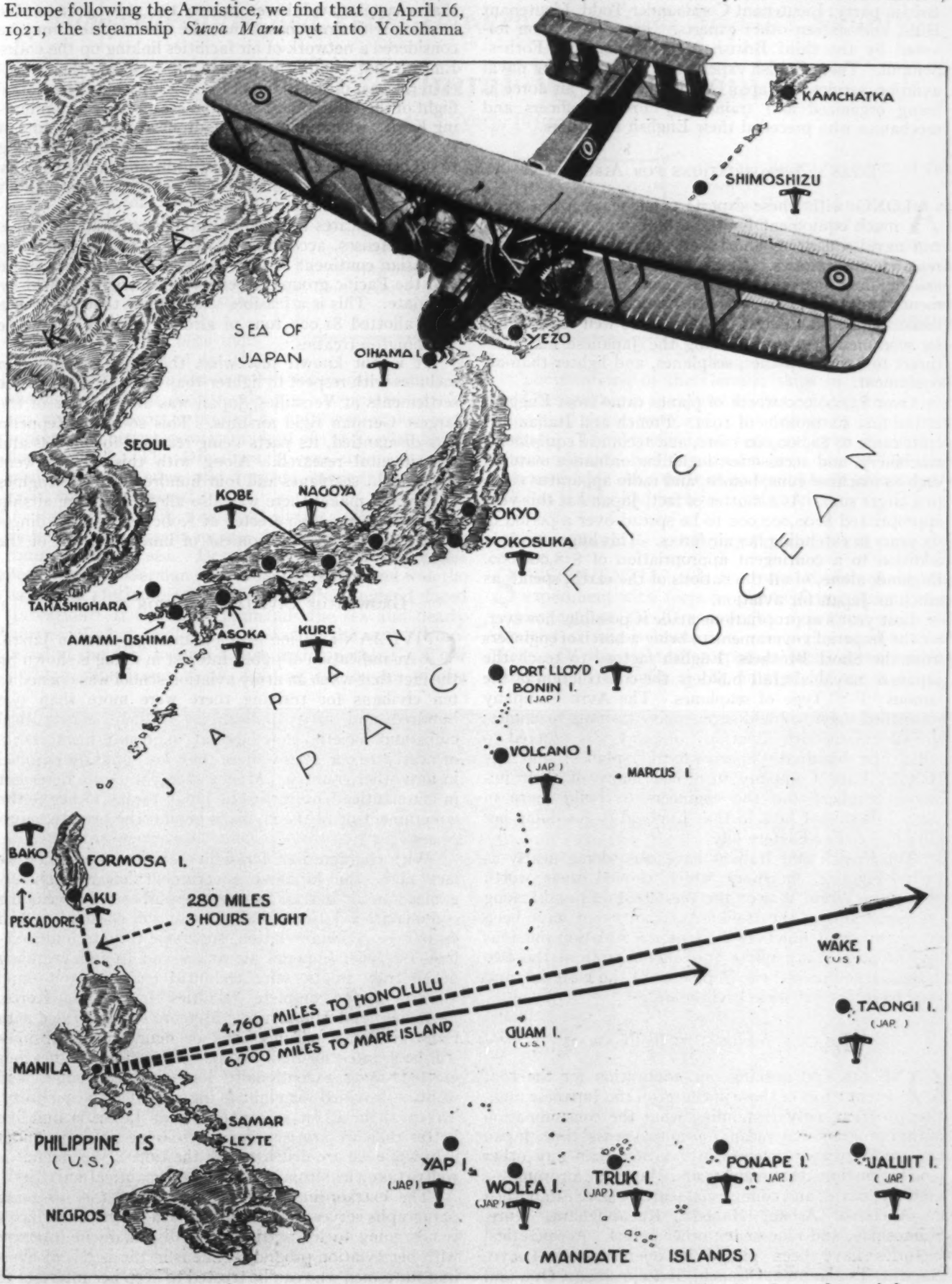
Yet Japan has been stung severely by the aëronautical bee. The most powerful aërial defensive establishment in the world is fast coming into being in the Island Empire. National disappointment engendered by the curtailment of the Imperial naval program through the treaties resulting from the Washington Conference is more than assuaged by the rise of Japanese air power. The truth is that this unprecedented military and naval activity has progressed to a point where recognized authorities on such subjects declare that it is making the Japanese Empire as nearly unassailable as it is possible to make it by the development of aëronautical armament.

For Japan has been—and still is—buying aircraft from all the world. Japan is building aviation bases at strategic points, is transplanting, *in toto*, aircraft factories from Europe, is training huge corps of pilots and mechanics, and is paying $750 a month for foreign mechanics to act as trainers and repairmen. In this respect Japan is showing the same spirit which has brought her from obscurity to her high place among the powers of the world—for Nippon has developed from a hermit nation to one of the five great nations of the times in the short period of sixty-eight years! History affords no parallel.

IF Japan pays mere mechanics $9,000 a year, she must be paying enormous sums to the British engineer, Colonel William Francis Forbes-Sempill and his British colleagues who are in charge of Japan's rapidly growing naval aviation forces. And not only has England been called upon for assistance, but many French, Italian, and German aëronautical engineers, organizers, and

expert pilots have been hired by Tokyo in an effort to steal a march on time and start abreast of the latest developments in military and naval aircraft.

As a direct result of the Japanese aviation mission to Europe following the Armistice, we find that on April 16, 1921, the steamship *Suwa Maru* put into Yokohama Harbor with the first British party of aëronautical teachers engaged by the Imperial government. In this party were Lieutenant Colonel H. Meares, Major F. B. Fowler, Major H. B. Brackley, Lieutenant A. L. Moton,



Map indicates actual and potential Japanese aviation bases. At top, a huge Handley-Page plane of the type purchased in England by Japan

Lieutenant H. W. Crisp, and M. B. Ford, Engineer—all British veterans.

A few days later, on the twenty-third of April, came the *Iyo Maru* from London to Kobe, with the second British party: Lieutenant Commander Todd, Lieutenant Hills, and sixteen other experts. These were soon followed by the third British party, under Col. Forbes-Sempill. These British experts are organizing the naval aviation service of Japan, while the army air force is being organized and trained by French officers and mechanics who preceded their English neighbors.

Japan's Appropriations for Aircraft

ALONG with these experts came many planes and much equipment for the establishment of military and naval squadrons and bases, stations, factories, and research laboratories. German engineers and scientists are building factories for the manufacture of instruments and accessories for both branches of the service, while British manufacturing plants are well represented by workmen who are teaching the Japanese manufacturers to build airplanes, seaplanes, and lighter-than-air equipment.

Over $5,000,000 worth of planes came from England in the first six months of 1921. French and Italian aircraft came to $2,000,000 more, and technical equipment, machinery, and accessories, including ordnance material such as machine guns, bombs, and radio apparatus came to a larger sum. As a matter of fact, Japan has this year appropriated $200,000,000 to be spread over a period of six years in extending her air forces. This huge sum is in addition to a contingent appropriation of $38,000,000. England, alone, of all the nations of the earth, spends as much as Japan for aviation.

Last year's appropriations made it possible, however, for the Imperial government to bring a batch of engineers from the Short Brothers' English factory to teach the Japanese naval aircraft builders the construction of the famous "F-5" type of seaplanes. The Avro Company was called upon to build seventy-five training machines; the Gloucestershire Aviation Company was ordered to build one hundred "Sparrowhawk" planes; and the Handley-Page Company furnished many of their immense bombers and the engineers to build more in Japan—it cannot be said that England is not doing her duty by her Far-Eastern ally.

The French and Italians have been doing nearly as well. Fighting machines which proved their worth during the World War on the Western Front and among the mountains of the Italian-Austrian Front have been bought in great numbers by Japanese aviation missions to Europe. Many pilots and engineers from the two nations accompanied the shipments of the material, and they have not yet gone back home.

Japanese Aëronautical Program

ONE can find nothing but admiration for the consistent effort of those in charge of the Japanese aviation program, notwithstanding what the consummation of that program may mean; for, in two years' time, Japan has made greater progress in aviation than any other land in five times that many years. Japanese airdromes—military, naval, and commercial—are already established at Akebono, Asoka, Haneda, Kagamighara, Kure, Shimoshizu, and nine or ten other points. Aëronautical factories have been placed in operation at Tokyo, Nagoya, Tsudanuma, Otmachi, Kobe, Akbane, Ota, and Marunouchi, and their products include every type of military and naval aircraft. These factories and stations are strategically located to insure rapid mobilization of aircraft and to facilitate replacement in time of war.

While a complete list of Japanese naval bases is unobtainable at this time, latest advices are to the effect that coastal naval bases are so tied up by favorable location with army bases that the whole system may be considered a network of air facilities linking up the entire Empire and ending in a huge air base on the southeastern coast of the island of Formosa, within three hours' flight of the Philippines. A Japanese air force is dominating Korea, with numerous squadrons at various points of strategical importance, and, as fast as possible, according to advices received at London, additional air squadrons under Japanese dominance will be set up throughout portions of the Asian mainland.

This indicates that Japan intends to establish ample aërial defenses, according to well-laid plans, embracing the Asian continent as well as the islands of the Empire and the Pacific groups either owned outright or held by mandate. This is a feasible scheme now that Japan has been allotted 81,000 tons of aircraft carriers under the Washington treaties.

It is not known just what the Japanese program includes with respect to lighter-than-air craft, but, in the settlements at Versailles, Japan was allotted one of the largest German rigid airships. This so-called Zeppelin was dismantled, its parts being retained for models and experimental research. Along with this airship went thirty-eight seaplanes and four hundred airplane engines of German make; there was also allotted a large airship shed, which has been erected at Kobe and is in readiness for the projected development of immense ships of the rigid type.

Growth of Civilian Aviation in Japan

CIVILIAN aviation is in a flourishing state in Japan. An indication of public interest in flying is shown by the fact that when an army aviation school was opened to ten civilians for training there were more than two hundred and fifty applicants. Civilian aëronautical clubs and societies now have an aggregate membership of nearly 20,000, many more than are similarly enrolled in any other country. Money seems to be no deterrent in aëronautical enterprises in Japan to-day, either to the government or to the civilians behind the private enterprises.

With characteristic foresight—an attribute which we lack here—the Japanese government has recently organized an air bureau for the sole purpose of developing commercial aviation. This bureau will consolidate and encourage civilian aviation, supervise private undertakings, establish Imperial air routes and Imperial landing fields, train pilots, offer technical training, and build airports with complete facilities in Japan, Korea, Saghalien, and Manchuria. Meteorological service with radio broadcast adjuncts will be maintained, subsidies will be granted for mail and passenger carrying, beacons erected along exceptionally long-distance routes, and utilities provided for night flying over selected territory. Taken all in all, it is apparent that Japan is building better than we are; she has a far-seeing program under way while we are drifting with the tide. We might do well to take a leaf from her book of aëronautical activities.

The extraordinary effort outlined in the foregoing paragraphs serves to give notice to the world that Japan is not going to let partial naval disarmament interfere with her aviation program. She is in the hands of hustling statesmen who can be trusted to keep her interests to the front in any matter, especially one so vital as the growth of aviation.

Is England's Sea Rule Passing?

How Submarine and Plane Threaten the British Empire's Security

By Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam

U. S. Navy, Retired

THE passing of sea power and the rise of air power, discussed in my article in McCLURE'S last month, give rise to a question in which the whole world is interested. What of the maintenance of the British Empire?

This empire has been built upon and maintained by the British Fleet. From the days of the Spanish Armada to the day of Jutland, British admirals have controlled the sea, and Sea Power, expressed in surface ships, has been supreme. The two-power standard of the English battle fleet sufficed. The Dreadnought was unafraid. The menace of the mine and torpedo, carried by surface craft, could be ignored.

But the World War changed all this. The submarine dethroned the Dreadnought. A surface fleet no longer commanded the sea. Despite the fact that England's fleet swept the German navy from the oceans and won the battles at Jutland and the Falklands, England faced starvation! If a nation commands the sea and nearly starves, of what avail is it to command the sea? "Command of the sea" in such a case means nothing! A few German submarines alone, fighting the navies of the world, clipped the wings of Sea Power.

THIS is the second of two important articles by Admiral Fullam, outlining the all-important rôle which the airplane, mine and submarine are expected to play henceforth in determining the balance of world power.

Air Power did not appear at Jutland. As a naval arm it has been only recently developed. To-day it dominates in naval warfare. Sea Power is absolutely dependent upon Air Power. It can be successfully exerted only through the medium of Air Power.

The bombing of the German ships in the tests off the Chesapeake, in 1921, proved this. At that time eight ships of all classes were sent to the bottom by bombs from aircraft. They could have been sunk or disabled in fifteen minutes, had the airmen been free to use their own methods! And these ships would have been equally helpless if they had been in fighting trim.

Need of a "Three-Plane" Navy

SUBSEQUENTLY, this fact was confirmed by the experiment with torpedo planes firing dummy torpedoes against the Dreadnought *Arkansas*, while she steamed at fifteen knots and vainly zigzagged to avoid them. Of the eighteen torpedoes fired, seventeen ran accurately and eight of the number hit the *Arkansas*.

Two eleven-hundred-pound bombs dropped by an airplane strike the water near the old battleship "Alabama"—a remarkable photograph made during the famous bombing tests off the Virginia Capes

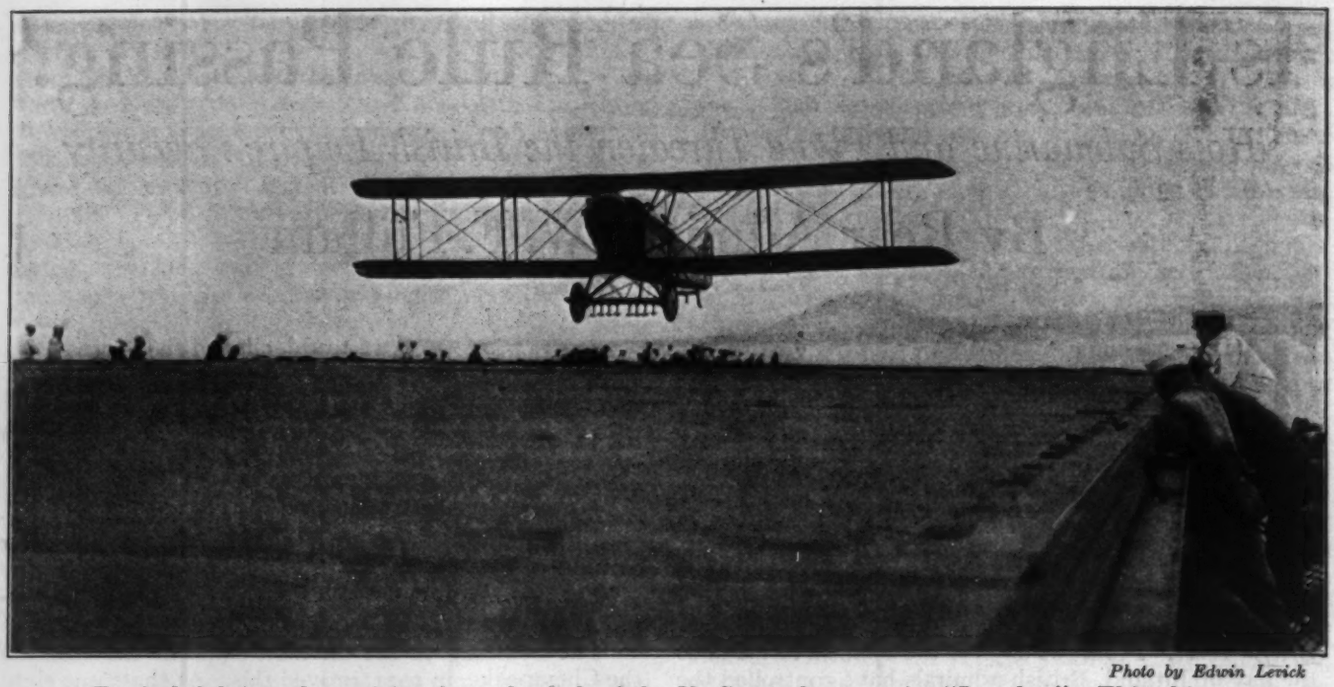


Photo by Edwin Levick

Typical fighting plane rising from the deck of the U. S. airplane carrier "Langley." This ship—our only aircraft carrier—is outclassed by British and Japanese vessels

The attack was an appalling success.

And the airplane will soon utilize a third weapon—the floating mine. It is futile for conservative admirals and statesmen to contend that a surface fleet can live or command the sea against a combined attack of submarines and aircraft using bombs, mines, and torpedoes.

It is as clear as a cameo that the victorious fleet in future must fight and be supreme on three planes—the surface, beneath the surface, and above the surface. "A Three-plane Navy" alone can command the sea, hereafter. And the force on the upper plane is the most important—it rules. The airplane, with its three weapons—mines, bombs, and torpedoes—not only dominates the surface, but it can attack the submarine! Of the three forces it is supreme.

The English Channel, the North Sea, and the Grand Fleet cannot protect England against an enemy in Europe or elsewhere, unless she commands the air night and day. Her fleet could not remain in the Channel an hour, in a war with France, if the latter commanded the air! Where could it go? What could it do if it were unprotected from above and from below? It is no longer England's first line of defense, nor her reliance in the offensive. It might better be in Halifax. It would be safer and equally potent there!

So much for the English homeland. How about her dominions and possessions beyond seas and her communications with them? Heretofore, a surface fleet has bound them together and brought them into mutual support in every emergency. It can do so no longer. No armada, losing control of the air above itself, can protect these lines of communication to-day.

Linking British Dominions

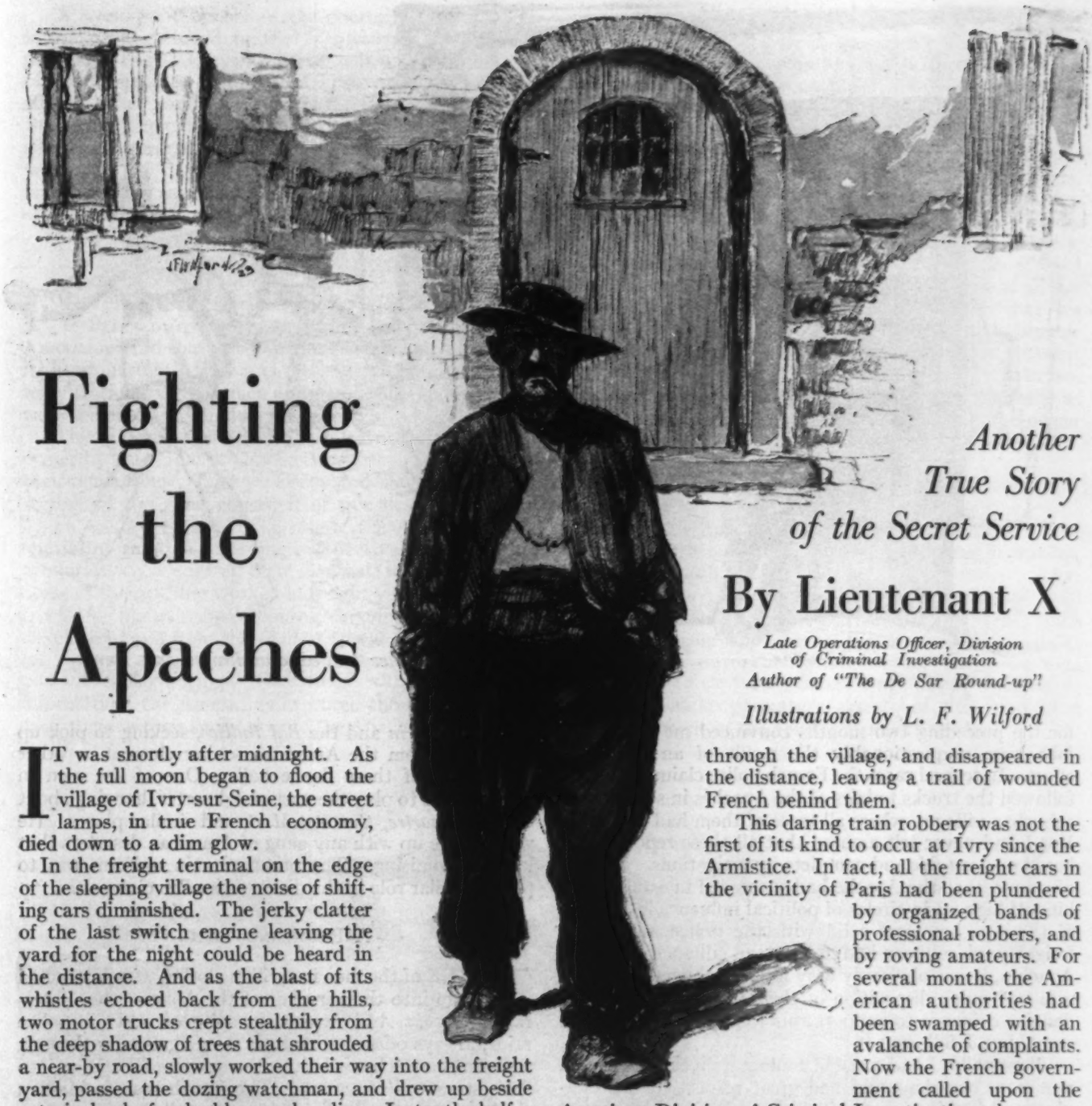
THE Mediterranean is the most vital link in the chain that holds the British Empire together. If that link is broken England's sea power can be carried to India and Australia only by way of Good Hope, or the Horn. The Grand Fleet cannot enter the Mediterranean or keep open the line through the Suez Canal unless it dominates in the air and under the surface of the sea every mile of the way. Since they are so much nearer this sea route, France, Italy, or even Turkey and Russia, with powerful fleets of small submarines and hundreds of airplanes, could threaten, if not smash, this chain unless their submarine and air bases were bombed into helplessness. Air Power will decide!

It is true that England's main possessions—Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India *can be protected locally from sea attack*—at least for a time—*if they maintain for that purpose strong defenses: mines, submarines, and air forces.* It is the linking up of these possessions with each other and with the Mother Country, over thousands of miles of sea, that presents the difficulty. A chain of bases will help, to be sure. But these bases must be within supporting distance of each other, *and air power must be ever present, to weld the chain.* Can England, for instance, maintain Gibraltar, Malta, and Suez air forces strong enough to command the air along this whole line and save the Canal?

England's Merchant Marine

IN stressing England's dependence upon air power, and the comparative helplessness of her surface fleet, it is important to emphasize the great value of her merchant marine. Every fast merchant steamer can be quickly converted into an auxiliary airplane carrier. By this means—and by this means only—can Great Britain hope to supplement the air power of her fighting fleet to such an extent as to control the air along her sea routes. Hereafter she must have a two-power standard of Air Power to give her security. A two-power standard on the surface of the sea would be a broken reed.

This discussion is all too brief even to outline the argument, still less to bring before the reader the available evidence that so conclusively proves the advent of a "Three-plane" naval era, as well as the domination of air power. All nations—not England alone—are interested in this subject. Their naval and military policies, as well as their statesmanship, are involved. The case of the British Empire simply affords the most striking illustration of a condition that will profoundly affect the dealings of nations with one other—their problems of living and their schemes of aggression, or of self-defense.



Fighting the Apaches

Another True Story of the Secret Service

By Lieutenant X

Late Operations Officer, Division of Criminal Investigation
Author of "The De Sar Round-up"

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

IT was shortly after midnight. As the full moon began to flood the village of Ivry-sur-Seine, the street lamps, in true French economy, died down to a dim glow.

In the freight terminal on the edge of the sleeping village the noise of shifting cars diminished. The jerky clatter of the last switch engine leaving the yard for the night could be heard in the distance. And as the blast of its whistles echoed back from the hills, two motor trucks crept stealthily from the deep shadow of trees that shrouded a near-by road, slowly worked their way into the freight yard, passed the dozing watchman, and drew up beside a train load of valuable merchandise. Instantly half a dozen men sprang from the trucks, broke open two of the cars, and, having selected their loot, piled it into the trucks. A moment later the machines, like two great gorged beasts, were crawling away into the night.

Suddenly a sharp report cut the silence as one of the overladen machines backfired. An awakened watchman dashed into the yard just in time to see the trucks disappear. One glance at the empty cars told him there had been another robbery. He blew his police whistle, and, as several gendarmes responded, pointed helplessly in the direction in which the marauders had vanished.

Realizing the futility of following on foot, the gendarmes rushed to the telephone and notified the police of surrounding villages.

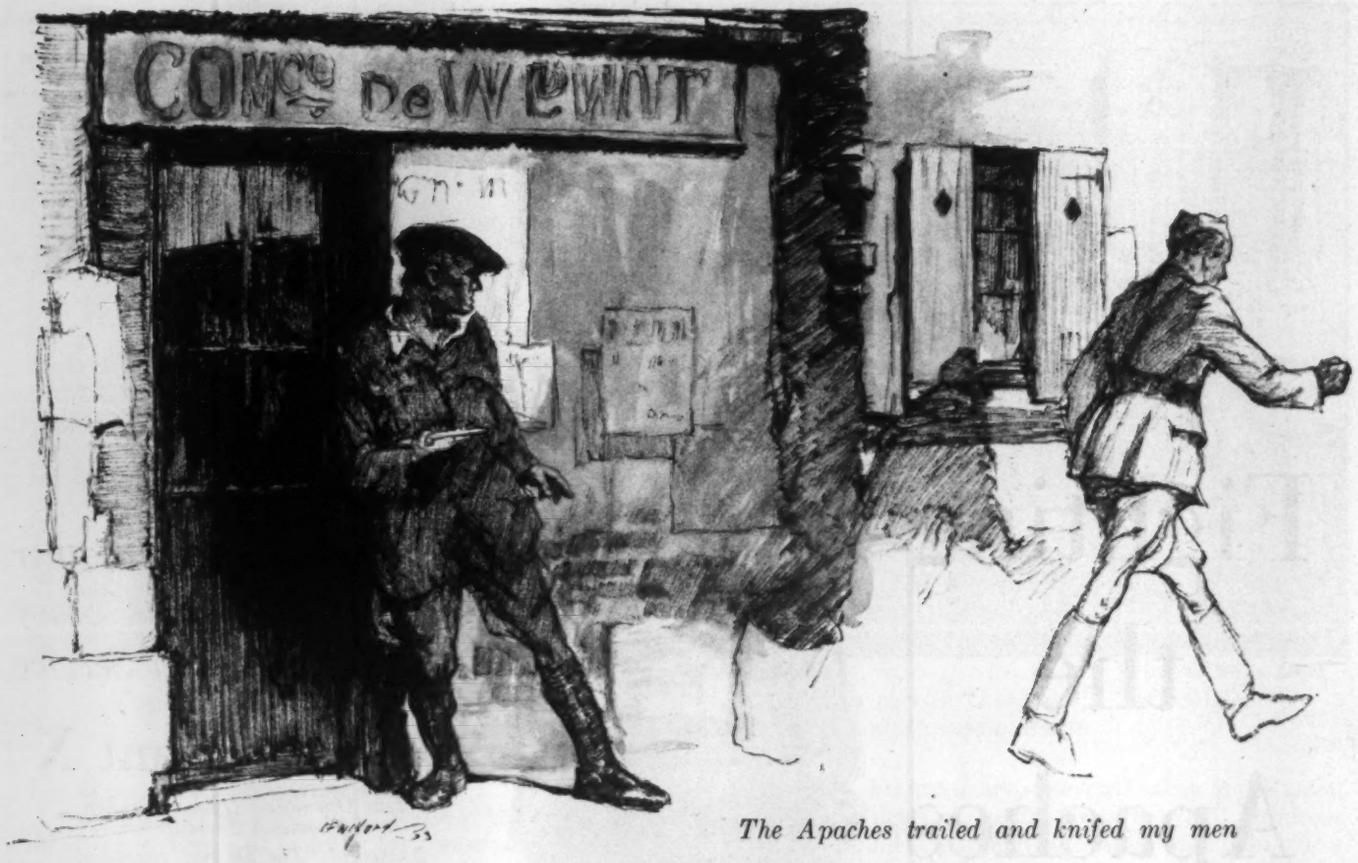
Nearly four hours later, just as the dawn was breaking, gendarmes at Laincourt heard the rumble of two motor trucks as they entered the village. Quickly summoning reinforcements, they attempted to block the way, but received for answer a fusillade of bullets from American automatics. The trucks sped past them, tore through the village, and disappeared in the distance, leaving a trail of wounded French behind them.

This daring train robbery was not the first of its kind to occur at Ivry since the Armistice. In fact, all the freight cars in the vicinity of Paris had been plundered by organized bands of professional robbers, and by roving amateurs. For several months the American authorities had been swamped with an avalanche of complaints. Now the French government called upon the American Division of Criminal Investigations, known as the "D. C. I.," to stop the depredations. On the morning after the Ivry robbery I received an order from my chief to investigate, take necessary action, and report. His order was supplemented by a personal note advising me that the French were much wrought up over the continued outlawry and suggesting that I give the investigation my personal attention as it was a matter of great importance.

A Blind Scent

IMMEDIATELY I sent several of my best men into the village of Ivry with orders to make a thorough investigation. One by one they turned in their reports, but in none of these did I find a definite clew that would assist in tracing the trucks or those responsible for the Ivry robbery. A blood-stained American overseas cap—the only link between the crime and those who committed it—was without a mark that would connect it with a definite army unit or individual.

A study of the complaints on all freight-yard robberies



The Apaches trailed and knifed my men

for the preceding two months convinced me that these jobs were unquestionably the result of an organized effort. In several cases the French police claimed to have followed the trucks to lairs of the Apaches in some of the suburban villages, where all trace of them had been lost. But I had never felt assured that all these reports were based on *bona fide* and complete investigations. I knew, of course, that the Apache had succeeded in establishing himself high up in circles of political influence in France. If the Apaches were solid with the police and if the freight-yard robbers had formed an alliance with the Apaches, it was obviously easy for the robbers to make a safe and quick disposition of their loot. There was no definite evidence to support this theory; it was a blind scent, but I followed it.

Personally, I had come in contact with the Apache on numerous occasions and had great respect for his cunning, and for his wicked skill with the knife. I knew that while he rarely gets involved in a hand-to-hand fight, he can wing a man with a knife at a distance of fifty yards on a dark street. I think the time in my life when my hair came nearest to standing literally on end was one night as I sat in a cheap French restaurant and saw an Apache from across the room suddenly pin a rat to the ledge behind my head!

Operatives are Planted

NOW, as I realized that I would have to operate in the Apaches' haunts, I knew that unusual caution was necessary to safeguard the lives of my men. From the list of my first-grade operatives I picked four men to operate in civilian clothes, two to work in uniform, and three women operatives. Then I carefully outlined my plans to them. The women were to work during the afternoons at the race track at Longchamps, returning to town in the evenings to work the cafés on the boulevards until about ten o'clock. After that they were to drift into the *Bal Tabarin* and the *Bal Bullier*, seeking to pick up some clew from the American soldier element or other frequenters of these dance halls. One of the men in uniform was to play the part of a deserter, hanging about the *Montmartre*, the *Rat Mort*, and similar places. He was to take up with any gang of American deserters that looked promising. The other man in uniform was to play a similar rôle in the dives of the *Rue Caumartin*.

A Promising Trail

THREE of the men in civilian clothes were instructed to go into the very lair of the Apache, the subterranean *Lapin Agile* which, in spite of periodic police raids, always offers its habitués a safe get-away through a dozen secret channels into the sewers of Paris or into dark streets blocks away. The fourth man in civilian clothes was to be the liaison between all the others.

A system for exchanging messages was carefully arranged. In secret-service work messages are passed in everything—from the flick of an eyelash to the core of an apple or the inside of a newspaper. The liaison operative was to be found at certain places at definite hours, to pick up messages and exchange instructions, if possible. He was to deliver the messages to me and receive instructable at the *Café de la Paix*, where I sat every evening from five-fifteen to six-fifteen, or at my hotel.

Of course, these hand-picked operatives knew the Parisian underworld and spoke French like natives. The women—I employed twenty-eight of them at one time—were of almost every nationality: Spanish, Belgian, Argentinian, American, and French women of the underworld. They were invaluable in cases of this kind. Obviously, it was impossible to know whether they were wholly trustworthy; yet on big cases such as this neither they nor any one except my one or two immediate subordinates ever knew all the details of the case on which they were at work.

A week went by before the operatives, working on information gathered in the *Montmartre*, picked up a promising trail. They ran across a lieutenant from one of the ambulance units whose Ford car had just been stolen. They were successful in tracing this machine to Beauvais, where they came across a "fence" who had purchased some of the loot stolen from the Ivry freight yards. A few days' work in this village developed the first clew that enabled us to solve the Ivry robbery and others like it.

Apache Headquarters Discovered

FURTHER investigation soon revealed that a number of Parisian Apaches were in collusion with a gang of Americans, and that this joint gang was making Beauvais its headquarters. Here was the central link in a series of relay stations, where stolen automobiles and merchandise were secreted and finally disposed of.

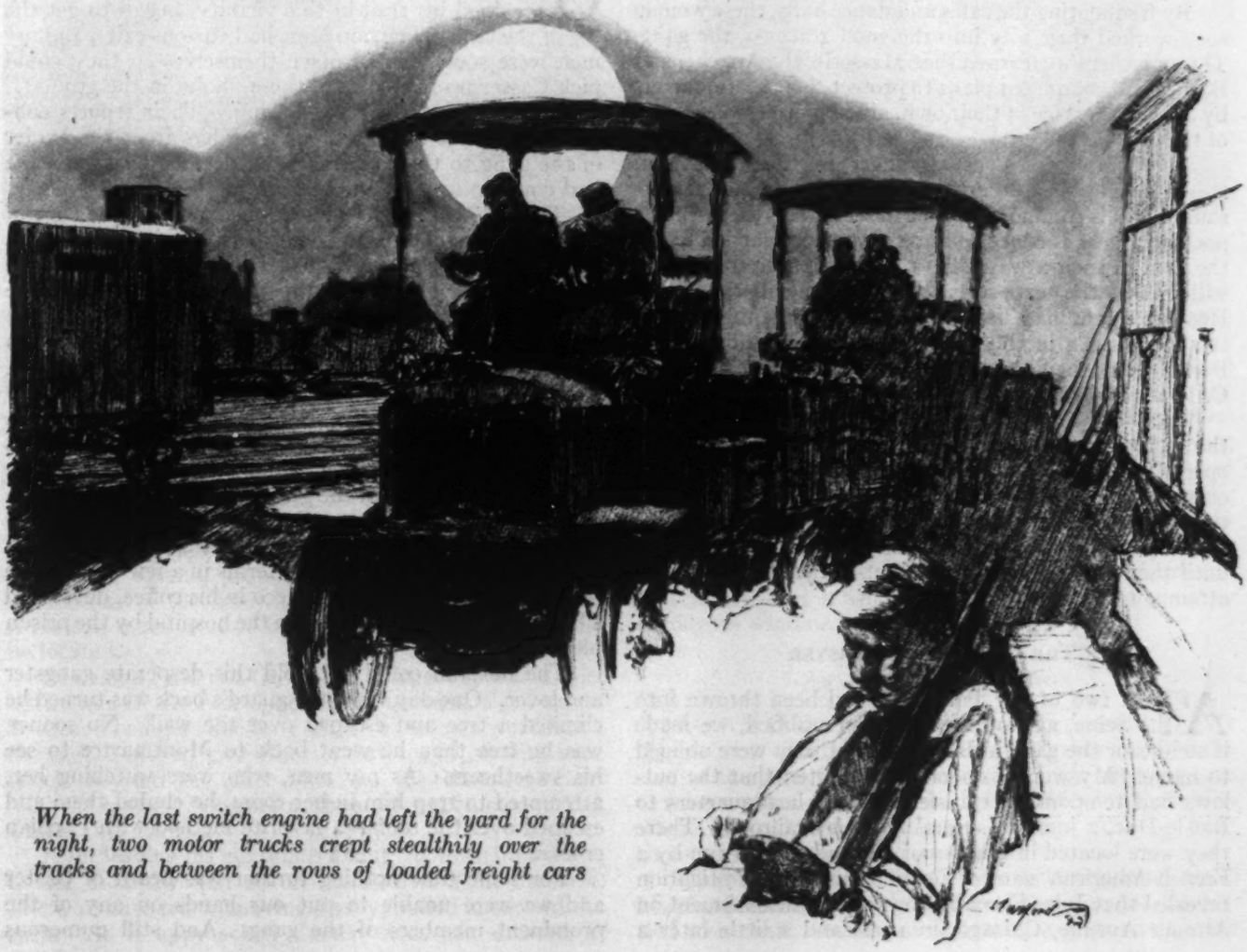
The leader of the Apaches, we learned, was a garage owner by the name of Gaston Masserie. His home was their rendezvous. Then we discovered that the American section of the gang consisted of five deserters, one of whom was a sergeant. The rôle of the Apaches was to obtain information regarding prospective loot and, from the inside knowledge at their disposal, to plan the jobs. Some of the Apaches worked in freight yards, some drove trucks for big mercantile houses, carrying valuable merchandise to and from the yards. It was a simple matter for them to supply information on the shipment of important consignments. Forearmed with this detailed information, the Americans executed the robberies with ease, turning their spoils over to the Apaches at Beauvais and other cities. The spoils were then distributed through the string of way stations.

We were just making good progress in the case when my chief called on me for a report. When I informed him of our progress, he told me the pressure on him was so strong that I would have to make some kind of a showing at once. Though I pleaded for time to complete the case before showing my hand, I was obliged to obey his orders.

Determined to close in on Beauvais, the following night my men and I raided Masserie's garage and home. We seized two automobiles, three motor cycles with side cars, and considerable other property of the United States Army, as well as an arsenal of firearms of all descriptions. Our plans worked so smoothly that we executed the raid without a shot being fired; but we rounded up only three Americans, in addition to Masserie and two of his Apache comrades. One of the Apaches, Edouard Lilen, was ostensibly employed by Masserie as a mechanic. The other, named Deserie, was the owner of another garage used by the gang.

The Prisoners Released

THE Americans I ordered held, but because of the peculiarities of the French legal system, it was impossible to confine Masserie and his comrades. After their Bertillon records and their photographs had been taken, they were allowed to go free until their trial. Such a system, of course, permitted the criminals to remain at large and to warn their confederates, whom we were attempting to capture. Imagine my disappointment at having to make premature arrests of this kind at a critical moment in the development of the case!



When the last switch engine had left the yard for the night, two motor trucks crept stealthily over the tracks and between the rows of loaded freight cars

After interrogating the Americans, I submitted my report to Headquarters. The report satisfied my chief and the French for the time being, but in short order the gang bobbed up again, this time more audacious than before. They were successful in releasing two of the Americans from prison before their cases could be tried, and I was obliged to go after them again, greatly handicapped.

The Apache Secret Service

FURTHER interrogation of the one remaining prisoner revealed the fact that the outlaws were known as the "Hennessy Gang." Although the gang took its name from one of the American members, in reality the leader of the American element was not Hennessy, but another American named Barnes, who stood next to the Apache Masserie in authority. Barnes was the brains of the group. He possessed executive ability and he was clever enough to transmit his orders through a subordinate named Caster. Hennessy was simply a figurehead.

Renewing the chase, we began to run against trouble immediately. Soon Beauvais became untenable for the D. C. I. operatives and for the members of the French Secret Service who were working with us. Two of my men were intentionally run down by automobiles in the streets, three were blackjacked and one was pushed off a high flight of steps, suffering a broken ankle. I withdrew all my men from the town and in their places I sent five women operatives. They arrived in Beauvais one at a time, establishing themselves in various occupations: one as a dressmaker, one behind the bar, one as a coffee girl in a café, and one as a chambermaid in a hotel. The fifth had the distinction of being simply a lady of leisure.

By frequenting the cafés and dance halls, these women soon worked their way into the good graces of the gang. Through them we learned that Masserie, the Apache, and Barnes had completed plans to protect their headquarters by a Secret Service of their own, aided by the sweethearts of the Apaches.

Photographs of every stranger in the vicinity of Beauvais had been taken—a task that is simpler than it sounds and is common practice in secret-service work. A pocket camera is concealed in a newspaper carried under the arm in such a way that a slight pressure on a bulb will make the exposure. Women members of the Hennessy gang had been provided with photographs of strangers taken in this manner. These they carried to Paris, where they frequented eating places near the D. C. I. headquarters on the *Rue St. Anne*.

Each day certain of the women were stationed near the entrance to our headquarters, checking up on our operatives as they passed in and out of the building by comparing their faces with the photographs. Whenever the women spotted one of our men they would signal their Apache companions, who immediately followed him until they could get him in an out-of-the-way place and attempt to do away with him.

The Trailing of Caster

AFTER two of my Paris men had been thrown into the Seine, and others had been stabbed, we made it so hot for the gang in Beauvais that they were obliged to move. My women operatives reported that the outlaws had temporarily transferred their headquarters to Bar-le-Duc, a jump of several hours by railroad. There they were located in a house of the underworld run by a French-American named Ferry. Further investigation revealed that Jules Ferry had owned an establishment on Armour Avenue, Chicago, in 1911, and a little later a restaurant and gambling house on Madison Street, which had been burned by Chicago gangsters. He had been arrested by Federal authorities and indicted by the Grand Jury of Cook County, Illinois. The Federal authorities had given him only a few days in which to get out of the United States, and he had left in company with Madame Sterns, who now ran a place in Nice known as the "Everly Club."

In Chicago, Ferry had been known as the "French Kid" and "Frenchy," but since his return to France he had assumed the name of Murphy and had posed as an American. Actually he was born in Nancy, France. He was now associated with a ring operating in Châlons-sur-Marne, Paris, Calais, Lyons, and other cities.

Realizing that the "French Kid's" wide connections in other cities were an important factor in aiding the gang to keep under cover, I maintained a continued surveillance, and one morning as Caster, Barnes' mouthpiece, left the Ferry dive he was shadowed back to Paris.

Caster had a sweetheart in the Montmartre section, close to the *Château Rouge* in the shadow of the *Sacré Cœur*. We soon located her and put her under surveillance. A cautious inquiry proved that she was confined to her bed with illness, and that Caster was a frequent visitor to her little apartment. How he made his entrance and exit was a puzzle to us at first, for he never was seen to enter or leave her house. Eventually we discovered that he had access to a subterranean passage which led into the house from a hop joint a few doors away.

Caster Is Arrested

OUR men, who had lost him time and again and had regained his trail in this vicinity, began to get the lay of the land. The hop joint had various exits, and my men were soon able to place themselves so they could pick Caster up from any of these "holes in the ground," and so continue their shadowing. Their reports convinced me that he was carrying orders from the leader of the gang to the robbers, and I decided that the time had come to arrest and question him.

The following night we stationed a car at the curb of a street near the apartment of Caster's sweetheart. It was about a block from his usual exit. As Caster left the building two of my men captured him, and drove him to Headquarters. When I started to interrogate him he burst into tears. Sobbing, he explained that his sweetheart was near death. He pleaded with us to send a doctor to her.

I arranged to have a French doctor visit the girl. Meanwhile, I counted on taking advantage of Caster's mental condition to draw valuable information from him. But when I put him on the grill he steadfastly refused to divulge any of the secrets of the gang. I had him confined in the Bastile, in the belief that anxiety about his sweetheart would bring him to terms in a few days. The following morning he put tobacco in his coffee, developed a high fever, and was ordered to the hospital by the prison physician.

The hospital could not hold this desperate gangster and lover. One day when the guard's back was turned he climbed a tree and escaped over the wall. No sooner was he free than he went back to Montmartre to see his sweetheart. As my men, who were watching her, attempted to trap him in her room, he eluded them and escaped over the roofs—a favorite method with Parisian crooks.

For some time nothing further was heard of Caster and we were unable to put our hands on any of the prominent members of the gang. And still numerous

When my men trapped him in the sick girl's room he escaped over the roofs

thefts of cars and merchandise were being reported. But at last we found the gang's trail again, and one night we recaptured Caster. Determined to go to the mat with him this time, I put him through a severe interrogation which lasted into the small hours of the morning.

The Kidnaping of Caster

TAKING advantage of his steadfast attachment to his sweetheart, I offered to care for her if he would act as my "stool pigeon" to assist in rounding up the gang. To this he agreed, promising to guide my men to the rendezvous of the gang in Paris, and to point out the American members and as many of the French as could be located.

Of course I did not trust him. I knew he would take advantage of the first opportunity to make a get-away. So after I had explained my plans to the men working on the case, I picked two other operatives to go with him. When they left the office with him, all three were carefully shadowed. Altogether, there were six men out with Caster that night.

After leading his guardians about the town for a while, Caster finally wound up on the *Boulevard St. Germain*. There an auto truck, moving slowly, pulled in toward the curb. As it approached Caster, five men dressed as French soldiers sprang off, jumped on Caster and his guards before they could get into action, threw Caster into the truck, and sped away.

The four operatives who were trailing Caster arrived too late to prevent this coup. One of them, however, had come up in time to hear one of the Frenchmen mention Charenton. Observing that the truck was headed in that direction, my men quickly requisitioned a car and arrived in the town of Charenton ahead of the fugitive machine. When the truck arrived they shadowed Caster and his captors to a small garage in the heart of the village. Quietly they surrounded the place. Darkness had fallen, and a single flickering lamp shone dimly through a window.

An Apache Inquisition

PROCURING a rope, my men climbed stealthily over the roofs of adjacent buildings until they reached the roof of the garage. Here, suspended from the rope, one of them was lowered over the edge of the roof to a position where he could peer through a window into the back room where the gang was assembled.

What he saw in the light of the flickering lamp made his blood run cold. In the center of the room sat Caster, tied to a chair. Surrounding him in a grim circle were

seven menacing Frenchmen, three women, and three Americans. An impromptu third degree was in progress. The massive form of the Apache leader Masserie, in bagging pantaloons and flaming red sash, glowered down upon the helpless form in the chair.

"Traitor!" accused Masserie.

In another moment the room became a chamber of horror—of desperation. Now they were stripping Caster of his shoes—his socks—his shirt. Now the outlaw chief drew his Apache knife, jabbed the needle point into the flesh of Caster's arms and chest, while he plied the accused gangster with questions. Now the other members of the gang applied lighted cigarettes to the victim's feet, his hands, and body. Now, helpless and nearly exhausted, Caster was pleading for his life making the illness of his sweetheart an excuse.

Sobbing, he was telling Masserie how he had intended to lead the D. C. I. men to the gang, only to help put them out of the way. But all his pleadings were in vain. He failed to convince the gang that he was not a traitor. They voted for his death. As he screamed for mercy one of the women produced a bottle with which she sought to disfigure his face so that he could not be identified after death—a favorite Apache trick. Before she could mark him, however, Masserie held up his hand to stay her. The Apache chieftain insisted that the members of the gang draw lots, in the true Apache way, for the privilege of punishing the traitor.

The Gang is Bagged

AT this point my sergeant at the window decided it was time to act. Suddenly he swung and crashed through the window, firing his gun into the room. This was the signal for the other operatives to break in. It was every man for himself. The fight was on. Taking advantage of whatever cover offered, my men closed in from all sides and, after a terrific hand-to-hand struggle, bagged the entire gang. They had saved Caster's life.

When the wounded had been cared for, all the prisoners were brought into Headquarters. The Apaches were turned over to the French authorities, who promised that they should pay to the limit for their crimes.

We now held all the Americans mixed up with the Hennessy Gang and we considered the case closed. We knew they were involved in crimes serious enough to have sent them to the gallows, but it is one thing to know and another to produce evidence. After a short confinement in the Bastile, they were tried and convicted, each receiving a sentence of five years at hard labor.

So ended their wild adventures as colleagues of the Paris Apaches. Caster's bitterest regret seemed to be his enforced separation from his sweetheart. Barnes, who had been an apt pupil of the Apaches, remained noncommittal and cold-blooded to the last. He was obstinate and eccentric in his habits, but unquestionably the brains of the gang. The other Americans feared him to such an extent that they would not testify truthfully against him.

Two of the Americans—Jones and Wilson—had been caught in the clutches of banditry like animals in a trap. Implicated at the outset in a robbery in which some one had offered to show them, just once, the way to easy money, they had sunk deeper and deeper with each succeeding escapade, and, in deadly fear of the Apache, they had never had the courage to get out. Hennessy, the figurehead of the gang, was a simple, illiterate mountaineer—a ready tool for Barnes, who made good use of his brute strength, by appealing to his simple vanity.

Masserie, the Apache, controlled the Americans through the sweethearts with which he supplied them. These women kept him informed of every action of their lovers, before whom they held the threat of Apache vengeance whenever the Americans questioned Masserie's leadership.

Secret Service Methods

SUCH was the type of desperado which our Secret Service coped with in France. They deserved little consideration, yet much misplaced humanitarianism has been expended upon them.

During the war the sympathy of the welfare workers who were allowed access to prisons and prison hospitals did inestimable harm. Often these well-meaning women were unconsciously the means of transmitting messages and of facilitating the escape of prisoners whose freedom was a menace to society.

Even to-day there is much sentimental agitation in favor of remitting punishment to imprisoned ex-soldiers, many of whom were only one jump ahead of the sheriff in this country when they enlisted. Most of them saw no more action in the war than they could help, and deserted at the earliest opportunity.

"Why," some readers may well ask, "did not the D. C. I. make short work of these criminal gangs in France?" The answer is that because of Army regulations—which make no distinction between criminals and delinquents—their hands were tied to a considerable extent.

While the real Secret Service executive is never a believer in "treat 'em rough" or third-degree methods, there is a certain type of criminal who reacts only to the fear of physical punishment. Effective work in handling such men is possible only when the Secret Service operative is permitted to take advantage of this psychological fact.

This must not be understood as a plea for brutality. Brutality was not tolerated in the Army at any time, sensational newspaper articles to the contrary. The Provost Marshal General's department did not even sanction the use of psychological compulsion against prisoners.

And yet what American—if he had gazed with my sergeant into that room of horror at Charenton and had seen with his own eyes the desperate cruelty of Masserie and his bandits—would have asked other than the sternest justice for American deserters in league with Apache knife throwers?

Stranger than Fiction

IN fairness to certain Americans in this article, who have completed their prison terms and may now attempt to turn over a new leaf, photographic evidence bearing on the case is withheld. For the same reason the actual names of the American bandits have been altered. Each article in this series, however, vouched for by the author as being accurate, is based on facts corroborated by official records.

The fascination of Lieutenant X's story published herewith is equaled by the next Major Russell Secret Service narrative—"The Gloved Hand"—to be published next month. Other true stories both by Major Russell and Lieutenant X will follow.

The Orphans of Stamboul

Child Refugees from Smyrna Adopted by American Bluejackets

By Graser Schornstheimer

IN the midst of the quaintness of old Stamboul—the Turkish quarter of Constantinople, whose crooked streets and distorted wooden houses have furnished inspiration for many an Oriental romance—stands one of the most interesting modern and representative orphanages in the world.

It is supported by American sailors—the crew of the U. S. S. *Edsall*, a destroyer of Admiral Long's European squadron.

The story of its foundation was sent to me by an officer of our forces now on duty in Turkish waters, and runs as follows:

"When the Greek Army first began its famous retreat from Anatolia and thousands of the civil population were fleeing before the forces of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the *Edsall*, commanded by Commander Halsey Powell, U. S. Navy, was ordered to assume the duty of station ship at Smyrna. Acting in this capacity, Commander Powell became the senior American naval officer at that port.

"The crew of the *Edsall* stood on the fantail of the destroyer and watched the rout of the Greeks and the advance of the Turks. At the height of the confusion came the great Smyrna fire, which wrought untold misery, killed uncounted Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, and shocked the civilized world. The bluejackets of the *Edsall* were ordered ashore to protect the lives and property of Americans and to render assistance to the unfortunate multitudes of men, women, and children who were dying on the sea wall, while making futile attempts to escape. It was through the untiring efforts of Commander Powell, who assumed complete charge of evacuating the refugees, that Smyrna was evacuated without tremendous loss of life.

"When the last destroyer load of refugees was being made ready to sail for Mytilene—that Greek concentration camp for refugees of which many stories of death, pestilence, and horror are told—four

When the boatload of orphans was once aboard the "Edsall," the ship's work was temporarily forgotten. All hands were busy doing something for the children

members of the crew rushed up to the bridge and sought to speak with the *Edsall's* commander.

"'Captain,' said the spokesman excitedly, 'there are about a hundred kids on that ship that's being sent to Mytilene. They haven't any parents and both the black gang—engine-room force—and the deck force have got together, and we've all agreed that if you'll let us take those kids back to Constantinople with us, we'll adopt 'em, pay for their keep, and give them an education. Don't let them send those kids to starvation in one of the refugee camps in Greece!'

"Commander Powell immediately dictated this signal to the outbound destroyer:

> Transfer all orphan children aboard your ship to the *Edsall* prior to your departure from Smyrna.

"In ten minutes the running boats of the destroyer were filled with precious loads of orphaned mites. Big-hearted bluejackets were lifting them aboard the *Edsall*. And some time later, when all the crying, terrified children were aboard, the ship's work was temporarily forgotten. All hands were busy doing something for the children. The commissary steward and his cooks were busy preparing bread and milk. The boatswain's mate had his men procure needles, thread, and canvas while he measured the kids for 'seagoing outfits,' as he expressed it, which consisted of canvas skirts and middies for the young ladies and canvas trousers for the male members of the troupe. The blacksmith, together with 'chips,' the carpenter's mate, opened up a toy shop, where jumping jacks and wooden animals were quickly manufactured. The gunners' mates, not to be outdone by the toy shop, constructed an unlimited quantity of whistles from empty rifle cartridges. But the most popular man aboard was the 'Jack o' the dust,' a bluejacket who hailed from the land of the potato, and knew all about them. With this knowledge, a little colored bunting, used for making signal flags, and some spuds, he manufactured real dolls, which received the immediate and rapturous approval of the young ladies.

Bluejackets of the "Edsall" with their adopted children who are being taken care of in a modern American institution in old Stamboul

"Two days later, with a deck load of children, the *Edsall* set sail for Constantinople. The trip from Smyrna to Constantinople passed without incident, except that young Themistocles Dapopulos, aged seven, and Karki Borjardian, aged eight, got into a heated argument for the possession of 'Minnie,' the ship's cat and mascot, and came to blows. The destroyer wirelessed its needs ahead and by the time it arrived in Constantinople a house had been hired, furnished, stocked, and provisioned, and was ready to commence business as an orphanage, supported by American sailors. This had been done by the women of the naval colony.

"To-day the orphanage of the *Edsall* has become a real American institution in the Near-East.

"Twice each month, on the fifteenth and the thirtieth, when the crew is paid, each officer and man contributes his share to the support of the orphanage."

Here ends the officer's narrative. It tells of only one case in which our naval men have represented their country over and above the call of duty. It speaks only of recent events in Asia minor, in which our Navy has upheld its traditions of kindness, protection, and honor, but it is an indication of the spirit of the American Navy as it represents us from China to Smyrna, and from Pole to Pole!

Dolls made of a little colored bunting and some "spuds" won the approval of the young ladies

Bulldog Drummond Rides with Death when Peterson Hits Home in the Most Thrilling Chapters of

The Black Gang

By Major H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by Don Ross

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

AT dusk of a dreary day, in a forsaken spot near London, a secret meeting of Bolshevists is rudely interrupted by the sudden appearance of a huge figure, cloaked in black, accompanied by other figures similarly attired. The terrified leaders of the meeting, after being questioned, are bound, drugged, and spirited away. Then the black-clad gang disappears—to the utter amazement of the police who are on hand to capture the Bolshevists, and who receive, at the hands of the intruders, the same treatment accorded the trouble-makers.

Chief-Inspector McIver, in particular, is outraged by the proceedings and reports the incident to his chief, Sir Bryan Johnstone, of Scotland Yard. Johnstone, interested in the Black Gang, whose activities had been brought to his attention before, determines to learn the identities of its members, and delegates this duty to McIver. Meanwhile, Hugh Drummond, known to his associates as "Bulldog" Drummond—of phenomenal strength and little wit, according to McIver—reports to Sir Bryan, whose friend he had been since schooldays. Hugh, it appears, had witnessed some of the events of the preceding evening, and had seen two of the men who, presumably, had been concerned in the drugging and capturing of the police.

While the three men are discussing the mysterious business Charles Latter, M. P., is announced and, on being admitted to the office, produces for Sir Bryan's inspection a warning note from the Black Gang which states that he, too, will disappear. Sir Bryan, puzzled at the tone of the message and somewhat suspicious of Latter, asks McIver and Drummond to accompany the frightened M. P. to Lady Manton's in Sheffield, where he is going for the week-end.

Upon leaving Sir Bryan's office, Latter visits Count Zadowa, a sinister-looking hunchback, whose henchman he is, to receive further instructions regarding the business which is taking him to Sheffield. In the midst of their conversation an unusual interruption occurs. The men are startled by the hooting of an owl, in the passageway outside. The Count, opening the door, sees a huge, motionless figure, which stares at him for a long moment and then disappears through a door, locking it behind him. The figure, to the Count's horror, is draped in black from head to foot.

At the house party in Sheffield, the Black Gang, having learned that Latter's business is the blowing up of a large factory, capture the men who are preparing the explosives and send them, also, to the "retreat for Bolshevists" which they are maintaining. Drummond then seeks Latter in his room at Lady Manton's and causes the M. P. to lose his reason, by threatening to destroy him in the same way he had planned to destroy the factory. A few days later Count Zadowa receives a telegram announcing the arrival from the Continent of his chief, who is apparently displeased at his failure to get rid of the Black Gang.

On the evening of that same day, Drummond inspects the Count's office—with the professional assistance of "Ginger" Martin, a safe cracker, and Ted Jerningham, a member of the Gang. While they are in the Count's quarters, they suddenly discover that they are being watched through an opening in the safe door, and immediately afterward a bomb is thrown into the room. Ginger Martin is killed by the explosion, but Drummond and Jerningham manage to escape, carrying with them a chamois-skin bag which had been in the Count's desk and which, they discover later, contains six priceless diamonds.

Meanwhile, Zadowa's mysterious leader, in the guise of a clergyman, has registered as "the Reverend Longmoor" at the Ritz, and with him is his daughter Janet. Soon after the explosion in his office the hunchback calls upon the Reverend Longmoor to relate the events of the evening. Instead of the approbation which he confidently expected from his chief, Zadowa's story infuriates the kindly appearing clergyman, for earlier in the day the Reverend Longmoor had placed six diamonds—stolen from the Grand Duke Georgius, of Russia—in the Count's desk, for safety. Warning the hunchback that if he does not recover the diamonds he himself will be destroyed, the clergyman dismisses the terrified man.

And then, struck by the coincidence that the leader of the Black Gang is a huge man—and that his first name is Hugh—both the clergyman and his daughter hope that he is an old enemy of theirs—Hugh Drummond—and that they meet him again.

CHAPTER 10

THE prospect in front of Count Zadowa, alias Mr. Atkinson, was not a very alluring one, and the more he thought about it the less he liked it. Either the diamonds were blown to dust, or they were in the hands of the authorities. In the first event he had the Reverend Theodosius to reckon with; in the second the police. And, for preference, the police won in a canter.

He was under no delusions was the hunchback. This mysterious man who signed all his communications by the enigmatic letter X, and whose real appearance was known probably only to the girl who was his constant companion, so wonderful and varied were his disguises, was not a person whom it paid to have any delusions about. He paid magnificently, even lavishly, for work well done: for failure he took no excuse. Even long association did not mitigate the offence.

With a shudder Count Zadowa remembered the fate of certain men he had known in the past, men who had been employed, even as he was now employed, on one of the innumerable schemes of their chief. No project,

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from the restoration of a monarchy to the downfall of a business combine, was too great for the man who now called himself the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor. All that mattered was that there should be money in it. Why he should be interesting himself in the spread of communism in England it was not for Count Zadowa to inquire, even though he was the head of that particular activity. Presumably he was being paid for it by others; it was no business of Count Zadowa's.

And as he undressed that night in the quiet hotel in Bloomsbury where he lived the hunchback cursed bitterly under his breath. It was such a cruel stroke of luck. How much he had dreaded that first interview with his chief he had hardly admitted even to himself. And then had come the heaven-sent opportunity of killing the leader of the Black Gang in perfect safety; of making it appear that the three men inside the room—who had no business to be inside the room—had blown themselves up by mistake. How was he to know about the diamonds; how could he possibly be expected to know? And once again he cursed, while the sweat glistened on his forehead as he realized his predicament.

HE had already decided that his only method lay in going down to the office next morning as usual. He would find it, of course, in the possession of the police, and would be told what had happened. And then he would have to trust to luck to discover what he could. Perhaps—and at the thought he almost started to dress again—perhaps the desk was not utterly ruined. Perhaps the diamonds were there, even now, in the secret drawer. And then he realized that if he went to his office at two o'clock in the morning, it would look suspicious. No; waiting was the only possibility. And so Count Zadowa waited. He even went so far as to get into bed, but Count Zadowa did not sleep.

Punctually at half-past nine the next morning he arrived at 5 Green Street. As he had expected, a constable was standing at the door.

"Who are you, sir?" The policeman was barring his entrance.

"My name is Atkinson," said the Count, with well-feigned surprise. "May I ask what you're doing here?"

"Haven't you heard, sir?" said the constable. "There was a bomb outrage here last night. In your office upstairs."

"A bomb outrage?" Mr. Atkinson gazed at the constable in amazement, and a loafer standing by began to laugh.

"Not 'arf, guv'nor," he remarked cheerfully. "The 'ole ruddy place is gone to blazes."

"You dry up!" admonished the policeman. "Move along, can't you?"

"Orl rite, orl rite," grumbled the other, shambling off. "Not allowed to live soon, we won't be."

"You'd better go up, sir," continued the constable. "The inspector is upstairs."

Mr. Atkinson needed no second invitation. Taking no notice of the half-dozen clerks who had gathered in a little group to discuss the affair, he walked down the passage into his own room. And the scene that met his eyes reflected credit on the manufacturer of the bomb. Viewed by the light of day which came streaming in through the great hole in the wall, the ruin was complete. In the center—and it was there Mr. Atkinson's eyes strayed continually even while he was acknowledging the greetings of the inspector—stood the remnants of the desk. And as he looked at it any faint hope he may have cherished vanished completely. It was literally split to pieces in every direction; there was not left a hiding place for a pea, much less a bag of diamonds.

"Not much in the office, sir, which was lucky for you."

The inspector was speaking and Mr. Atkinson pulled himself together. He had a part to play, and, whatever happened, no suspicions must be aroused.

"I feel quite staggered, inspector." His glance traveled to a sinister-looking heap in the corner—a heap roughly covered with an old rug. The wall above it was stained a dull red, and from under the rug stretched out two long streams of the same color—streams which were not yet dry. "What on earth has happened?"

"There seems very little doubt about that, sir," remarked the inspector. "I have reconstructed the whole thing with the help of your clerk here—Mr. Cohen. It appears that last night about twelve o'clock three men entered your office downstairs. They bound and gagged Cohen—and then they came on up here. Evidently their idea was burglary. What happened, then, of course, it is hard to say exactly. Presumably they started using explosive to force your safe, and explosive is funny stuff even for the expert." The inspector waved a hand at the heap in the corner. "And he—poor devil, was quite an expert in his way. One of the three men, Mr. Atkinson—or what's left of him—Ginger Martin, an old friend of mine."

For a moment Mr. Atkinson's heart stood still. One of the three men! Then, where in heaven's name were the other two? Surely, they, too, had been killed!

"One of the three, inspector," he said at length, steadying his voice. "But what happened to the others?"

"That is the amazing thing, sir," answered the inspector. "Though three men entered the office downstairs, only Martin can have been in here at the time of the explosion." He pulled back the blood-stained rug, and with a shudder Mr. Atkinson contemplated what was underneath. He

recognized the face; sure enough, it was the man who had run round the room when he found himself trapped. But there was no trace of any one else. The mangled remnants had formed one man and one man only. Then what, he reflected again—what had become of the other two? He knew they had been in there at the time of the explosion, and as he vaguely listened to the inspector's voice his mind was busy with this new development.

They had been in there—the leader of the Black Gang and one of his pals. There was no trace of them now. Wherefore, somehow, by some miraculous means they must have escaped, and the soul of Count Zadowa grew sick within him. Not only had the whole thing been useless and unnecessary—not only had he incurred the wrath of his own leader and unwelcome attention from the police—but, in addition, this mysterious being whom he had thought to kill was not dead, but very much alive. He had two people up against him now, and he wasn't quite sure which of the two he feared most.

Suddenly he became aware that the inspector was asking him a question.

"Why, yes," he said, pulling himself together, "that is so. I was leaving this office, and had removed almost everything of value. Only some diamonds were left, inspector—and they were in that desk. I have somewhat extensive dealings in precious stones. Was any trace of them found?"

THE inspector laughed grimly.

"You see the room for yourself, sir. But that perhaps supplies us with the motive for the crime. I am afraid your diamonds are either blown to pieces, or they are in the hands of the other two men, whom I have every hope of laying my hands on shortly. There is no trace of them here."

In the hands of the other two men! The idea was a new one, which had not yet come into his calculations, so convinced had he been that all three men were dead. But suddenly he felt a sort of blinding certainty that the inspector—though ignorant of the real facts of the case—was right in his surmise. Diamonds are not blown to pieces by an explosion; scattered they might be—disintegrated, no. He felt he must get away to consider this new development. Where did he stand if the diamonds were indeed in the possession of the Black Gang? Would it help him or not, with regard to that implacable man at the Ritz?

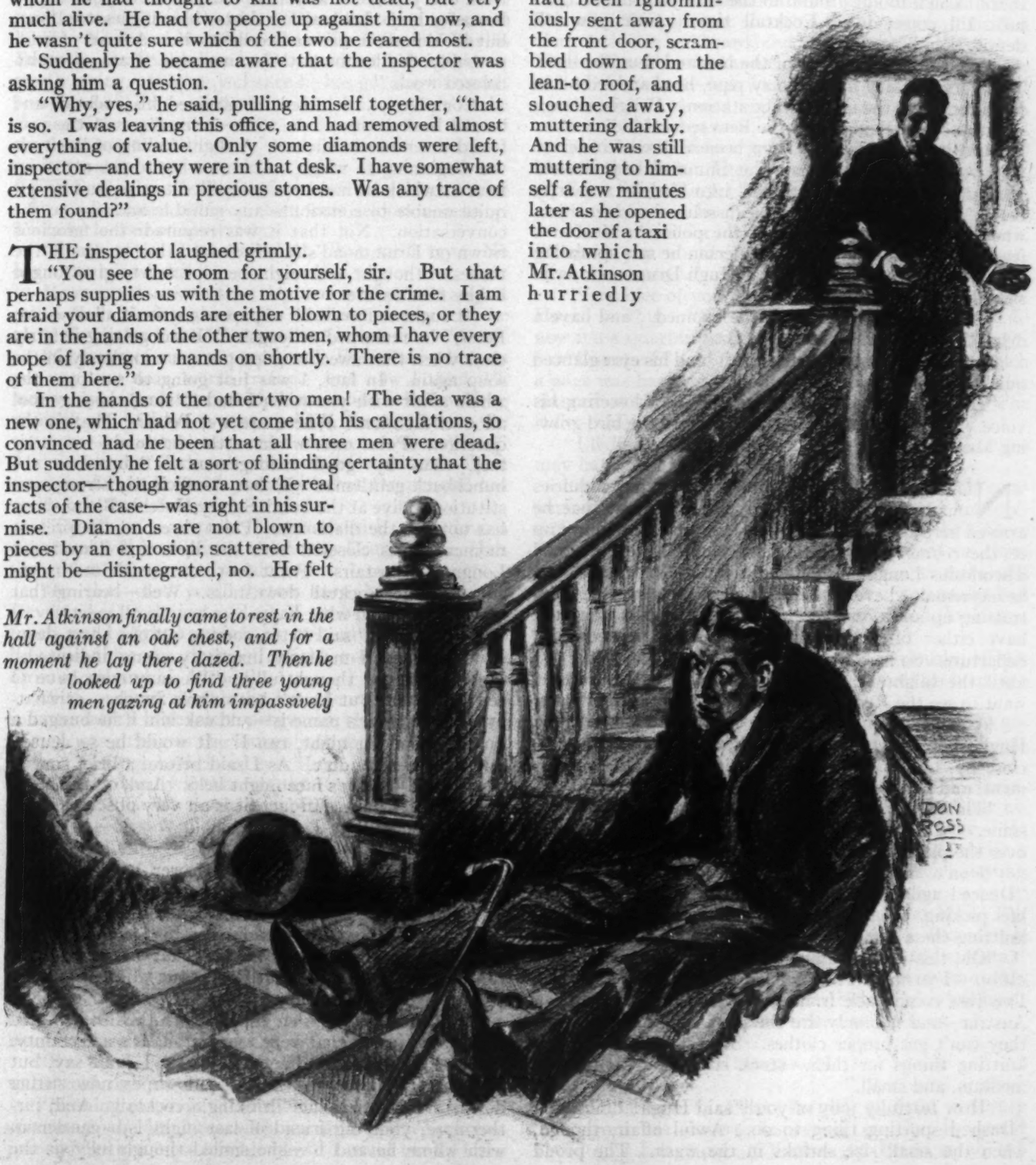
He crossed over to the jagged hole in the wall, and looked out.

"This has rather upset me, inspector," he said, after a while. "The South Surrey Hotel in Bloomsbury will always find me."

"Right, sir!" The inspector made a note, and then leaned out through the hole with a frown. "Get out of this, you there! Go on, or I'll have you locked up as a vagrant!"

"Orl rite, orl rite! Can't a bloke 'ave a bit o' fun when 'e ain't doing no 'arm?"

The loafer, who had been ignominiously sent away from the front door, scrambled down from the lean-to roof, and slouched away, muttering darkly. And he was still muttering to himself a few minutes later as he opened the door of a taxi into which Mr. Atkinson hurriedly



Mr. Atkinson finally came to rest in the hall against an oak chest, and for a moment he lay there dazed. Then he looked up to find three young men gazing at him impassively

stepped. For a moment or two he stood on the pavement until the cab had disappeared from view; then his prowling propensities seemed to disappear as if by magic. Still with the same shambling gait, but apparently now with some definite object in his mind, he disappeared down a side street, finally coming to a halt before a public telephone box. He gave one rapid look around, then stepped inside.

"Mayfair 1234." He waited, beating a tattoo with his pennies on the box. Things had gone well that morning—very well.

"Hello, is that you, Hugh? Yes, Peter speaking. The man Atkinson is the hunchback. Stopping South Surrey Hotel, Bloomsbury. He's just got into a taxi and gone off to the Ritz. He seemed peeved to me! Yes, he inquired lovingly about the what-nots—— What's that? You'll toddle around to the Ritz yourself. Right-ho! I'll come, too. Cocktail time. Give you full details then."

The loafer stepped out of the box and shut the door. Then, still sucking a filthy clay pipe, he shambled off in the direction of the nearest tube station. A slight change of attire before lining up at the Ritz seemed indicated.

And it would, indeed, have been a shrewd observer who would have identified the immaculately dressed young gentleman, who strolled into the Ritz shortly before twelve o'clock, with the dissolute-looking object who had aroused the wrath of the police in Hoxton a few hours previously. The first person he saw sprawling contentedly in an easy-chair was Hugh Drummond, who waved his stick in greeting.

"Draw up, Peter, old lad," he boomed, "and have a drink."

Peter Darrell took the next chair, and his eyes glanced quickly round the lounge.

"Have you seen him, Hugh?" he said, lowering his voice. "I don't see anything answering to the bird growing about the place here."

"NO," answered Hugh. "But from discreet inquiries made from the old bird yonder, I find that he arrived here about ten o'clock. He was at once shown up to the rooms of a gent calling himself the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor, where, as far as I can make out, he has remained ever since. Anyway, I haven't seen him trotting up and down the hall, calling to his young; nor have either of the beadles at the door reported his departure. So here I remain like a bird in the wilderness until the blighter and his padre pal break covert. I want to see the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor, Peter."

At that moment a ball of wool rolled to his feet, and Hugh stooped to pick it up. The owner was a girl sitting close by, busily engaged in knitting some obscure garment, and Hugh handed her the wool with a bow.

"Thank you so much!" she said, with a pleasant smile. "I'm afraid I'm always dropping my wool all over the place."

"Don't mention it," remarked Hugh politely. "Deuced agile little thing—a ball of wool. Spend my life picking up my wife's. Everybody seems to be knitting these jumper effects now."

"Oh, this isn't a jumper," answered the girl, a little sadly. "I've no time for such frivolities as that. You see, I've just come back from the famine-stricken parts of Austria—and not only are the poor things hungry, but they can't get proper clothes. So just a few of us are knitting things for them—stock sizes, you know—big, medium, and small."

"How fearfully jolly of you!" said Hugh admiringly. "Dashed sporting thing to do. Awful affair, though, when the small size shrinks in the wash. The proud proprietor will burst out in all directions. Most disconcerting for all concerned."

The girl blushed faintly, and Hugh subsided abashed in his chair.

"I must tell my wife about it," he murmured, in confusion. "She's coming here to lunch, and she ought to turn 'em out like bullets from a machine gun—what?"

The girl smiled faintly as she rose.

"It would be very good of her if she would help," she remarked gently, and then, with a slight bow, she walked away in the direction of the lift.

"YOU know, old son," remarked Hugh, as he watched her disappearing, "it's an amazing affair when you really come to think of it. There's a girl with a face far superior to a patched boot and positively oozing virtue from every pore—and yet, would you leave your happy home for her? Look at her skirts—five inches too long; but she'd make a man an excellent wife. A heart of gold, probably, hidden beneath innumerable strata of multi-colored wools."

Completely exhausted, he drained his cocktail and leaned back in his chair, while Peter digested the profound utterance in silence. A slight feeling of lassitude was beginning to weigh on him, owing to the atrocious hour at which he had been compelled to rise, and he felt quite unable to contribute any suitable addition to the conversation. Not that it was required: the ferocious frown on Drummond's face indicated that he was in the throes of thought and might be expected to give tongue in the near future.

"I ought to have a bit of paper to write it all down on, Peter," he remarked at length. "I was getting it fairly clear when that sweet maiden put me completely in the soup again. In fact, I was just going to run over the whole affair with you when I had to start chasing wool all over London. Where are we, Peter? That is the question. Point one: we have the diamonds—more by luck than by good management. Point two: the hunchback gentleman who has a sufficiently strong constitution to live at the South Surrey Hotel in Bloomsbury has not got the diamonds. Point three: at the present moment he is closeted with the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor, upstairs. Point four: we are about to consume another cocktail downstairs. Well—bearing that little lot in mind, what happens when we all meet?"

"Yes, what?" said Peter, coming out of a short sleep.

"A policy of masterly inactivity seems indicated," Hugh continued thoughtfully. "We may even have to see them eat. But I can't buttonhole Snooks—or whatever the blighter's name is—and ask him if he bunged a bomb at me last night, can I? It would be so deuced awkward if he hadn't. As I said before, a brief survey of the devil-dodger's face might help. And, on the other hand, it might not. In fact, it is all very obscure, Peter—very obscure."

A SLIGHT snore was his only answer, and Hugh continued to ponder on the obscurity of the situation in silence. That several rays of light might have been thrown on it by a conversation then proceeding upstairs was of no help to him: nor could he have been expected to know that the fog of war was about to lift in a most unpleasantly drastic manner.

"Coincidence? Bosh!" the girl with the heart of gold was remarking at that very moment. "It's a certainty. Whether he's got the diamonds or not I can't say, but your big friend of last night, Zadowa, is now sitting downstairs in the lounge drinking a cocktail. And, furthermore, your big friend of last night is a gentleman with whom he and I"—she smiled thoughtfully at the

Reverend Theodosius—"have a little account to settle."

"My account is not a little one," said the hunchback viciously.

"Amazing though it is, it certainly looks as if you were right, my dear," answered her father thoughtfully.

"Of course I'm right!" cried the girl. "Why, the darned thing is sticking out and barking at you. A big man, first name Hugh, was in Zadowa's office last night. Hugh Drummond is downstairs at the moment, having actually tracked Zadowa here. Of course, they're the same; an infant in arms could see it."

"Granted you're right," said the Reverend Theodosius, "at the moment I confess that I am a little doubtful as to how to turn the fact to our advantage. The fact is an interesting one, my dear—more than interesting; but it doesn't seem to me to come within the range of practical politics just at present."

"I wonder," said the girl. "His wife is coming here to lunch. You remember her—that silly little fool Phyllis Benton? And they live in Brook Street. It might be worth trying. If by any chance he has got the diamonds—well, she'll be very useful. And if he hasn't"—she shrugged her shoulders—"we can easily return her, if we don't want her."

THE Reverend Theodosius smiled. Long-winded explanations between them were seldom necessary. Then he looked at his watch.

"Short notice," he remarked, "but we'll try. No harm done if we fail."

He stepped over to the telephone, and put through a call. And, having given two or three curt orders, he came slowly back into the room.

"Chances of success very small, I'm afraid—but, as you say, my dear, worth trying. And now I think I'll renew my acquaintance with Drummond. It would be wiser if you had lunch sent up here, Janet; just for the time, our friend had better not connect us in any way. And as for you, Zadowa"—his tone became curt—"you can go. Let us hope for your sake that Drummond has really got them."

"There's only one point," put in the girl. "Zadowa's departure will be reported at once to Drummond. He's tipped both the men at the doors."

"In that case you'd better stop here," said the Reverend Theodosius. "I shall probably come up to lunch, but I might have it in the restaurant. I might"—he paused by the door—"I might even have it with Drummond and his friend."

With a short chuckle he left the room, and a few minutes later a benevolent clergyman, reading the *Church Times*, was sitting in the lounge just opposite Hugh and Peter. Through half-closed eyes Hugh took stock of him wondering casually if this was the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor. If so, assuredly nothing more benevolent in the line of sky pilots could well be imagined. And when, a minute or two later, the clergyman took a cigarette out of his case, and then commenced to fumble in his pockets for matches, which he had evidently forgotten, Hugh rose and offered him one.

"Allow me, sir," he murmured, holding it out.

"I thank you, sir," said the clergyman, with a charming smile. "I'm so terribly forgetful about matches. As a matter of fact, I don't generally smoke before lunch, but I've had such a distressing morning that I felt I must have a cigarette just to soothe my nerves."

"By Jove! That's bad," remarked Hugh. "Bath water cold, and all that?"

"Nothing so trivial, I fear," said the other. "No; a poor man who has been with me since ten o'clock has just suffered the most terrible blow. I could hardly have believed it possible here in London—but the whole of his business premises were wrecked by a bomb last night."

"You don't say so," murmured Hugh, sinking into a chair, and at the table opposite Peter Darrell opened one sleepy eye.

"All his papers—everything—gone. And it has hit me, too. Quite a respectable little sum of money—over a hundred pounds, gathered together for the restoration of the old oak chancel in my church—blown to pieces by this unknown miscreant. It's hard, sir, it's hard! But this poor fellow's loss is greater than mine, so I must not complain. To the best of my poor ability I have been helping him to bear his misfortune with fortitude and strength."

THE clergyman took off his spectacles and wiped them; and Drummond stole a lightning glance at Darrell. The faintest shrug of his shoulders indicated that the latter had heard, and was as much in the dark as Hugh. That this was the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor was now obvious—but what a charming, courteous old gentleman! It seemed impossible to associate guilt with such a delightful person, and, if that was so, they had made a bad mistake—it was not the hunchback who had thrown the bomb. They were up another blind alley.

For a while Hugh chatted with the clergyman about the outrage, then he glanced at his watch.

"Nearly time for lunch, I think," said the clergyman. "Perhaps you would give a lonely old man the pleasure of your company."

"Very nice of you, but I'm expecting my wife," said Hugh, smiling. "She said she'd be here at one, and now it's a quarter past. Perhaps you'll lunch with us?"

"Charmed," said the clergyman, taking a note which a page was handing to him on a tray. "Charmed." He glanced at the note, then put it in his pocket. "The ladies—bless them!—so often keep us waiting."

"I'll just go and ring up," said Drummond. "She may have changed her mind."

"Another prerogative of their sex," beamed his companion, as Drummond left him. He polished his spectacles and once more resumed his perusal of the *Church Times*, bowing in old-world fashion to two or three acquaintances who passed. And more and more was Peter Darrell becoming convinced that a mistake had been made somewhere when Hugh returned, looking a little worried.

"Can't make it out, Peter," he said anxiously. "Just got through to Denny, and Phyllis left half an hour ago to come here."

"Probably doing a bit of shopping, old man," answered Peter reassuringly. "I say, Hugh, we've bloomered over this show."

Hugh glanced across the lounge toward the clergyman, absorbed in his paper, and suddenly Peter felt his arm gripped with a force that made him writhe. He glanced at Hugh who was staring at the clergyman with a look of speechless amazement on his face. Then he swung round, and his eyes were blazing.

"Peter!" he murmured tensely. "Look at him. The one trick that gives him away every time! Bloomered, have we? Great heavens above, man, it's Carl Peterson!"

A little dazedly Darrell glanced at the clergyman. He was still reading the *Church Times*, but with his left hand he was drumming a ceaseless tattoo on his knee.

CHAPTER 11

"ROT, Hugh!" Peter turned a little irritably from his covert inspection of the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor. "You've got Peterson on the

brain. Why, that old bird is no more like him than my boot."

"Nevertheless, it's Peterson," answered Drummond doggedly. "Don't look at him, Peter; don't let him think we're talking about him on any account. I admit he bears not the slightest resemblance to our one and only Carl, but he's no more unlike him than the Comte de Guy was, that time in Paris. It's just that one little trick he can never shake off—that tapping with his left hand on his knee—that made me spot him."

"Well, granted you're right," conceded Darrell grudgingly, "what do we do now, sergeant-major?"

Drummond thoughtfully lit a cigarette before he replied. Half-hidden by a large luncheon party which was just preparing to move into the restaurant, he stole another look at the object of their remarks. With an expression of intense benevolence, the Reverend Theodosius was chatting with an elderly lady, and on Drummond's face as he turned back was a faint grin of admiration. Truly, in the matter of disguises the man was a living marvel.

"I DON'T know, Peter," he answered after a while. "I've got to think this out. It's been so sudden that it's got me guessing. I know it's what we've been hoping for; it's what we wrote that letter to the paper for—to draw the badger. Well, by heaven, we've drawn him! And the badger is Peterson. But somehow or other I didn't expect to find him disguised as a Mormon missionary, residing at the Ritz."

"You're perfectly certain, Hugh?" said Peter, who was still far from convinced.

"Absolutely, old man," answered Drummond gravely. "The clergyman over there is Carl Peterson, late of the Elms, Godalming. And the game has begun again."

Darrell gave a short laugh, as he noted the gleam in his leader's eyes.

"I'm thinking," he remarked soberly, "that this time the game is going to make us all go out."

"So much the better," grinned Hugh. "We'll add him to our collection, Peter, and then we'll present the whole damned bunch to the Zoo. And, in the meantime, he shall lunch with us when Phyllis arrives, and prattle on theology to an appreciative audience. Incidentally, it will appeal to his sense of humor; there's no difficulty about recognizing us."

"Yes," agreed Peter, "we start one up there. He doesn't know that we've spotted him. I wonder where the diamonds come in, Hugh?"

"Darned intimately, from what I know of the gentleman. But that's only one of several little points that require clearing up. And in the next few days, Peter, my boy—we will clear them up."

"Or be cleared up ourselves," laughed Darrell. "Look out, he's coming over."

THEY turned as the clergyman rose and came toward them.

"Jolly old tum-tum beginning to shout for nourishment," said Hugh with an affable smile. "My wife should be here at any moment now, Mr.—er——"

"Longmoor is my name," said the clergyman, beaming on them. "It is very charming of you to take such compassion on a lonely old man."

"Staying here all by yourself?" asked Drummond politely.

"No; my daughter is with me. The dear child has been my constant companion ever since my beloved wife's death, some years ago."

He polished his glasses, which had become a little misty, and Drummond murmured his sympathy.

"You wouldn't believe the comfort she has been to me. In these days, when it seems to me that the modern girl thinks of nothing but dancing and frivolity, it is indeed a blessing to find one who, while preserving her winsome sense of humor, devotes her life to the things that really matter. In our recent tour in Austria—— I beg your pardon, you said——"

"Nothing," answered Drummond quietly. "You have been to Austria, you say?"

"Yes; we have just returned from a visit to the famine-stricken area," replied the clergyman. "Most interesting—but terribly sad. You know—I don't think I caught your name."

"Drummond—Captain Drummond," answered Hugh mechanically. "And this is Mr. Darrell. I think I have had the pleasure of making your daughter's acquaintance already. She was down here manufacturing woolen garments for the Austrians, and I retrieved an elusive ball of wool for her."

"That is just my daughter all over, Captain Drummond," beamed the Reverend Theodosius. "Never wasting her time—always doing something for the good of humanity."

But at the moment it is to be regretted that Hugh was not worrying his head over the good of humanity. Inconceivable though it was—judged on the mere matter of appearance—that the Reverend Theodosius was Carl Peterson, it was still more inconceivable that the wool knitter with the heart of gold could be Irma. Of course Peterson might have changed his daughter—but if he hadn't, what then? What had he said to Peter Darrell when the girl, recognizing him all the time, was sitting in the next chair? How much had she overheard?

SUDDENLY Hugh began to feel that he was floundering in deep waters. How many cards did the other side hold—and, what was even more important, how many of his own cards had they placed correctly? Glancing up, he found the reverend gentleman's blue eyes fixed on him and glinting with a certain quizzical humor. Assuredly, reflected Drummond, it was up to him to find out—and that as soon as possible—exactly how matters stood. The trouble was how to set about it.

To greet the Reverend Theodosius as a long-lost friend and ask him whether the disguise was donned to amuse the children would certainly precipitate affairs, but it would also throw one of his best cards on the table. And Carl Peterson was not a gentleman with whom it was advisable to weaken one's hand unnecessarily. So it all boiled down to a policy of waiting for the other side to play first, which, in view of the fact that he was getting distinctly peckish, seemed to Hugh to be an eminently sound decision.

He glanced at his watch, and turned to Darrell.

"Confound the girl, Peter! She's nearly forty minutes late."

"Picked up a pal, old boy," answered that worthy. "Picked up a pal and they're masticating a Bath bun somewhere. Why not leave a message at the door, and let's get on with it? I'm darned hungry."

The Reverend Theodosius beamed from behind his spectacles.

"'Tis ever the same," he murmured gently. "But it is the prerogative of their sex."

"Well, let's toddle in and take nourishment," said Hugh, taking hold of the clergyman's arm, and pushing him toward the restaurant. "Jove! Mr. Longmoor, you've got some pretty useful biceps on you."

The other smiled, as if pleased with the compliment.

"Nothing in comparison to you, Captain Drummond, to judge by your size. But I think I may say I'm a

match for most men. My work has led me into some very rough corners, and I have often found that where gentle persuasion fails, force will succeed."

"Quite so," murmured Drummond, gazing at the menu. "Nothing like a good one straight on the point of the jaw for producing a devout manner of living in the recipient. Often found that out myself. By the way, what about the daughter? Isn't she going to honor us?"

"Not to-day," answered the Reverend Theodosius. "She is lunching upstairs with the poor fellow I told you about, whose office was wrecked last night. He is sadly in need of comfort."

"I'll bet he is," agreed Hugh. "But if he put on one of those jolly little things she's knitting and trotted up and down Piccadilly, he'd soon get back all the money for your chancel steps. The man I'm sorry for is the poor devil who was found adhering to the wall."

The Reverend Theodosius glanced at him thoughtfully, and Drummond realized he had made a slip.

"You seem to know quite a lot about it, Captain Drummond," murmured the other, dissecting a sardine.

"It's in the early editions of the evening papers," Hugh returned calmly. "Pictures and everything. The only thing they've left out is that reference to your little lump of dough."

"In such a dreadful thing as this, a trifle like that might well have been overlooked," said the Reverend Theodosius. "But I understand from my poor friend upstairs that the police are satisfied that three scoundrels were involved in the crime. And two of them have escaped."

"Dirty dogs!" said Hugh, frowning. "Now if all three had been found adhering to the furniture, it might have reconciled you to the loss of those hundred acid drops."

"In fact," continued the clergyman, "the whole thing is very mysterious. However, the police have every hope of laying their hands on the other two very shortly."

"THEY'RE always optimistic, aren't they?" returned Hugh. "Pity no one saw these blighters running around and throwing bombs about the house."

"That is just the fortunate thing, Captain Drummond," said the other mildly. "Far be it from me to desire vengeance on any man, but in this case I feel it is deserved. The unfortunate clerk who was brutally assaulted by them has confided to his employer that he believes he knows who one of the other men was. A huge man, Captain Drummond, a man of enormous strength: a man—well, really, do you know?—a man I should imagine just like you, and a man, who, popular rumor has it, is the head of a mysterious body calling itself the Black Gang. That should prove a valuable clew for the police when they hear of it."

Not by the flicker of an eyelid did Drummond's face change as he listened with polite attention to the clergyman's remarks. But now once again his brain was moving quickly, as he took in this new development. One card, at any rate, was down on the table: his identity as leader of the Black Gang was known to Peterson. It was the girl who had found him out—that was obvious. The point was how did it affect matters.

"An elusive person, I believe," he remarked quietly. "We've heard quite a lot about him in the papers recently. In fact, I was actually in Sir Bryan Johnstone's office when a gentleman of the name of Charles Latter came in to demand protection from the Black Gang."

For a moment a gleam of amazement shone in the clergyman's eyes.

"You surprise me," he murmured. "I trust it was afforded him."

Hugh waved a vast hand.

"Do you doubt it, Mr. Longmoor? I personally accompanied him to a house party to insure his safety. But as I told old Tum-tum afterward—that's Sir Bryan Johnstone, you know, a great pal of mine—nothing that I could do could avert the catastrophe. I prattled to him gently, but it was no good. He went mad, Mr. Longmoor—quite, quite mad. The boredom of that house party unhinged his brain. Have another chop?"

"HOW very extraordinary!" remarked the clergyman. "And what did your friend—er—Tum-tum say when he heard the results of your supervision?"

"Well, quite unofficially, Mr. Longmoor, I think he was rather pleased. Latter was an unpleasant man, engaged in unpleasant work, and he does less harm when insane. A merciful thing that we found such a suitable gathering of guests at our disposal, wasn't it?"

"And yet," pursued the Reverend Theodosius, "it struck me, from an English paper I happened to pick up in Paris a little while ago, that the leader of this obscure gang claimed in some way to be responsible for Mr. Latter's condition. He issued a ridiculous sort of manifesto to the press, didn't he?"

"I believe he did," answered Drummond. "An effusion which ended with a threat to the people at the back of men like Latter. As if it would have any effect! Scum like that, Mr. Longmoor, remain hidden. They blush unseen. I do wish you'd have another chop."

"Thank you—no." The Reverend Theodosius waved away the waiter and leaned back in his chair. "Doubtless you are right, Captain Drummond, in championing this person; but if what this wretched, ill-treated clerk says is correct, I am afraid I can look on him as nothing more than a common thief. Of course, the clerk may have made a mistake, but he seems very positive that one of the miscreants last night was the leader of the Black Gang himself."

"I see," said Drummond, with the air of a man on whom a great truth had dawned. "The hundred thick 'uns still rankling in the gray matter, what time the vestry collapses."

"Hardly that," returned the clergyman severely. "My friend, whose office was wrecked, was, among other things, a dealer in precious stones. In his desk last night were six magnificent diamonds—intrusted to him for sale by a—well, I will be discreet—by a well-known Russian nobleman. This morning he finds them gone—vanished—his room wrecked. Why, my heart bleeds for him!"

"I'll bet it does," answered Drummond sympathetically. "Darned careless the way some of these people drop bombs about the place, isn't it? Still, if your pal circulates an exact description of the diamonds to the police, he'll probably get 'em back in time. I suppose," he added, by way of an afterthought, "I suppose he *can* go to the police about it?"

"I don't quite understand you, Captain Drummond." The Reverend Theodosius stared at his host in surprise.

"ONE never knows, these days, does one?" said Hugh mildly. "Dreadful thing to have a nice little bunch of diamonds shot at one's head, and then find you've got stolen property. It puts the next fellow who pinches them rather on velvet. You'll have a cup of coffee, won't you?"

"Fortunately, nothing of that sort exists in this case. Yes, thank you, I should like some coffee."

"Good," said Hugh, giving the order to the waiter. "So that all you—or rather your pal has to do is to tell the police that the office was blown up by the leader of the Black Gang, and that the diamonds were pinched by the

Helplessly impotent, Drummond sat in his chair and heard his own voice talking into the telephone. He made another stupendous effort to rise, and everything went blank

leader of the Black Gang, and that you would like his head on a silver salver by Wednesday week. It seems too easy to me. Cigarette?"

"Thank you." The Reverend Theodosius helped himself from the case Hugh was holding out. "It certainly does seem easy, the way you put it."

"THE only small trifle which seems to jut out from an otherwise clear-cut horizon is too ridiculous to worry about."

"And that is?"

"Why—who is the leader of the Black Gang? It would be a dreadful affair if they brought the wrong bird's head on a charger. No diamonds; no Bradburys; no nothing."

"I don't anticipate that it should be hard to discover that, Captain Drummond," said the clergyman mildly. "Surely with your marvelous police system——"

"And yet, Mr. Longmoor," said Hugh gravely, "even though lately I have been reinforcing that system—literally helping them myself—they are still completely in the dark as to his identity."

"Incredible!" cried the other. "Still, we can only hope for the best. By the way, I'm afraid your wife has deserted you for lunch." He pushed back his chair. "I shall hope to have the pleasure of making her acquaintance some other day. And now, if you will excuse me, I must run away. At the moment my correspondence with regard to the relief funds for destitute Austrians is very voluminous. A thousand thanks for a most enjoyable meal."

He bowed with a courteous smile, and threaded his way through the crowded restaurant toward the door. And it was not until he had finally disappeared from sight that Hugh turned to Peter Darrell with a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Deuced interesting position of affairs, Peter," he remarked, lighting another cigarette. "He knows I'm the leader of our bunch, and he doesn't know I know it; I know he's Peterson, and he doesn't know I know it. I wonder how long it will be before the gloves come off."

"Supposing he keeps out of it himself, and gives you away to the police," said Peter. "It'll be rather awkward, old son."

"Supposing he does, it would be," grinned Hugh. "I'd love to see Tum-tum's face. But, my dear old Peter, hasn't your vast brain grasped the one essential fact: that that is precisely what he can't do until he's certain I haven't got the diamonds? Apart altogether from a variety of very awkward disclosures about Number 5 Green Street—he, or his hunchback friend, would have to explain how they gained possession of those stones in the first place. I made discreet inquiries this morning, Peter, and that rose-pink diamond was one of the Russian Crown jewels. Awkward—very."

He smiled and ordered two brandies.

"Very, very awkward, Peter—but with distinct elements of humor. And I'm inclined to think the time is approaching when the seconds get out of the ring."

CHAPTER 12

A QUARTER of an hour later the two young men stepped into Piccadilly. Evidently Phyllis did not intend to turn up, and nothing was to be gained by

remaining. The next move lay with the other side, and until it was played it was merely a question of marking time. At the entrance to the Ritz they separated, Peter turning eastward to keep some mysterious date with a female minor star of theatrical London, while Hugh strolled along Berkeley Street toward his house.

At times a faint smile crossed his face at the thought of Peterson devoting his brain to the matter of starving Austrians, but for the most part a portentous frown indicated thought. For the life of him he couldn't see what was going to happen next. It appeared to him that the air wanted clearing; that, in military parlance, the situation was involved. And it was just as he was standing in Berkeley Square, waving his stick vaguely as a material aid to thought, that he felt a touch on his arm.

"Excuse me, sir," said a voice at his elbow, "but I'd like a few words with you."

HE looked down, and his eyes narrowed suddenly. Standing beside him was the hunchback, Mr. Atkinson, and for a moment Hugh regarded him in silence. Then, dismissing a strong inclination to throw this unexpected apparition under a passing furniture van, he raised his eyebrows slightly and removed his cigar from his mouth. Evidently the next move had begun, and he felt curious as to what form it would take.

"My powers as a conversationalist are well known among a large and varied circle," he remarked. "I was not, however, aware that you belonged to it. In other words, sir, who the deuce are you and what the dickens do you want to talk to me about?"

"Something which concerns us both very intimately," returned the other. "And with regard to the first part of your question—do you think it necessary to keep up the pretense, especially as there are no witnesses present? I suggest, however, that as our conversation may be a trifle prolonged, and this spot is somewhat drafty, we should adjourn to your house—Brook Street, I believe, is where you live, Captain Drummond."

Hugh removed his cigar, and stared thoughtfully at the hunchback.

"I haven't the slightest wish to have a prolonged conversation with you in any place, drafty or otherwise," he remarked at length. "However, if you are prepared to run the risk of being slung out of the window if you bore me, I'll give you ten minutes."

He turned on his heel and strolled slowly on toward his house, while the hunchback, shooting venomous glances at him from time to time, walked by his side in silence. And it was not until some five minutes later, when they were both in Drummond's study, that any further remark was made.

IT was Hugh who spoke, as he stood with his back to the fireplace, looking down on the misshapen little man who sat in an armchair facing the light. An unpleasant customer, he reflected, now that he saw him close at hand for the first time: a dangerous, vindictive little devil—but able, distinctly able. Just such a type as Peterson would choose for a tool.

"What is it you wish to say to me?" he said curtly.

"A few things, Captain Drummond, that may help to clear the air," returned the other. "In the first place, may I say how pleased I am to make your acquaintance in the flesh, so to speak? I have long wanted a little talk with the leader of the Black Gang."

"I trust that the sun hasn't proved too much for you," murmured Hugh solicitously.

"Shall we drop this beating about the bush?" snapped the other.

"I shall drop you down the stairs if you talk to me like that, you damned little microbe!" said Hugh coldly, and the other got to his feet with a snarl. His eyes, glaring like those of an angry cat, were fixed on Drummond, who suddenly put out a vast hand to screen the lower part of the hunchback's face. With a cry of fear, he recoiled, and Hugh smiled grimly. So it had been Mr. Atkinson himself who had flung the bomb the night before! The eyes which had glared at him through the crack in the door were unmistakably the same as those he had just looked into over his own hand. With the rest of the face blotted out to prevent distraction, there could be no doubt about it, and Hugh was still smiling grimly as he lowered his hand.

"So you think I'm the leader of the Black Gang, do you?" he remarked. "I don't know that I'm very much interested in your thoughts."

"I don't think—I know!" said the hunchback viciously. "I found it out to-day."

"Indeed," murmured Hugh politely. "Would it be indiscreet to ask how you found out this interesting fact?"

"Do you deny it?" demanded the other furiously.

"My dear little man," said Hugh, "if you said I was the Pope, I wouldn't deny it. All I ask is that since you've afflicted me with your presence, you should amuse me. What are your grounds for this somewhat startling statement?"

"My grounds are these," said the hunchback, recovering his self-control. "Last night my office in Hoxton was wrecked by a bomb."

"By Jove!" interrupted Hugh mildly. 'It must be old Theodosius Longmoor and his hundred quid. I thought he looked at me suspiciously during lunch."

"It was wrecked by a bomb, Captain Drummond," continued the other, not heeding the interruption. "That bomb also killed a man."

"It did," agreed Hugh grimly.

"One of the three men who broke in. The other two escaped—how I don't know. But one of them was recognized by the clerk downstairs."

"I gathered that was the story," said Hugh.

"HE was recognized as the leader of the Black Gang," continued the hunchback. "And that was all until to-day. Just the leader of the Black Gang—an unknown person. But to-day—at the Ritz, Captain Drummond—my clerk, who had brought me a message, recognized him again, without his disguise. No longer an unknown man, you understand—but you!"

Drummond smiled, and selected a cigarette from his case.

"Very pretty," he answered, "but a trifle crude. As I understand you, I gather that your shrewd and intelligent clerk states that the leader of the Black Gang broke into your office last night in order to indulge in the doubtful pastime of throwing bombs about the premises. He further states that I am the humorist in question. Allowing for the moment that your clerk is sane, what do you propose to do about it?"

"In certain eventualities, Captain Drummond, I propose to send an anonymous letter to Scotland Yard. Surprised though they would be to get it, it might help them to clear up the mystery of Mr. Latter's insanity. It may prove rather unpleasant for you, of course, but that can't be helped."

"It's kind of you to give me a loophole of escape," said Drummond pleasantly. "What are the eventualities to which you allude?"

"The non-return to me of a little bag containing diamonds," remarked the hunchback quietly. "They were in the desk which was wrecked by the bomb."

"Dear, dear!" said Hugh. "Am I supposed to have them in my possession?"

"I can only hope most sincerely for your sake that you have," returned the other. "Otherwise, I'm afraid that letter will go to the police."

For a while Drummond smoked in silence: then, with a lazy smile on his face, he sat down in an armchair facing the hunchback.

"Most interesting," he drawled. "Most interesting and entertaining. I'm not very quick, Mr.—I've forgotten under what name you inflict yourself on a long-suffering world, but I shall call you Snooks—I'm not, as I say, very quick, Snooks, but as far as my brain can grapple with the problem it stands thus: If I give you back a packet of diamonds which I may—or may not—possess, you will refrain from informing the police that I am the leader of the Black Gang. If, on the contrary, I do not give them back to you, you will send them that interesting piece of information by means of an anonymous letter." The smile grew even lazier. "Well, you damned little excrescence, I call your bluff. Get on with it!"

With a snarl of rage, the hunchback snatched his hat and rose to his feet.

"You call it bluff, do you?" His voice was shaking with fury. "Very good, you fool—I accept. And you'll be sorry when you see my cards."

"Sit down, Snooks: I haven't finished with you yet."

There was still the same maddening smile on Drummond's face, but it disappeared suddenly as the hunchback moved toward the door. In two strides Hugh had him by the collar, and Mr. Atkinson found himself put back in his chair with a force that made his teeth rattle.

"I said sit down, Snooks," said Drummond pleasantly. "Don't let me have to speak to you again, or I might hurt you. There are one or two things I have to say to you before depriving myself of the pleasure of your company. By the post following the one which carries your interesting disclosure will go another letter, addressed to Sir Bryan Johnstone himself. I shall be in the office when he opens it—and we shall both be roaring with laughter over the extraordinary delusion that I—quite the biggest fool of his acquaintance—could possibly be the leader of the Black Gang.

"And, as if to prove the utter absurdity of the suggestion, this second letter will be from the leader of the Black Gang himself. In it he will state that he was present at 5 Green Street, Hoxton, last night in an endeavor to obtain possession of the anarchist and Bolshevist literature stored there. That he took with him a professional burglar to assist him in opening the safe and other things which might be there, and that, while engaged in this eminently virtuous proceeding, he found that he was trapped in the room by some mechanical device.

"AND then, Snooks, will come a very interesting disclosure. He will state how suddenly he saw a pair of eyes looking at him through a crack in the door. And their color—let's see, what is the color of your eyes, Snooks?—gray-blue, very noticeable. Much the same as old Longmoor's—though his are a little bluer. Well, the owner of the eyes, Snooks, was so inconsiderate as to throw a bomb into the room—a bomb which killed one of the men and wrecked the desk. So that the owner of the eyes, Snooks, gray-blue eyes just like yours, is a murderer—a common murderer. And in England we hang men for murder." He paused and stared at the hunchback. "This is a jolly game, isn't it?"

"And you really imagine," said the hunchback contemptuously, "that even your police would believe such a story: that a man would wreck his own office, when on your own showing he had the men trapped inside it."

"Probably not," said Drummond affably. "Any more than they would believe that I was the leader of the Black Gang. And, since they're such a wretched crowd of unbelievers, I don't think it's much good playing that game, Snooks. Waste of time, isn't it? So I vote we play another one, all on our own—a little game of make-believe—like we used to play in the nursery."

"I haven't an idea what you're talking about, Captain Drummond," said the hunchback, shifting uneasily in his chair. For all trace of affability had vanished from the face of the man opposite him, and had been replaced by an expression which made Mr. Atkinson pass his tongue once or twice over lips that had suddenly gone dry.

"Haven't you, you rat?" said Drummond quietly. "Then I'll tell you. Just for the next five minutes we're going to pretend that these two astonishing statements which the police—stupid fellows—won't believe are true. We're going to pretend—only pretend, mind you, Snooks—that I am the leader of the Black Gang; and we're going to pretend that you are the man who flung the bomb last night. Just for five minutes only—then we go back to reality and unbelieving policemen."

AND if, during the following five minutes, strange sounds were heard by Denny in the room below, he was far too accustomed to the sounds of breaking furniture to worry. It wasn't until the hunchback pulled a knife that Drummond warmed to his work, but from that moment he lost his temper. And because the hunchback was a hunchback—though endowed by Nature with singular strength—it jarred on Drummond to fight him as if he had been a normal man. So he flogged him with a rhinoceros-hide whip till his arm ached, and then flung him into a chair, gasping, cursing, scarcely human.

"You shouldn't be so realistic in your stories, Snooks," Hugh remarked affably, though his eyes were still merciless as he looked at the writhing figure. "And I feel quite sure that that is what the leader of the Black Gang would have done if he had met the peculiar humorist who threw that bomb last night. Bad habit—throwing bombs."

With a final curse, the hunchback staggered to his feet, and his face was diabolical in its fury.

"You shall pay for that, Captain Drummond, stroke by stroke, and lash by lash," he said in a shaking voice.

Drummond laughed shortly.

"All the same old patter," he remarked. "Tell old Longmoor with my love——" He paused, and grinned. "No, on second thoughts I think I'll tell his reverence myself—at the appointed time."

"What will you tell him?" sneered the hunchback.

"Why, that his church isn't the only place where dry rot has set in. It's prevalent among his pals as well. Must you go? Straight down the stairs, and the card tray in the hall is only electroplate—so you might leave it," he ended.

With a great effort, Mr. Atkinson pulled himself together. His shoulders were still aching abominably from the hiding Drummond had given him, but his loss of self-control had been due more to mental than to physical causes. Immensely powerful though Drummond was, the hunchback's clothes had largely broken the force of the blows. And now as he stood by the door the uppermost thought in his mind was that he had failed utterly and completely in the main object of his interview. He had come to get the diamonds, if possible, and, failing that, to find out for certain whether Drummond had them in his possession or not. And the net result had been a flogging and nothing more.

Too late he realized that in dealing with men of Hugh Drummond's type anything in the nature of a

threat is the surest guarantee of defeat. But then Mr. Atkinson was not used to dealing with men of that type. And the uppermost thought in his mind at the moment was not how he could best get revenge on this vast brute who had flogged him, but what he was going to say to the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor when he got back to the Ritz. The question of revenge could wait till later.

"Can we come to an understanding, Captain Drummond?" he remarked quietly. "I can assure you, of course, that you have made a terrible mistake in thinking that it was I who threw that bomb at you last night."

"At me?" Drummond laughed shortly. "Who said you'd thrown it at me? That wasn't the game at all, Snooks. You threw it at the leader of the Black Gang."

"Can't we put our cards on the table?" returned the other, with studied moderation. "I know that you are that leader; you know it—though it is possible that no one else would believe it. I was wrong to threaten you—I should have known better; I apologize. But if I may say so, I have had my punishment. Now, as man to man—can we come to terms?"

"I am waiting," said Hugh briefly. "Kindly be as concise as possible."

"Those diamonds, Captain Drummond. Rightly or wrongly, I feel tolerably certain that you either have them in your possession, or that you know where they are. Now those diamonds were not mine——Did you speak? No. Well—to resume. The diamonds were

Hugh glanced across the lounge toward the clergyman, absorbed in his paper, and suddenly Peter felt his arm gripped with a force that made him writhe. Hugh was staring at the clergyman with a look of amazement on his face

not mine; they had been deposited in the desk in my office unknown to me. Then this fool—who, you foolishly think, was myself—threw the bomb into the office to kill you. I admit it; he told me all about it. He did not kill you, for which fact, if I may say so, I am very glad. You're a sportsman, and you've fought like a sportsman—but our fight, Captain Drummond, has been over other matters. The diamonds are a side show and hardly concern you and me. I'll be frank with you: they are the sole wealth saved by a Russian nobleman from the Bolshevist outrages. He deposited them in my office during my absence, with the idea of having me sell them for him—and now he and his family must starve. And so what I propose is——"

"I don't think I want to hear your proposal, Snooks," said Drummond kindly. "Doubtless I look a fool; doubtless I am a fool, but I like to think that I'm not a congenital idiot. I'm glad you have discovered that it's not much use threatening me; but, to tell you the strict truth, I prefer threats to nauseating hypocrisy. So much so, in fact, that the thought of that starving nobleman impels me to take more exercise. Ever read 'Alice in Wonderland,' Snooks? A charming book—a masterpiece of English literature. And there is one singularly touching, not to say fruity, bit which concerns Father William—and a genteel young man."

With a look of complete bewilderment on his face, Mr. Atkinson felt himself propelled through the door, until he came to a halt on the first landing of the stairs.

"It's a little poem, Snooks, and some day I shall recite it to you. Just now I can only remember the one singularly beautiful line which has suggested my new form of exercise."

Mr. Atkinson became aware of a boot in the lower portion of his back, and then the stairs seemed to rise up and hit him. He finally came to rest in the hall against an old oak chest of the pointed-corner type, and for a moment or two he lay there dazed. Then he looked up to find three young men, who had emerged from a lower room during his flight, gazing at him impassively; while above him on the landing, outlined against a door, was the huge, motionless figure of Drummond.

Half cursing, half sobbing, the hunchback scrambled to his feet, staggered to the front door, and opened it. Once more he looked back—not one of the four men had moved. They were just staring at him in absolute silence, and, with a sudden feeling of pure terror, Count Zadowa, alias Mr. Atkinson, shut the door behind him and staggered into the sunlit street.

CHAPTER 13

"COME up, boys," laughed Hugh. "The fog of war is lifting slowly." He led the way back into the study, and the other three followed him. "That object, Ted, you will be pleased to hear, is the humorist who threw the bomb at us last night."

"The devil it was!" cried Jerningham. "I hope you gave him something for me. Incidentally, how did he run you to earth here?"

"Things have moved within the past two or three hours," answered Drummond slowly. "Who do you think is stopping at the Ritz at the present moment? Who do you think lunched with Peter and me to-day? Why—Peterson, my buckos—no more and no less."

"Rot!" said Toby Sinclair incredulously.

"No more and no less. Peterson himself—disguised as a clergyman called Longmoor. And with him is dear Irma incased in woolen garments. And it was Irma who spotted the whole thing. I never recognized her, and she was sitting next to Peter and me in the lounge when we were discussing things. Of course, they're mixed up with that rat I've just kicked down the stairs—in fact, we've bolted the fox. The nuisance of it is that by putting two and two together they've spotted me as the leader of our bunch. How I don't quite know, but they indubitably have. They also think I've got those diamonds: hence the visit of the hunchback, who did not know they were in the desk when he bunged the bomb. In fact, things are becoming clearer all the way round."

"I'm glad *you* think so," remarked Algy. "I'm dashed if I see it."

"Clearer, Algy—though not yet fully luminous with the light of day," Drummond went on thoughtfully. "Between Peterson and those diamonds there is—or was—a close and tender connection. I'll eat my hat on that. Between Peterson and the hunchback there is also a close connection—though I have my doubts if it's tender. And then there's me, tripping lightly like the good fairy who—— Hello! What's this?"

HE had opened his desk as he spoke, and was now staring fixedly at the lock.

"It's been forced," he said grimly. "Forced since this morning. They've been over this desk while I've been out. Push the bell, Ted."

They waited in silence till Denny appeared in answer to the ring.

"Some one has been in this room, Denny," said Drummond. "Some one has forced this desk since half-past eleven this morning."

"There's been no one in the house, sir, except the man who came about the electric light," answered Denny.

"Electric grandmother!" snapped his master. "You paralytic idiot, why did you leave him alone?"

"Well, sir, Mrs. Drummond was in the house at the time—and the servants were all around the place." Denny looked and felt aggrieved, and after a while Drummond smiled.

"What sort of man was he, you old fat-head?"

"A very respectable sort of man," returned Denny, with dignity. "I remarked to Mrs. Denny how respectable he was, sir. Why, he actually went some distance down the street to call a taxi for Mrs. Drummond to go to the Ritz——"

His words died away, as he stared in amazement at the expression on his master's face.

"What the devil is it, Hugh?" cried Ted Jerningham.

"He called a taxi, you say?" muttered Drummond. "The man who came here called a taxi?"

"Yes, sir," answered Denny. "He was leaving the house at the same time, and as there was none in sight he said he'd send one along at once."

"And Mrs. Drummond went in the taxi he sent?"

"Certainly, sir," said Denny, in surprise. "To the Ritz, to join you. I gave the order myself to the driver."

The veins were standing out on Drummond's forehead, and for a moment it seemed as if he were going to hit the servant. Then, with an effort, he controlled himself and sank back in his chair with a groan.

"It's all right, Denny," he said hoarsely. "It's not your fault; you couldn't have known. But—what a fool I've been! All this time wasted, when I might have been doing something."

"But what on earth's happened?" cried Algy, in dawning excitement.

"She never turned up at the Ritz, Algy; Phyllis never turned up for lunch. At first I thought she was late, and we waited. Then I thought she'd run into some pal and had gone to feed somewhere else. And then, what with talking to Peterson and later that hunchback I forgot all about her."

"But, good heavens, Hugh, what do you mean?" said Ted. "You don't think that——"

"Of course I think it. I know it. They've got her: they've kidnaped her. Right under my nose!" He rose and began to pace up and down the room with long, uneven strides, while the others watched him anxiously. "That damned girl heard me say that Phyllis was coming to lunch, and just after that she went upstairs. And Peterson, being Peterson, took a chance—and he's pulled it off."

"Ring up Scotland Yard, man!" cried Toby Sinclair.

"WHAT the devil am I to tell them? They'd think I was off my head. And I've got no proof that Peterson is at the bottom of it. I haven't even got any proof that would convince them that Longmoor *is* Peterson."

Algy Longworth stood up, serious for once.

"There's no time now to beat about the bush, Hugh. If they've got Phyllis, there's only one possible thing for you to do. Go straight to Bryan Johnstone and put all your cards on the table. Tell him the whole thing from A to Z—conceal nothing. And then leave the matter in his hands. He won't let you down."

For a moment or two Hugh faced them, undecided. The sudden danger to Phyllis seemed to have robbed him temporarily of his power of initiative—for the time he had ceased to be the leader.

"Algy's right," said Jerningham quietly. "It doesn't matter a damn what happens to us, you've got to think about Phyllis. We'll get it in the neck—but there was always that risk."

"I believe you're right," muttered Hugh, looking around for his hat. "My brain's buzzing. I can't think——"

At that moment the telephone bell on his desk rang.

"Answer it, Ted," said Hugh.

Jerningham picked up the receiver.

"Yes—this is Captain Drummond's house. No—this isn't he. Yes—I'll give him any message you wish. Who are you? Who? Mr. Longmoor at the Ritz. I see. Yes—he told me you had lunched with him to-day. Yes, certainly."

For a while Ted Jerningham stood holding the receiver to his ear, and only the thin, metallic voice of the speaker at the other end broke the silence of the room. It went on, maddeningly indistinct to the three men crowding around the instrument, broken only by an occasional monosyllable from Jerningham. Then with a final, "I'll certainly tell him," Ted laid down the instrument.

"What did he say, Ted?" demanded Hugh agitatedly.

"He sent a message to you, old man. It was approximately to this effect—that he was feeling very uneasy because your wife had not turned up at lunch and that he hoped there had been no accident. He went on to say further that since he had parted from you a most peculiar piece of information had come to his knowledge, which, incredible though it might appear, seemed to bear on her failure to turn up at the Ritz. He most earnestly begged that you should go round to see him at once—because if his information was correct any delay might prove most dangerous for her. And, lastly, on no account were you to go to the police until you had seen him."

FOR a while there was silence in the room. Drummond, frowning heavily, was staring out of the window; the others, not knowing what to say, were waiting for him to speak. After a while he swung round, and they saw that the air of indecision had gone.

"That simplifies matters considerably," he said quietly. "It reduces it to the old odds of Peterson and me."

"But you'll go to the police, old man!" cried Algy. "You won't pay any attention to that message. He'll never know that you haven't come straight to him."

Drummond laughed shortly.

"Have you forgotten the rules so completely, Algy, that you think that? Look out of the window, man, only don't be seen. There's a fellow watching the house now—I couldn't go a yard without Peterson knowing. Moreover, I'm open to a small bet that he knew I was in the house when he was talking to Ted. Good heavens, no! Peterson is not the sort of man to play those monkey tricks with. He's got Phyllis—the whole thing is his show. And if I went to the police, long before they could bring it home to him, or get her back—she's be"—once again the veins stood out on his forehead—"why, heaven knows what the swine wouldn't have done to her. It's just a barter at the present moment: the diamonds against her. And there's going to be no haggling. They win the first round—but there are a few more on the horizon."

"What are you going to do?" said Ted.

"Exactly what he suggests," answered Hugh. "Go round and see him at the Ritz—now, at once. I shan't take the diamonds with me, but there will be no worry over the exchange, as far as I'm concerned. It's just like his dirty method of fighting to go for a girl," he finished savagely.

"You don't think they've hurt Mrs. Drummond, sir?" asked Denny anxiously.

"If they have, they'll find the remains of an elderly parson in Piccadilly," returned Hugh, as he slipped a small revolver into his pocket. "But I don't think so. Carl is far too wise to do anything as stupid as that. He's tried with the hunchback and failed; now he's trying this. And he wins." He crossed to the door and opened it. "In case I don't come back by six, the diamonds are in my sponge bag in the bathroom—go straight to Scotland Yard with them. Tell Tum-tum the whole yarn."

WITH a brief nod he was gone, and a moment later he was in the street. It was almost deserted, and he waited on the pavement for the loitering gentleman who came obsequiously forward.

"Taxi, sir?"

A convenient one—an almost too convenient one—came to a standstill beside them, and Hugh noticed a quick look flash between the driver and the other man. Then he took stock of the taxi, and realized that it was not quite like other taxis. And in his mind arose an unholy desire. As has been said, the street was nearly deserted, and it was destined to become even more deserted. There was a crash of breaking glass and the loiterer disappeared through one window of the machine.

Hugh stared at the astounded driver.

"If you say one word, you appalling wart hog," he remarked gently, "I'll throw you through the other."

It was a happy omen, and he felt better as he walked toward the Ritz. Simple and direct—that was the game. No more tortuous intrigues for him—hit first and apologize afterward. And he was still in the same mood when he was shown into the sitting room where the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor was working on Austrian famine accounts. He rose as Hugh entered, and his daughter, still knitting busily, gave him a charming, girlish smile.

"Ah, my dear young friend," began Mr. Longmoor, "I see you've had my message."

"Yes," answered Hugh affably. "I was standing next door to the fellow you were talking to. But before we come to business, so to speak—I must really ask you not to send Snooks around again. I don't like him. Why,

my dear Carl, I preferred our late-lamented Henry Lakington."

There was a moment of dead silence, during which the Reverend Theodosius stared at him speechlessly and the busy knitter ceased to knit. The shock was so complete and sudden that even Carl Peterson seemed at a loss, and Drummond laughed gently as he took a chair.

"I'm tired of this dressing-up business, Carl," he remarked in the same affable voice. "And it's so stupid to go on pretending when everybody knows. So I thought we might as well have all the cards on the table. Makes the game much easier."

HE selected a cigarette with care, and offered his case to the girl.

"My most hearty congratulations, mademoiselle," he continued. "I may say that it was not you whom I recognized, but your dear—it is father still, isn't it? And now that we've all met again, you must tell me some time how you got away last year."

But by this time the clergyman had found his voice.

"Are you mad, sir?" he spluttered. "Are you insane? How dare you come into this room and insult my daughter and myself! I shall ring the bell, sir, and have you removed."

He strode across the room, and Drummond watched him calmly.

"I've just called one bluff this afternoon, Carl," he said lazily. "Now I'll call another. Go on, push the bell. Send for the police and say I've insulted you. Go and see dear old Tum-tum yourself: he'll be most awfully braced at meeting you."

The other's hand fell slowly to his side, and he looked at his daughter with a resigned expression on his face.

"Really, my dear, I think that the heat—or perhaps——" He paused expressively, and Drummond laughed.

"You were always a good actor, Carl, but is it worth while? There are no witnesses here, and I'm rather pressed for time. There's no good pretending that it's the heat or that I'm tight, because I'm the only member of the audience, and you can't deceive me—you really can't. Through a series of accidents you have become aware of the fact that I am the leader of the Black Gang. You can go and tell the police if you like—in fact, that horrible little man who came around to see me threatened to do so. But, if you do, I shall tell them who you are, and I shall also inform them of the secret history of the bomb. So that, though it will be awkward for me, Carl, it will be far more awkward for you and Mademoiselle Irma; and it will be positively unhealthy for Snooks. You understand me so far, don't you? Up to date I have been dealing in certainties; now we come to contingencies. It strikes me that there are two doubtful points, old friend of my youth—just two. And those two points are the whereabouts, respectively, of my wife and your diamonds. Now, Carl, do we talk business or not?"

"MY dear young man," said the other resignedly, "I intended to talk business with you when you arrived, if you had given me a chance. But as you've done nothing but talk the most unmitigated drivel since you've come into the room I haven't had a chance. You appear obsessed with this absurd delusion that I am some person called Carl, and—— But where are you going?"

Drummond paused at the door.

"I am going straight to Scotland Yard. I shall there tell Sir Bryan Johnstone the whole story from A to Z, at the same time handing him a little bag containing diamonds which has recently come into my possession."

"You admit you've got them!" snapped the other, letting the mask drop for a moment.

"That's better, Carl—much better." Drummond came back into the room. "I admit I've got them—but they're in a place where you can never find them, and they will remain there until six o'clock to-night, when they go straight to Scotland Yard—unless, Carl—unless my wife is returned to me absolutely unscathed and unhurt before that hour. It is five o'clock now."

"And if she is returned—what then?"

"You shall have the diamonds."

For a space the two men stared at each other in silence, and it was the girl who finally spoke.

"What proof have we that you'll keep your word?"

"Common sense," said Hugh quietly. "My wife is somewhat more valuable to me than a bagful of diamonds. In addition, you know me well enough to know that I do not break my word. Anyway, those are my terms—take them or leave them. But I warn you that should anything happen to her—nothing will prevent me from going straight to the police. No consideration of unpleasant results for me will count even for half a second. Well, do you accept?"

"There is just one point, Captain Drummond," remarked the clergyman mildly. "Supposing that I am able to persuade certain people to—er—expedite the return of Mrs. Drummond in exchange for that little bag, where do you and I stand after the bargain is transacted? Do you still intend to tell the police of your extraordinary delusions with regard to me?"

"Not unless they should happen to become acquainted with the ridiculous hallucination that I am the leader of the Black Gang," answered Drummond. "That was for your ears alone, my little one, and as you knew it already you won't get fat on it, will you? No, my intentions—since we are having a heart-to-heart talk—are as follows: Once the exchange is effected we shall start quite fair and square—just like last time, Carl. It doesn't pay you to go to the police: it doesn't pay me—so we'll have a single on our own. I am frightfully anxious to add you to my collection of specimens, and I can't believe you are burning with zeal to go. But we'll see, Carl, we'll see. Only—no more monkey tricks with my wife. Don't let there be any misunderstanding on that point."

THE clergyman smiled benevolently.

"How aptly you put things!" he murmured. "I accept your terms, and I shall look forward afterward to the single on our own that you speak about. And now—as to details. You must bear in mind that just as Mrs. Drummond is more valuable to you than diamonds, she is also somewhat larger. In other words, it will be obvious at once whether those whom I represent have kept their side of the bargain by producing your wife. It will not be obvious whether you have kept yours. The diamonds may or may not be in your pocket, and once you have your wife in your arms again the incentive to return them would be diminished. So I suggest, Captain Drummond, that you bring the diamonds to me—here in this room—before six o'clock, as a proof of good faith. You may keep them in your possession—all that I require is to see them. I will then engage on my side to produce Mrs. Drummond within a quarter of an hour."

For a moment Drummond hesitated, fearing a trick. And yet it was a perfectly reasonable request, as he admitted to himself. From their point of view, it was quite true that they could have no proof that he would keep his word; and, once Phyllis was in the room, there would be nothing to prevent the two of them from quietly walking out through the door and telling the Reverend Theodosius to go to hell.

"Nothing can very well happen at the Ritz, can it?" the clergyman continued suavely. "And you see I am even trusting you to the extent that I do not actually ask you to hand over the diamonds until your wife comes. I have no guarantee that even then you will not get up and leave the room with them still in your possession. You are too big and strong a man, Captain Drummond, to allow of any horseplay, especially—er—in a clergyman's suite of rooms."

DRUMMOND laughed. "Cut it out, Carl!" he exclaimed. "Cut it out, for heaven's sake! All right. I agree. I'll go after the stones now." He rose and went to the door. "But don't forget, Carl—if there are any monkey tricks, heaven help you!"

The door closed behind him, and with a snarl the clergyman spun round on the girl.

"How the devil did he spot us?" His face was convulsed with rage. "He's the biggest fool in the world, and yet he spots me every time. However, there's no time to worry about that now; we must think."

He took one turn up and down the room, then he nodded his head as if he had come to a satisfactory decision. And when he spoke to the girl, who sat waiting expectantly on the sofa, he might have been the head of a big business firm giving orders to his managers for the day.

"Ring up headquarters of A branch," he said quietly. "Tell them to send round Number 13 to this room at once. He must be here within a quarter of an hour."

"Number 13," repeated the girl, making a note. "That's the man who is such a wonderful mimic, isn't it? Well?"

"Number 10 and the Italian are to come with him, and they are to wait below for further orders."

"That's all?" She rose as the Reverend Theodosius moved rapidly to the door which led to the bathroom. "What about that silly little fool—his wife?"

For a moment the man paused, genuine amazement on his face.

"My dear girl, you didn't really imagine I ever intended to produce her, did you. Any lingering doubt I might have had on the matter disappeared the moment I found that Drummond knew us. There's going to be no mistake this time over that young gentleman, believe me."

With a slight laugh he disappeared into the bathroom, and as little Janet put through her call a tinkling of bottles seemed to show that the Reverend Theodosius was not wasting time.

Major H. C. McNeile

THE brilliant author of "The Black Gang," shown above in a home portrait study, had no sooner finished his fascinating account of the latest adventures of Bulldog Drummond, than he started to work on a new novel excelling in excitement all his previous works.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has secured for its readers this new McNeile serial. The first chapters will be published in an autumn issue, shortly following the end of "The Black Gang," which will be concluded in August.

CHAPTER 14

SOME ten minutes later he emerged from the bathroom, carefully carrying a saucer in his hands. The girl's announcement that Number 13 had started at once had been received with a satisfied grunt, but he had spoken no word. And, glancing through the door, the girl saw him, with his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows, carefully mixing two liquids together and stirring the result gently with a glass rod. He was completely absorbed in his task, and, with a faint smile on her face, she went back to the sofa and waited. She knew too well the futility of speaking to him on such occasions. Even when he came in, carrying the result of his labors—a pair of India-rubber gloves covering his hands—she made no remark, but waited for him to relieve her curiosity.

He placed the mixture on the table, and glanced around the room. Then he pulled up one of the ordinary stuffed armchairs to the table and removed the linen head rest, which he carefully soaked with the contents of the saucer, dabbing the liquid on with a sponge, so as not to crumple the linen in any way. He used up all the liquid, and then, with the same meticulous care, he replaced the head rest on the chair, and stood back and surveyed his handiwork.

"Look all right?" he asked briefly.

"Quite," answered the girl. "What's the game?"

"Drummond must sit in that chair," he returned, taking the saucer and the sponge to the bathroom and carefully peeling off his gloves. "He's got to sit in that chair, my dear, and afterward that linen affair must be burned. And whatever happens"—he paused for a moment in front of her—"don't you touch it."

Quietly and methodically, he continued his preparations, as if the most usual occurrence in the world were in progress. He picked up two other chairs, and carried them into the bedroom; then he returned and placed on another one an open dispatch case, with a sheaf of loose papers.

"That more or less limits the seating accommodations," he remarked, glancing round the room. "Now, *cara mia*, if you will spread some of your atrocious woolen garments on the sofa beside you, I think we can guarantee the desired result."

BUT apparently his preparations were not over yet. He crossed to the sideboard and extracted a new and undecanted bottle of whisky. From this he withdrew about a dessertspoonful of the spirit, and replaced it

with the contents of a small phial which he took out of his waistcoat pocket. Then he forced back the cork until it was right home, and with the greatest care replaced the cap of tin foil around the top of the bottle. And the girl, coming over to where he was working, saw that the bottle was again as new.

"What a consummate artist you are, *chéri!*" she said, laying a hand on his shoulder.

THE Reverend Theodosius smiled, and put his arm round her waist.

"One of the earliest essentials of our—er—occupation, my little one, is to learn how to insert dope into an apparently untouched bottle."

"But do you think you will get him to drink, even out of a new bottle?"

"I hope so. I shall drink myself. But even if he doesn't, the preparation on the chair is the essential thing. Once his neck touches that——"

With an expressive wave of his hand he vanished once more into the bathroom, returning with his coat.

"Don't you remember that Italian toxicologist—Fransioli?" he remarked. "We met him in Naples three years ago, and he obligingly told me that he had in his possession the secret of one of the real Borgia poisons. I remember I had a most interesting discussion with him on the subject. The internal application is harmless; the external application is what matters. That acts alone, but if the victim can be induced to take it internally, as well, it acts very much better."

"Fransioli?" She frowned thoughtfully. "Wasn't that the name of the man who had the fatal accident on Vesuvius?"

"That's the fellow," answered the Reverend Theodosius, arranging a siphon and some glasses on a tray. "He persuaded me to ascend it with him, and on the way up he was foolish enough to tell me that the bottles containing this poison had been stolen from his laboratory. I don't know whether he suspected me or not—I was an Austrian baron at the time, if I remember correctly—but when he proceeded to peer over the edge of the crater at a most dangerous point, I thought it better to take no risks. So—er—the accident occurred. And I gathered he was really a great loss to science."

He glanced at his watch, and the girl laughed delightedly.

"It will be interesting to see if his claims for it are true," he continued thoughtfully. "I have only used it once, but on that occasion I inadvertently put too much into the wine, and the patient died. But with the right quantities it produces—so he stated, and I saw him experiment on a dog—a kind of partial paralysis, not only of the body, but of the mind as well. You can see, you can hear, but you can't speak and you can't move. What ultimately happens with a human being I don't know, but the dog recovered."

A QUICK double knock came at the door, and with a final glance around the room the Reverend Theodosius crossed to his desk and sat down.

"Come in," he called, and a small dapper-looking man entered.

"Number 13, sir," said the newcomer briefly, and the clergyman nodded.

"I am expecting a man here shortly, 13," he remarked, "whose voice I shall want you to imitate over the telephone."

"Only over the telephone, sir?"

"Only over the telephone. You will not be able to be in this room, but there is a bathroom adjoining in which you can hear every word that is spoken." The other nodded as if satisfied. "How long will it be necessary for you to hear him talk?"

"Five or ten minutes, sir, will be ample."

"Good. You shall have that. There's the bathroom. Go in, and don't make a sound."

"Very good, sir."

"And wait—have Giuseppi and Number 10 come yet?"

"They left headquarters, sir, just after I did. They should be here by now."

The man disappeared into the bathroom, closing the door behind him, and once again the Reverend Theodosius glanced at his watch.

"Our young friend should be here shortly," he murmured. "And then the single which he seems so anxious to play can begin in earnest." The benign expression which he had adopted as part of his rôle disappeared for an instant and was replaced by a look of cold fury. "The single will begin in earnest," he repeated softly, "and it's the last one he will ever play."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"He has certainly asked for it," she remarked. "But it strikes me that you had better be careful. You may bet on one thing —that he hasn't kept his knowledge about you and me to himself. Half those young idiots who run about with him know everything by this time, and if they go to Scotland Yard it will be very unpleasant for us, *mon chéri*. And that they certainly will do, if anything should happen to dear Hugh."

The clergyman smiled resignedly.

"After all these years, you think it necessary to say that to me! My dear, you pain me—you positively wound me to the quick! I will guarantee that all Drummond's friends sleep soundly in their beds to-night, harboring none but the sweetest thoughts of the kindly and much-maligned old clergyman at the Ritz."

"And what of Drummond himself?" continued the girl.

"It may be to-night, or it may be to-morrow. But accidents happen at all times—and one is going to happen to him." Smiling sweetly, he lit a cigar. "A nasty, sticky accident which will deprive us of his presence. I haven't worried over the details yet—but doubtless the inspiration will come. And here, if I mistake not, is our hero himself."

THE door swung open and Drummond entered.

"Well, Carl, old lad," he remarked breezily, "here I am on the stroke of time with the bag of nuts all complete."

"Excellent," murmured the clergyman, waving a benevolent hand toward the only free chair. "But if you must call me by my first name, why not make it Theo?"

Drummond grinned delightedly.

"As you wish, my little one. Theo it shall be in future—and Janet." He bowed to the girl as he sat down. "There's just one little point I want to mention, Theo, before we come to the laughter and games. Peter Darrell, whom you may remember of old, and who lunched with us to-day, is sitting beside the telephone in my house. And eight o'clock is the time limit. Should his childish fears for my safety and my wife's not be assuaged by that hour, he will feel compelled to interrupt Tum-tum at his dinner. I trust I make myself perfectly clear."

"You are the soul of lucidity," beamed the clergymen.

"Good! Then, first of all, there are the diamonds. No, don't come too near, please; you can count them quite easily from where you are."

He tumbled them out of the bag, and they lay on the table like great pools of liquid light. The girl's breath came quickly as she saw them, and Drummond turned to her with a smile.

"To one given up to good works and knitting, Janet, doubtless, such things do not appeal. Tell me, Theo," he remarked as he swept them back into the bag, "who was the idiot who put them in Snooks' desk? Don't answer, if you'd rather not give away your maidenly secrets; but it was a pretty full-sized bloomer on his part, wasn't it?—I mean, pooping off the old bomb."

HE leaned back in his chair, and for a moment a gleam shone in the clergyman's eyes, for the nape of Drummond's neck came exactly against the center of the impregnated linen cover.

"Doubtless, Captain Drummond, doubtless," he murmured politely. "But if you will persist in talking in riddles, don't you think we might choose a different subject until Mrs. Drummond arrives?"

"Anything you like, Theo," said Drummond. "I'm perfectly happy talking about you. How the devil do you do it?" He sat up and stared at the other man, with genuine wonder on his face. "Eyes different—nose, voice, figure—everything different. You're a marvel—except for that one small failing of yours."

"You interest me profoundly," said the clergyman. "What is this one small failing that makes you think I am other than I profess to be?"

Drummond laughed genially.

"Good heavens, don't you know what it is? Hasn't Janet told you? It's that dainty little trick of yours of tickling the left ear with the right big toe that marks you every time. No man can do that, Theo, and blush unseen."

Again he leaned back in his chair, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"By Jove, it's pretty hot in here, isn't it?"

"It is close everywhere to-day," answered the other easily, though behind the spectacles his eyes were fixed intently on Drummond. "Would you care for a drink?"

Drummond smiled; the sudden fit of muzziness seemed to have passed as quickly as it had come.

"Thank you—no," he answered politely. "In your last incarnation, Theo, you may remember that I did not drink with you. There is an element of doubt about your liquor that renders it a dangerous proceeding."

"As you will," said the clergyman indifferently, at the same time placing the bottle of whisky and the glasses on the table. "If you imagine that I am capable of interfering with an unopened bottle of whisky, obtained from the cellars of the Ritz, it would be well not to join me."

He was carefully removing the tin foil as he spoke, and once again the strange, muzzy feeling swept over Drummond. He felt as if things had suddenly become unreal—as if he were dreaming. His vision seemed blurred. And then for the second time it passed away, leaving only a strange mental confusion. What was he doing in this room? Who was this benevolent old clergyman drawing the cork out of a bottle of whisky?

WITH an effort he pulled himself together. It must be the heat or something, he reflected, and he must keep his brain clear. Perhaps a whisky and soda *would* help. After all, there could be no danger in drinking from a bottle which had been opened under his very eyes.

"Do you know, Theo," he remarked, "I think I'll change my mind and have a whisky and soda."

His voice sounded strange to his ears, and he wondered if the others noticed anything. But apparently they had not. The clergyman merely nodded briefly, and remarked, "Say when."

"When," said Drummond, with a foolish sort of laugh. It was a most extraordinary thing, but he couldn't focus his eyes; there were two glasses on the table and two clergymen splashing in soda from two siphons. Surely he wasn't going to faint—bad thing to faint when he was alone with Peterson!

He took a gulp at his drink and suddenly began to talk—foolishly.

"Nice room, Carl, old lad——Never expected meet you again: certainly not in nice room—— Wrote letter paper after poor old Latter—poor old Latter went mad. Drew you—drew badger. Send badger mad, too."

His voice trailed away and he sat there, blinking stupidly. Everything was confused, and his tongue seemed weighted with lead. He reached out again for his glass—or tried to—but his arm refused to move. And suddenly out of the jumble of thoughts in his brain there emerged the one damning certainty that somehow or other he had been trapped and drugged. He gave a hoarse, inarticulate cry, and struggled to rise to his feet, but it was useless; his legs and arms felt as if they were bound to the chair by iron bands. And in the mist that swam before his eyes he saw the mocking faces of the clergyman and his daughter.

"It seems to have acted most excellently," remarked the Reverend Theodosius, and Drummond found he could hear quite normally; also, his sight was improving; things in the room seemed steadier. And his mind was becoming less confused—he could think again. But to move or to speak was utterly impossible; all he could do was to sit and watch and rage inwardly at having been such a fool as to trust Peterson.

But that gentleman appeared in no hurry. He was writing with a gold pencil on a letter pad, and every now and then he paused, smiling thoughtfully. At length he seemed satisfied, for he walked over to the bathroom door.

"WE are ready now," Drummond heard him say, and he wondered what was going to happen next. It was impossible to turn his head; his range of vision was limited by the amount he could turn his eyes. And then, to his amazement, he heard his own voice speaking from somewhere behind him—perhaps, not quite so deep, but an extraordinarily good imitation—one which would have deceived nine people out of ten if they could not see the speaker. And then he heard Peterson's voice again mentioning the telephone, and he realized what they were going to do.

"I want you," Peterson was saying, "to send this message that I have written down to that number—using this gentleman's voice."

The two men came into his line of vision, and the new arrival stared at him curiously. But he asked no questions—merely took the paper and read it through carefully. Then he stepped to the telephone, and took off the receiver. And, helplessly impotent, Drummond sat in his chair and heard the following message, spoken in his own voice:

"Is that you, Peter, old bird? I've made the most unholy bloomer. This old bloke Theodosius isn't Carl at all. He's a perfectly respectable pillar of the church."

And then apparently Darrell said something, and Peterson, who was listening through the second ear piece, whispered urgently to the man.

"Phyllis?" he went on. "She's as right as rain! The whole thing is a boss shot of the first order——"

Drummond made another stupendous effort to rise, and for a moment everything went blank. Dimly he

heard his own voice still talking into the instrument, but he only caught a word here and there, and then it ceased, and he realized that the man had left the room. It was Peterson's voice close by him that cleared his brain again.

"I trust you approve of the way our single has started Captain Drummond," he remarked pleasantly. "Your friend Peter, I am glad to say, is more than satisfied, and has announced his intention of dining with some female charmer. Also he quite understands why your wife has gone into the country—you heard that bit, I hope, about her sick cousin—and he realizes that you are joining her."

SUDDENLY the pleasant voice ceased, and the clergyman continued in a tone of cold, malignant fury.

"You rat! You damned interfering young swine! Now that you're helpless I don't mind admitting that I am the man you knew as Carl Peterson, but I'm not going to make the mistake he made a second time. I underestimated you, Captain Drummond. I left things to that fool Lakington. I treated you as a blundering young ass, and I realized too late that you weren't such a fool as you looked. This time I am paying you the compliment of treating you as a dangerous enemy, and a clever man. I trust you are flattered."

He turned as the door opened and the man who had telephoned came in with two others. One was a great, powerful-looking man who might have been a prize fighter; the other was a lean, swarthy-skinned foreigner, and both of them seemed to be unpleasant customers. And Hugh wondered what was going to happen next, while his eyes rolled wildly from side to side, as if in search of some way of escape. It was like some ghastly nightmare when one is powerless to move before some dreadful figment of the brain, only to be saved at the last moment by waking up. Only in Hugh's case he was awake already, and the dream was reality.

He saw the men leave the room, and then Peterson came over to him again. First he took the little bag of diamonds out of his pocket, and it struck Hugh that though he had seen the other's hand go into his pocket, he had felt nothing. He watched Peterson and the girl as they examined the stones; he watched Peterson lock them up in a steel dispatch case. And then Peterson disappeared out of his range of vision. He was conscious that he was near him—just behind him—and the horror of the nightmare increased. It had been better when they were talking; at least then he could see them. But now, with both of them out of sight—hovering around the back of his chair, perhaps—and without a sound in the room save the faint hum of the traffic outside, the strain was getting unbearable.

And then another thought came to add to his misery. If they killed him—and they intended to, he was certain—what would happen to Phyllis? They'd got her, too, somewhere—what were they going to do to her? Again he made a superhuman effort to rise; again he failed to move even a finger. And for a while he raved and blasphemed mentally.

It was hopeless, utterly hopeless! He was caught like a rat in a trap.

AND then he began to think coherently again. After all, they couldn't kill him here in the hotel. You can't have dead men lying about in your room at the Ritz. And they would have to move him some time; they couldn't leave him sitting there. How were they going to get him out? He couldn't walk, and to carry him out as he was would be impossible. Too many of the staff below knew him by sight.

Suddenly Peterson came into view again. He was in his shirt sleeves, smoking a cigar, and Hugh watched him sorting out papers. He seemed engrossed in the matter, and paid no more attention to the helpless figure beside the table than he did to a fly on the window. At length he completed his task, and, having closed the dispatch case with a snap, he rose and stood facing Hugh.

"Enjoying yourself?" he remarked. "Wondering what is going to happen? Wondering where dear Phyllis is?" He gave a short laugh. "Excellent drug that, isn't it? The first man I tried it on died—so you're lucky. You didn't feel me put a pin into your arm, did you?"

He laughed again; in fact, the Reverend Theodosius seemed to be in an excellent temper.

"Well, my friend, you really asked for it this time, and I'm afraid you're going to get it. I cannot have some one continually worrying me like this, so I'm going to kill you, as I always intended to some day. It's a pity, and in many ways I regret it, but you must admit yourself that you really leave me no alternative. It will appear to be accidental, so you need entertain no bitter sorrow that I shall suffer in any way. And it will take place very soon—so soon, in fact, that I doubt if you will recover from the effects of the drug. I wouldn't guarantee it—you might. As I say, you are only the second person on whom I have tried it. And with regard to your wife—our little Phyllis—it may interest you to know that I have not yet made up my mind. I may find it necessary for her to share in your accident—or even to have one all her own—and I may not."

As his tormentor talked on the raving fury in Drummond's mind showed clearly in his eyes, and Peterson laughed.

"Our friend is getting quite agitated, my dear," he remarked, and the girl came into sight. She was smoking a cigarette, and for a while they stared at their helpless victim much as if he were a specimen in a museum.

"You're an awful idiot, my Hugh, aren't you?" she said at length. "And you have given us such a lot of trouble. But I shall quite miss you, and all our happy little times together." She laughed gently, and glanced at the clock. "They ought to be here fairly soon," she remarked. "Hadn't we better get him out of sight?"

PETERSON nodded, and between them they pushed Drummond into the bathroom.

"You see, my friend," remarked Peterson affably, "it is necessary to get you out of the hotel without arousing suspicion. A simple little matter, but it is often the case that one trips up more over simple matters than over complicated ones."

He was carefully inserting a pin into his victim's leg as he spoke, and watching intently for any sign of feeling.

"Why, I remember once," he continued conversationally, "when I was so incredibly foolish as to replace the cork in a bottle of prussic acid after I had—er—compelled a gentleman to drink the contents. He was in bed at the time, and everything pointed to suicide, except that confounded cork. I mean, would any man—after he's drunk sufficient prussic acid to poison a regiment—go and cork up the empty bottle? It only shows how careful one must be over these little matters."

Just then the girl looked in at them.

"They're here," she remarked abruptly, and Peterson went into the other room, half closing the door. A moment later Drummond, writhing impotently, heard the well-modulated voice of the Reverend Theodosius.

"Ah, my dear friend, my very dear old friend! What a joy it is to see you again! I am greatly obliged to you for escorting this gentleman up personally."

"Not at all, sir, not at all! Would you care to have dinner served up here?"

[*Continued on page 119*]

Bolshevism in China

The Challenge of the Russian Reds in one of the World's Largest Nations

By John Nelson

BOLSHEVIK ideas, communistic theories, and Soviet activities in China have achieved a decided momentum in recent months. With China's bankrupt national treasury, the country disrupted into petty kingdoms of rival military factions, where means of communication are either non-existent or extremely limited, where the press is yet in swaddling clothes, and where the percentage of illiteracy is estimated as high as 95 per cent in a population of 450,000,000 people, we have unusually receptive conditions for the acceptance of Bolshevik teachings. Public opinion in China is aroused only by far-famed national calamities or by intolerable foreign aggressions and is slow to realize the intangible, insidious menace of communism.

Last year the United States spent over $10,000,000 on missionary enterprises in China. In the famine of 1921—a local one, restricted to a few northern provinces—over $7,500,000 were spent on relief measures, and the greater part of this came from the United States. Chinese foreign trade for the year 1922 was well over the billion dollar mark. Aside from the more humanistic point of view, is all this to be cast aside and are we to have substituted for the busy nation of four and one-half hundred million people a chaos threatening the world with pestilence and destruction? The answer is largely with the American people. The purpose of this article is to show that a very determined attempt is being made against China's entity and that only world interest in her welfare can save that nation from an end so tragic as to make the Russian debacle trifling in comparison.

With the evacuation of Japanese military forces from Siberia, the *raison d'être* of the Far-Eastern Republic—heretofore a buffer state between Soviet Russia and China—ceased to exist, and this republic now forms an integral part of Soviet Russia, with its activities directed from Moscow. The Chinese Eastern Railway—until recently in charge of the Inter-Allied Technical Board, with an American in charge—is now rapidly being taken over by the Russian Reds, by direct military force. In furtherance of this plan, the "Cheka," or Soviet secret police, have instituted a reign of terror in Mongolia, backed by the armed forces of Moscow, which has resulted in complete Russian domination of Mongolia to the exclusion of Chinese rights. A Russian Red military mission is to accomplish the same end for Tibet, a Chinese dependency.

Bolshevist Propagandists in Peking

SINCE the complete breakdown of the Chang Chun Conference between the Japanese and Soviet Russia, Monsieur Joffe, chief of the Soviet delegation, has transferred himself and an able staff of propagandists to Peking. Their presence in Peking at this critical moment brings the extended border of Russian terrorism perilously near the walls of the old Forbidden City—Peking—and the shores of the Pacific Ocean—our own border.

That the Soviet government should send its ablest representative and arch-propagandist to China at this time is in itself indicative of China's condition. Monsieur Joffe, it will be remembered, was deported from Berlin for his propagandist activities. At a Peking reception in his honor, tendered by some fourteen radical organizations of Chinese students, headed by Tsai Yuan Pei, Chancellor of Peking University—a Chinese national institution—the following speech was made by Tsai Yuan Pei on behalf of these radical organizations:

A group of "Intellectuals"—who are disciples of the Bolshevik movement in China

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"The Chinese Revolution, in 1911, was a political one. Now it is tending toward the direction of a social revolution. Russia furnishes a good example to China, who thinks it advisable to learn the lessons of the Russian Revolution which started also as a political movement, but later assumed the nature of a social revolution. *Please accept the hearty welcome to the teacher from the pupils.*"

Radicalism in China

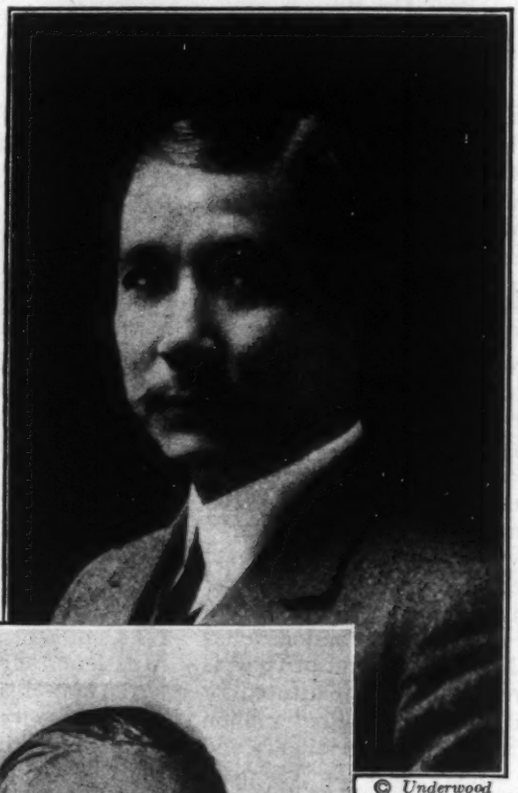
In other words, the Russian Communist is the teacher; the Chinese Intellectual is the pupil. China's Intellectuals—her greatest motive power toward reform and regeneration—are now openly pledged to Bolshevism.

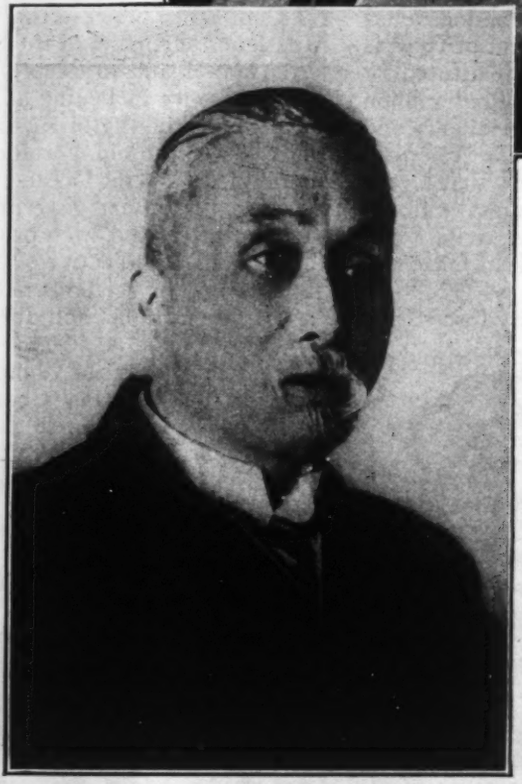
When it is remembered that radical organizations—such as the Anti-Christian Society, the Anti-Foreign Society, and the Karl Marx Society, which engineered the anti-Japanese boycott of recent years—are largely responsible for the present conditions of industrial unrest and strikes, that they constitute a large majority of Sun Yat Sen's political party, some idea may be had of their influence and weight in the China of to-day. Since the recent disclosure of Sun's triangular correspondence with Berlin and Moscow from Canton, some months ago, the ominously sinister significance of all this is clearly evident.

At Canton, in South China, during the year 1921, strikes and walk-outs involving some 50,000 organized workers dominated by radical agitators succeeded in temporarily dislocating trade and commerce. This movement culminated in the Hongkong seamen's strike which involved some 300,000, or the full Chinese population of the colony of Hongkong, at the time of its settlement. The secretary of the British Colony of Hongkong has stated that during the last two years, ending June 30th, 1922, over two hundred new labor societies have been registered. The Federation of Laborers of Canton, numbering some 400,000 members, and the Mutual Aid Society of Canton, with 50,000 members, have two newspapers of their own and hospitals for workers. They are planning to open schools for the teaching of socialism, under the direction of the Chinese Socialist Party.

Central China has seen an attempt to duplicate Cantonese conditions in a concerted strike of textile workers, municipal employees, government employees, and various industrial organizations. Strikes on the state railways have spread from local disturbances to movements of political significance.

With this group of radicals—the so-called intellectuals—ready and willing to distribute communistic propaganda of all forms and kinds to an illiterate, ignorant, labor element, ready to believe in the hypnotic dream of fair days to come and only too eager to revel in riotous disorder; with a rabble mob of armed coolies—the army—disrupted, demoralized, lacking intelligent, disciplined leadership, already existing almost entirely on funds forced from local authorities under threats of abuse and lootings; with the ever-present, anti-foreign chimera ready to be awakened—it needs only a final precipitative act to loose the pent-up torrents of ruin and destruction upon the Chinese people.





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(Above) Doctor Sun Yat Sen, the Chinese Lenin. (Below) Hsu Sluh Chang, another one of the radical leaders in China

That China is sufficiently provided with capable leaders for an organized Bolshevist movement is seen in the striking similarity between the personalities and characteristics of Sun Yat Sen and Lenin, Yuan Shih Kai and Trotsky "Little Hsu" and Dzerzhinsky, chief of the Soviet secret police in Russia.

The Chinese Foreign Office is able to supply any number of Litvinovs, and Tsai Yuan Pei would make an ideal Bolshevist minister. For the rest, the selfish, egotistical military leaders will do very nicely.

China's Need of the Sympathy of Other Nations

WHILE radicalism in all of its forms is prevalent in China to-day, that inherent stability, which is so predominately a Chinese characteristic, will bring the Chinese people safely through the present crisis, provided that they have the sympathetic consideration and interest of the other great powers. China—the world's largest nation of homogeneous people—has faced equally critical periods before; but at no time in its history has the crisis been attendant with so much of interest and importance to humanity at large.

The spectacular capture of foreign hostages by bandits in Shantung Province this spring has served more than any recent event to reveal the conditions of lawlessness and chaos prevailing in China. These are the very conditions which facilitate the spread of Bolshevist agitation, but the bandit raid itself has brought to the world a better understanding of China's problems and the tolerance so necessary for her welfare.

The Black Gang

[*Continued from page* 116]

Some one to do with the hotel, thought Drummond, and he made one final despairing effort to move. He felt that it was his last chance, and it failed—as the others had before. And it seemed to him that the mental groan he gave must have been audible, so utterly beyond hope did he feel. But it wasn't; no sound came from the bathroom to the ears of the courteous submanager.

"I'll ring later if I require it," Peterson was saying in his gentle, kindly voice. "My friend, you understand, is still on a very strict diet, and he comes to me more for spiritual than for bodily comfort. But I will ring should I find he would like to stay."

"Very good, sir."

AND Drummond heard the door close, and knew that his last hope had gone.

Then he heard Peterson's voice again, sharp and incisive.

"Lock the door. You two—get Drummond. He's in the bathroom."

The two men whom he had previously seen entered, and carried him back into the sitting room, where the whole scheme was obvious at a glance. Just getting out of an ordinary invalid's chair was a big man of more or less the same build as himself. A thick silk muffler partially disguised his face; a soft hat was pulled down over his eyes, and Drummond realized that the gentleman who had been wheeled in for spiritual comfort would not be wheeled out.

The two men pulled Hugh out of his chair, and then, forgetting his condition, they let him go, and he collapsed on the floor like a sack of potatoes, his legs and arms sprawling in grotesque attitudes.

They picked him up again, and, not without difficulty, got him into the other man's overcoat; finally they deposited him in the invalid's chair, and tucked him up with the rug.

"We'll wait half an hour," remarked Peterson, who had been watching the operation. "By that time our friend will have had sufficient spiritual solace; and until then you two can wait outside. I shall give you your full instructions later."

"Will you want me any more, sir?" The man whose place Drummond had taken was speaking.

"No," said Peterson curtly. "Get out as unostentatiously as you can. Go down by the stairs and not by the lift."

With a nod, he dismissed them all, and once again Drummond was alone with his two chief enemies.

"Simple, isn't it, my friend?" remarked Peterson. "An invalid arrives, and an invalid will shortly leave. And once you've passed the hotel doors you will cease to be an invalid. You will become again that well-known young man about town—Captain Hugh Drummond—driving out of London in his car—very nice, that new one of yours—bought, I think, since we last met. Your chauffeur would have been most uneasy

[*Continued on page* 120]

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The Black Gang

[*Continued from page* 119]

when he missed it but for the note you've left him, saying you'll be away three days."

Peterson laughed gently, as he stared at his victim.

"YOU must forgive me if I seem to gloat a little, won't you?" he continued. "I've got such a large score to settle with you, and I very much fear I shan't be in at the death. I have an engagement to dine with an American millionaire, whose wife is touched to the heart over the sufferings of the starving poor in Austria. And when the wives of millionaires are touched to the heart, my experience is that the husbands are generally touched to the pocket."

He laughed again even more gently and leaned across the table toward the man who sat motionless in the chair. He seemed to be striving to see some sign of fear in Drummond's eyes, some appeal for mercy. But if there was any expression at all, it was only a faint mocking boredom, such as Drummond had been wont to infuriate him with during their first encounter, a year before. Then he had expressed it in words and actions; now only his eyes were left to him, but it was there all the same. And after a while Peterson snarled at him viciously.

"No, I shan't be in at the death, Drummond, but I'll explain to you the exact program. You will be driven out of London in your own car, but when the final accident occurs you will be alone. It is a most excellent place for an accident, Drummond—most excellent! One or two have already taken place there, and the bodies are generally recovered some two or three days later—more or less unrecognizable. Then, when the news comes out in the evening papers to-morrow, I shall be able to tell the police the whole sad story. How you took compassion on an old clergyman and asked him to lunch, and then went out of London after your charming young wife—only to meet with this dreadful end.

"I think I'll even offer to take part in the funeral service. And yet—no, that is a pleasure I shall have to deny myself. Having done what I came over to do, Drummond, rather more expeditiously than I thought likely, I shall return to my starving children in Vienna. And, do you know what I came over to do, Drummond? I came over to smash the Black Gang—and I came over to kill you—though that could have waited."

Peterson's eyes were hard and merciless, but the expression of faint boredom still lingered in Drummond's. Only too well did he realize now that he had played straight into his enemy's hands, but he was a gambler through and through, and not by the quiver of an eyelid did he show what he felt. From the very start the dice had been loaded in Peterson's favor, owing to that one astounding piece of luck in getting hold of Phyllis. It hadn't even been a fight—it had been a walk-over. And the cruel part of it was that it was not through any mistake of Drummond's. It was a fluke pure and simple—an astounding fluke—a fluke which had come off better than many a carefully thought out scheme. It it hadn't been for that, he would never have come to Peterson's sitting room at all; he would never have been doped; he wouldn't have been sitting helpless as a log while Peterson put down his cards one after the other in cold triumph.

"Yes, it could have waited, Captain Drummond—that second object of mine. I assure you that it was a great surprise to me when I realized who the leader of the Black Gang was—a great surprise and a great pleasure. To kill two birds, so to speak, with one stone saves trouble; to accomplish two objects in one accident is much more artistic. So the Black Gang loses its leader, the leader loses his life—and I regain my diamonds. Eminently satisfactory, my friend, eminently! And when your dear wife returns from the country—if she does—well, Captain Drummond, it will be a very astute member of Scotland Yard who will associate her little adventure with that benevolent old clergyman, the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor, who recently spent two or three days at the Ritz. Especially in view of your kindly telephone message to Mr.— what's his name?—Mr. Peter Darrell."

He glanced at his watch and rose to his feet deliberately.

"I fear that that is all the spiritual consolation I can give you this evening, my dear fellow," he remarked benignly. "You will understand, I'm sure, that there are many calls on my time. Janet, my love"—he raised his voice—"our young friend is leaving us now. I feel sure you'd like to say good-by to him."

The girl came into the room, walking slowly, and for a while she stared in silence at Hugh. And it seemed to him that in her eyes there was a gleam of genuine pity. Once again he made a frantic effort to speak—to beg, beseech, and implore them not to hurt Phyllis—but it was useless. And then he saw her turn to Peterson.

"I suppose it is absolutely necessary," she said regretfully.

"Absolutely," he answered curtly. "He knows too much, and he worries us too much."

She shrugged her shoulders and came over to Drummond.

"Well, good-by, *mon ami*," she remarked gently. "I really am sorry that I shan't see you again. You are one of the few people who make this atrocious country bearable."

SHE patted him on his cheek, and again the feeling that he was dreaming came over Drummond. It couldn't be real—this monstrous nightmare. He would wake up in a minute and find Denny standing beside him, and he registered a vow that he would go to an indigestion specialist. And then he realized that two men had come back into the room, and that it wasn't a dream, but hard, sober fact. The Italian was putting a hat on his head and wrapping the scarf around his neck while Peterson gave a

series of curt instructions to the other man. And then he was being wheeled along the passage toward the lift, while the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor walked close beside him, murmuring affectionately in his ear.

"Good-by, my dear friend—good-by," he remarked after the chair had been wheeled into the lift. "It was good of you to come. Be careful, liftman, won't you?"

He waved a kindly hand, and the last vision Drummond had of him before the doors closed was of a benevolent old clergyman beaming at him solicitously.

And now came his only chance. Surely there would be some one who would recognize him below; surely the hall porter, who in the past had received many a tip from him, must realize who he was, in spite of the hat pulled down over his eyes. But even that hope failed. The elderly party in the invalid's chair, who had arrived half an hour ago, was now going, and there was no reason why the hall porter should suspect anything. He gave the two men a hand in lifting the chair into a big and very roomy limousine, which Drummond knew was certainly not his, and the next instant they were off.

He could see nothing—the hat was too far over his eyes. For a time he tried to follow where they were going by noting the turns, but he soon gave that up as hopeless. And then, after driving for about half an hour, the car stopped and the two men got out, leaving him alone. He could hear a lot of talking going on, but he didn't try to listen. He was resigned by this time—utterly indifferent; his only feeling was a mild curiosity as to what was going to happen next.

The voices came nearer, and he found himself being lifted out of the car. His hat slipped back a little so that he could see, and the first thing he noticed was his own new car. They couldn't have brought it to the Ritz, where it might have been recognized, he reflected, and an unwilling admiration for the master brain that had thought out every detail, and the wonderful organization that carried them out, took hold of his mind.

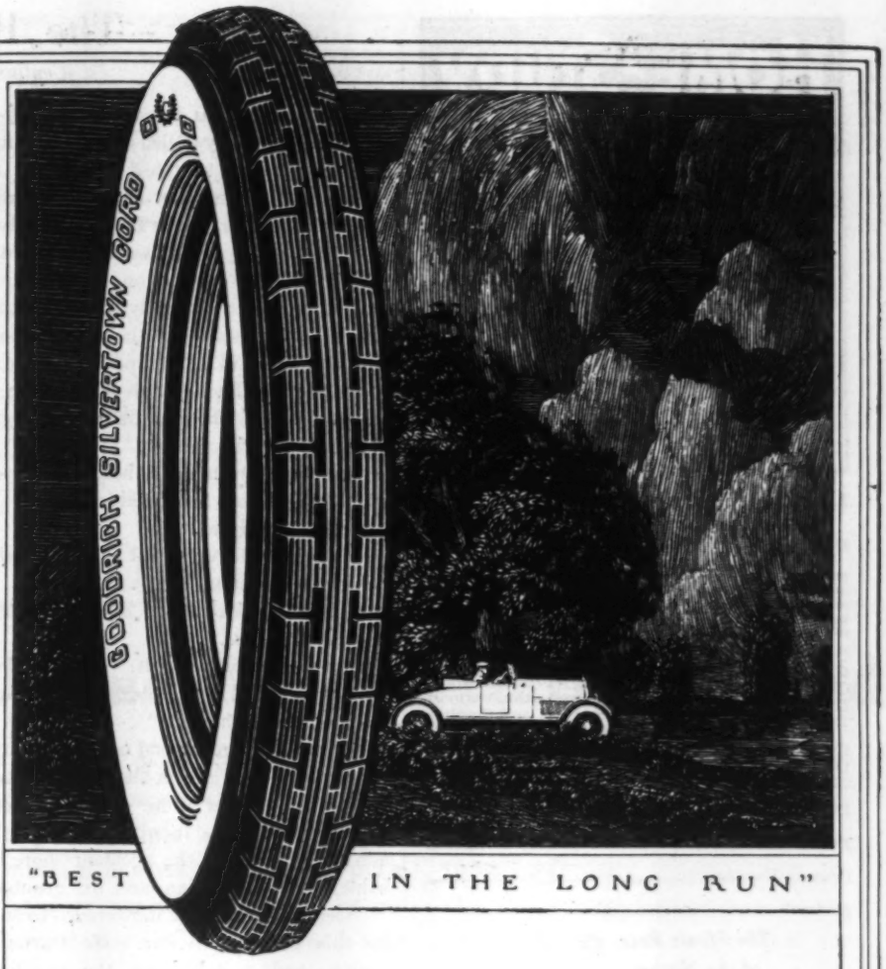
The men wheeled him alongside his own car, lifted him out of the chair, and deposited him on the back seat. Then the Italian and the other man who had been at the Ritz sat down, one on each side of him, while a third man took the wheel.

"Look alive, Bill," said the big man beside him. "A boat will be coming through about half-past nine."

A boat! What was that about a boat? Were they going to send him out to sea, then, and let him drown? If so, what was the object of getting his own car? The hat slipped forward again, but by some of the flaring lights he could dimly see, he guessed that they were going through slums. Going eastward, Essex way, or perhaps the south side of the river toward Woolwich. But after a time he gave it up: it was no good wondering—he'd know for certain soon enough.

And now the speed was increasing as they left London behind them. The headlights were on, and Hugh judged that they were going about thirty-five miles an hour. And

[*Continued on page* 122]



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The Black Gang

[*Continued from page* 121]

he also guessed that it was about forty-five minutes before they pulled up, and the engine and lights were switched off. The men beside him got out, and he promptly rolled over into a corner, where they left him lying.

"This is the place to wait," he heard the Italian say. "You go on, Franz, to the corner, and when it's ready flash your torch. You'll have to stand on the running board, Bill, and steer till he's round the corner into the straight. Then jump off—no one will see you behind the headlights. I'm going back to Maybrick Tower."

And then Drummond heard a sentence which infuriated him, and again set him struggling madly to move.

"The girl's there. We'll get orders about her in the morning."

There was silence for a while; then he heard Bill's voice.

"Let's get on with it. There's Franz signaling. We'll have to prop him up on the steering wheel somehow."

They pulled Drummond out of the back of the car, and put him in the driver's seat.

"Doesn't matter if he does fall over at the last moment. It will look as if he'd fainted, and make the accident more probable," said the Italian, and Bill grunted.

"Seems a crime," he muttered, "to smash up this peach of a car." He started the engine, and switched on the headlights; then he slipped her into third speed, and started. He was on the running board beside the wheel, steering with one hand and holding on to Drummond with the other. Then he jumped off, and Drummond realized the game at last.

In front was a river—a river spanned by a bridge which swung open to let boats go through. And it was open now. He had a dim vision of a man waving wildly; he heard the crash as the car took the guarding gate, and then he saw the bonnet dip suddenly; there was a rending, scraping noise underneath him as the framework hit the edge; an appalling splash—and silence.

Chapter 15

TWO things saved Drummond from what was practically certain death—the heavy coat he was wearing, and the fact that he rolled sideways, clear of the steering wheel, as soon as the man let go of him. Had he remained behind the wheel he must infallibly have gone to the bottom with the car—and at that point where the river narrowed to come through the piers of the bridge the water was over twenty feet deep.

He had sufficient presence of mind to take a deep breath as the car shot downward; then he felt the water close over his head. And if before that moment his struggles to move had been fierce—now that the end seemed at hand they became desperate. The desire to get clear—to give one kick with his legs and come to the surface roused him to one superhuman effort. He felt as if the huge heave he gave with his legs against the floor boards must send him flying to the top; afterward he realized that this vast effort had been purely mental. The actual physical result had been practically negligible—but not quite. It had done something, and the coat did the rest.

WITH that supreme throw for life his mind had overcome the effects of the poison to the extent of forcing his legs to give one spasmodic little kick. He floated clear of the car, and slowly—how slowly only his bursting lungs could testify—the big coat brought him to the surface. For a moment or two he could do nothing save draw in deep gulps of air; then he realized that the danger was not yet past. For he couldn't shout, he could do nothing but float and drift, and the current had carried him clear of the bridge out of sight of those on top. And his mind was quite clear enough to realize that the coat which had saved him would just as surely drown him, once it became sodden.

He could see men with lanterns on the bridge; he could hear them shouting and talking. And then he saw a boat come back from the ship which had passed through just before he went over the edge in his car. Surely they'd pull downstream to look for him, he thought in an agony of futile anger; surely they wouldn't be such fools as to go on pulling about just by the bridge when it was obvious he wasn't there. But since they thought he was in his car at the bottom of the river, and blasphemous language was already being wafted at them by the skipper of the vessel for the useless delay, with a sinking heart Drummond saw the boat turn around and disappear upstream into the darkness.

Men with lanterns still stood on the bridge, but he was far beyond the range of their lights, and he was drifting farther every minute. It was just a question of time now—and it couldn't be very long, either. He could see that his legs had gone down well below the surface, and only the air that still remained in the buttoned-up part of his overcoat kept his head out and his shoulders near the top. And when that was gone—the end! He had done all he could; there was nothing for it now but to wait for the inevitable finish.

[*To be concluded in August*]

Another Thrilling Story of the Border Patrol

Readers have written with enthusiasm of Thomas Burtis's story, "The Sky Sheriff," in the April McClure's. "Flyer's Luck," a new story by Mr. Burtis, in the August issue, is an even better tale of the airman's life on the Mexican border.

Our Foreign Affairs Today

[*Continued from page* 17]

But he thinks that it is incumbent on Mexico to protect these contracts of the Americans—entered into in good faith—before America can enter into amicable and diplomatic relations with her.

The Obregon Government has admitted its obligations. The external debt conference resulted in an arrangement that was agreeable to Mexico and acceptable to her creditors; but the treaty of commerce and amity submitted by George T. Summerlin, American Chargé d'Affaires was not acceptable to the Mexican Government.

Obregon has demonstrated his ability to form a stable government. American capital is finding its way into Mexico and wants American protection and the Mexican people want amicable relations with America. A favorable settlement of the economic differences between the government of Mexico and American investors is in a fair way to be reached.

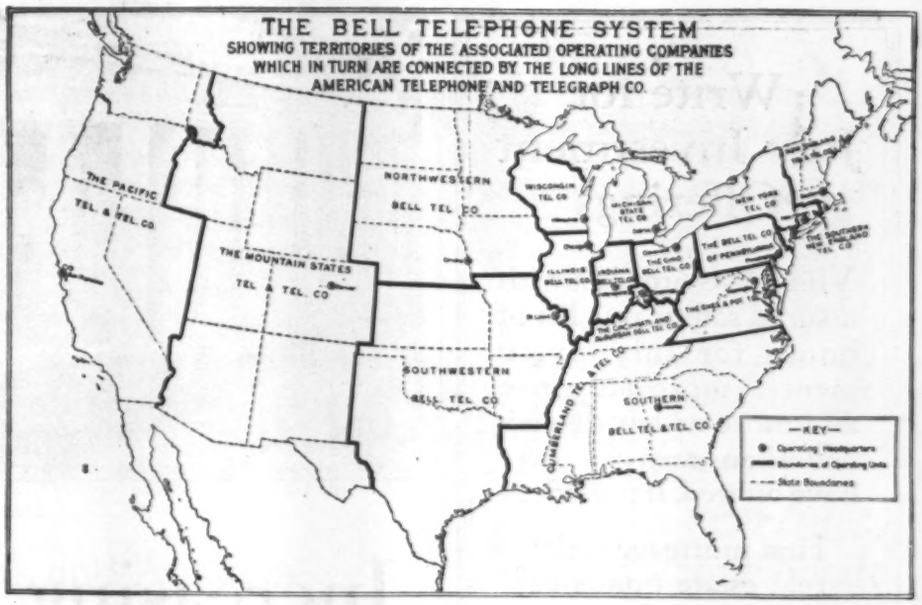
While Mr. Hughes has no love for radicalism, it is not because of Russia's radicalism that he has consistently refused to recognize the Soviet Government. "The American Government," he says, "has no intention or desire to interfere with the internal concerns of Russia. It recognizes the right of the Russian people to set up the kind of Government they want. They must work out their own salvation.

"The Russian question involves two points—economic and political. The advocates of the recognition by the United States of the present Russian Government seem unable to differentiate between these points. Political arrangements cannot correct economic errors. While our sympathies are aroused by the deplorable economic condition in Russia, recognition by us would not correct a fundamentally wrong economic system. We cannot benefit their economic condition by recognition.

"While we have nothing to do with Russia's internal concerns, we are interested in her international relations, which are not at all satisfactory to the American Government. Recognition of a government by the United States depends largely upon whether it shows an ability and disposition to discharge its international obligations. Russia has shown no such disposition. She has said, by decree, 'Unconditionally and without any exception all foreign loans are annulled.' America cannot recognize a government that repudiates its debts. While we have no concern in her internal government, we are deeply concerned when Russia attempts to spread her Bolshevik doctrines among other nations. This she has done and is doing.

"Last November Zinoviev said: 'The eternal in the Russian revolution is the fact that it is the beginning of a world revolution.' Trotsky said, last October: 'That means, comrades, that revolution is coming in Europe as in America, systematically, step by step, stubbornly and with gnashing of teeth in both camps. It will be long, protracted, cruel and sanguinary.' Lenin said, last fall: 'The revolutionists of all countries must learn the organization, the planning, the method and substance of revolutionary work. Then I am convinced that outlook of world revolution will not be good, but excellent.'

"With this record before it, the American Government can take no other stand than to refuse to recognize such a government. So long as Russia's government is based on the dictatorship of the proletariat; so long as she attempts to spread this doctrine among other nations, and so long as she refuses to pay her just debts, America will refuse to have any dealings with the Soviet Government."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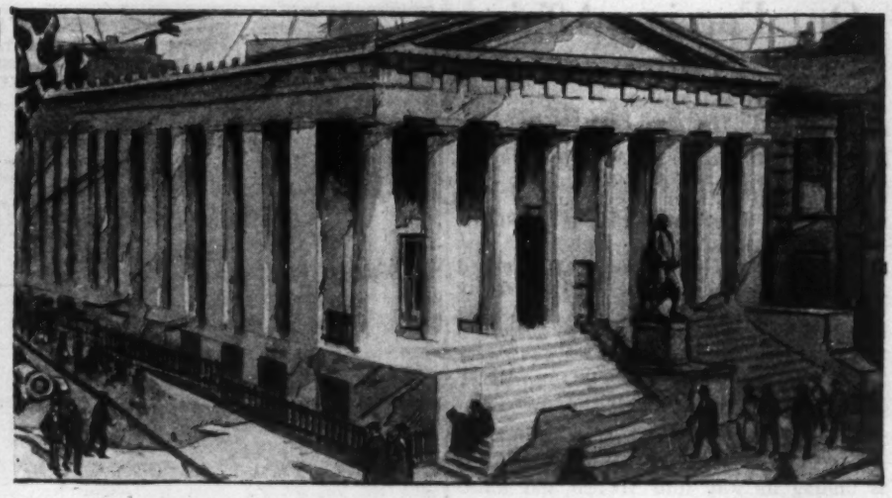


Increasing Your Yield With Foreign Bonds

By Franklin K. Sprague

SO long as there is any widespread apprehension over the settlement of political and economic problems abroad, just so long will there be opportunities for the discriminating and far-sighted American investor to obtain sound foreign bonds offering attractive income return. This is just another way of saying that there is an abnormal compensation awaiting those who have the vision to see beyond the unbalanced condition of European and South American budgets, beyond the tense situation in the Ruhr region, the squabbling over economic concessions in the Near East, the unhealthy state of affairs in Russia, and the tardiness of industrial recovery in many important countries.

All these problems will be ironed out in due time. When they have been settled and when the rest of the world outside of the United States has made up its capital shortage, then our present attractive investment opportunities abroad will have disappeared.

This is the substance of the writer's answer to investors who are inquiring in ever-increasing numbers about the safety of their foreign bonds or the advisability of entering that field of investment. We offer this statement as a composite of far-sighted and conservative banking opinion. The list of foreign bonds figuring regularly in transactions in this market includes issues ranging all the way from United Kingdom 5½s, yielding 5.1 per cent, to Kingdom of Serbs, Croates and Slovenes 8s, yielding around 12 per cent. Hence the need of discrimination —the selection of bonds that best suit the individual's need.

One reader asks whether foreign bonds are as good as domestic issues. The question is too general to admit of a pointblank answer, but before this discussion is finished the writer feels confident that the desired information will have been supplied. However, we offer the opinion that the American investor can find a greater element of safety in foreign securities than in domestic issues offering an identical yield.

Just for the sake of comparison let us set down the generally admitted fact that the safest investments in the world are the obligations of the United States government and those of the individual States and the more progressive municipalities. They are secured not only by the power to levy taxes, but as well by the financial integrity of the people. Let us not underestimate the value of the latter element of security, and let us not overlook the fact that the average citizen of France, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Australia, and several other countries has given proof in the past that he is just as jealous of the financial integrity of his government as is the average American citizen. The only difference is that our Federal, State, and municipal authorities have not as much to contend with at the moment and this accounts in great measure for the disparity of investment yields, as between American and foreign securities.

Reduce the world's problem, if you will, to these few words: The war destroyed capital in billions and the combined labor of men and women is required to repair the damage. The capacity of the average European for producing in excess of his wants is a known quantity. What he lacks now is not the willingness to get to work, but rather the necessary materials at a price that will make production profitable. Unbalanced foreign exchange rates limit the purchase of materials from us. Therefore, we must furnish the materials or loan the equivalent in dollars. It is to our interest as a nation, and to each of us as part of a country accumulating wealth through the sale of goods abroad, to supply capital to worthy applicants. Great Britain started to do this generations ago and as a result the country has an independent income from investments—an invisible balance of exports.

Many investors will meet these arguments in this fashion: "I admit that this is the sensible and necessary thing for us to do as a nation, but why should I take the burden upon myself when there are so many opportunities for safe investment right here at home?"

No one claims that the American investor should discard his domestic securities and place his money abroad. That would be unnecessary and unwise. The point is that there are enough sound foreign securities in dollar denominations to give the American investor

an opportunity to place part of his funds at a rate that will raise the average return on his whole investment to a higher level than could be attained if only sound domestic bonds were taken.

As times goes on, the financing of foreign countries will take a different form. With the exception of loans to the Framerican Industrial Corporation, the Oriental Development Corporation and two French railroads, our banking houses have offered nothing but bonds constituting direct obligations of foreign countries and political subdivisions. Later on we shall be asked to participate in direct loans for other foreign enterprises, and you may be sure that the terms will be more favorable to the investor than those imposed upon a domestic corporation of similar importance and earning power.

As a matter of self-preservation, if nothing else, the bankers who arrange these loans will see that there are proper safeguards. Few persons in this country know just what an investment trust is, yet all of us will be familiar with them in the course of the next few years if America grasps her opportunity. This class of security is created through the issuance of shares against foreign securities deposited with an American trustee. A notable example is the Royal Dutch stock which you see quoted every day on the Stock Exchange. These shares represent an interest in guilder shares deposited with a big New York trust company.

We are simply borrowing the methods of international finance which Europe employed to her own profit and our advantage when she supplied a capital shortage in America from Colonial times right up to the beginning of the World War. Now creditor and debtor have changed places and it remains to be seen whether the individual American will see his opportunity as clearly as did the European participants in loans to this country after our Civil War. In the present instance the compensation is greater because capital shortage is more widespread.

Financial Questions and Answers

Q. Can you give me any information regarding the Radio Corporation of America? What do you think of it as a "buy" for the future as a speculation; and for a small investor would preferred or common be the best investment?

A. The Radio Corporation of America is finding a satisfactory earning position much sooner than was at first expected. Net income for the year ended December 31, 1922 was $2,074,580, or at the rate of a little more than 15 per cent on the preferred stock. The preferred stock is entitled to 7 per cent, cumulative from January 1, 1924, on stock of $5.00 par value, or at the rate of 35 cents a share per year.

In view of the favorable earnings mentioned above and of the present earning position of the company, we consider it probable that dividends on the preferred stock will begin early in 1924 and, if you are willing to assume the business risk inherent even in the preferred stock of a company occupying the first position in this field, this stock might be considered for part of your funds. The common stock, however, is still a pure speculation and for this reason your financial circumstances must dictate whether it is the kind of security you can afford to hold.

Q. Will you kindly advise me about Bethlehem Steel Consolidated 6s, which has been recommended to me as an investment?

A. We regard Bethlehem Steel Consolidated 6s as a reasonably sound investment, suitable to form part of a well-diversified list of securities.

Q. I have 3 bonds:
C. & O. Convertible 4½s, cost 88½
C. R. I. & Pac. Ref. 4s, cost 80½
C. & S. Ref. & Ext. 4½s, cost 87½.
Would you advise selling now at the loss on present market, and chance buying back at a lower price within the next six months?

A. It goes without saying that if the present period of business prosperity continues for any considerable time the demand for commercial credit will force money rates gradually upward and cause bonds to move steadily lower. If these conditions prevail your three bonds will probably sell under current prices. Chesapeake & Ohio Convertible 4½s would be an exception to this rule, if the conversion privilege were still open. It is our opinion that these bonds will sell slightly lower, but the question as we see it is whether you are sufficiently conversant with conditions affecting bonds to be able to determine at what price these issues should be repurchased, assuming that you should sell them. The desirable thing to do, of course, is to buy in again at the exact bottom of a downward swing.

Q. I should like to know whether you consider Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. stock a good investment at the present time. Is Maryland Refining stock a safe investment?

A. Goodyear Tire & Rubber common stock is too speculative to recommend itself to any one but a hardy trader who is in a position to assume a large measure of business risk. By virtue of a purchasing contract recently entered into between the Maryland Oil Co. and one of the Standard Oil companies, the earning power of the former can be said to be more stable than formerly, but even so the hazards of the oil industry are quite pronounced in this stock. Therefore, it cannot be considered suitable for any but business men who are willing and able to assume the attendant risks.

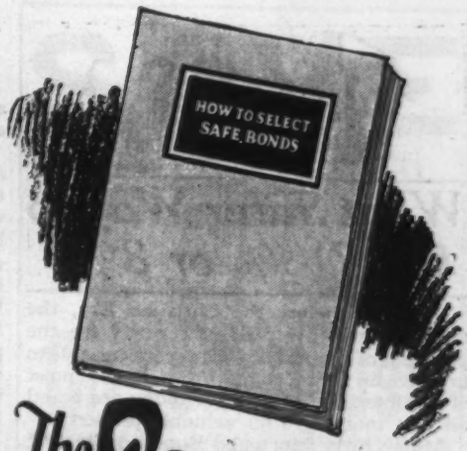
Q. Please inform me as to the price of the German mark, also, if possible, where I can buy some.

A. Tens of thousands of Americans and residents of America have gone in for a speculation in German marks, at a price ranging from 12 to 30,000 to the dollar. All except those who are nimble enough to catch the small and quick trading swings have nothing but losses and regrets. If you think you can beat that game, all well and good, but our advice is to stay out of it. The price of the German mark in exchange fluctuates broadly and for this reason we shall have to refer you to the financial pages of your daily newspaper for an up-to-the-minute price.

Q. I have a few thousand dollars invested in Third Avenue Adjustment 5s. Any information you can give me relative to these bonds will be appreciated. Are their present earnings enough to insure payment of interest. Do you think them an investment or a speculation?

A. Third Avenue Railway Adjustment 5s are somewhere in between a speculation and a pure investment because, as you undoubtedly know, interest is payable only if the company earns it. Because of the unfavorable position of the traction companies, no interest was paid from April 1, 1917 until October 1, 1922, when the regular rate was resumed. An extra payment of 1¼ per cent, on account of accumulated interest, was paid October 1, 1922, and another extra payment of one-half per cent on April 1, 1923. The company still owes 20¾ per cent in accumulated interest. Fixed charges, including interest on the

[*Continued on page 126*]



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Booklet will be sent for 35 cents in stamps. Address all communications to McClure's Financial and Insurance Department, 80 Lafayette Street, New York.

Financial Questions and Answers

[*Continued from page 125*]

adjustment income bonds, are now being earned by a comfortable margin.

If there were any assurance of present operating conditions continuing indefinitely, these bonds would be entitled to a good investment rating. But such assurance is lacking. The company is conservatively managed and the properties have been well maintained, but in addition to the ordinary hazards of the traction business in the Greater New York field, there is the ever-present possibility of damaging bus competition. Do not buy Third Avenue Adjustment 5s unless you are willing to assume the apparent risks.

Q. Through the settlement of an estate I came into possession of a few shares of Allied Oil Corporation stock. How can I have it transferred to my name. Is the stock of any value?

A. Your Allied Oil Corporation stock is scarcely worth the trouble and postage expense that would be entailed in transferring it to your own name. Sell it, if you can find a market. It is worth a cent or two per share.

Q. I would appreciate it if you would give me your honest opinion of the Petroleum Realization Corporation.

A. Shares of the Petroleum Realization Company cannot be regarded as anything but a speculation.

Q. Will you please give me some information about the National Supply Company of Delaware, and Sinclair Consolidated Oil?

A. The National Supply Co. of Delaware was incorporated in 1922, to acquire the stock of an Ohio company of similar name. In 1917, the latter took over the assets and business of the National Supply Co. of West Virginia. The company controls the Dayton Pipe Coupling Co., Forth Worth Drilling Tool Co., and Union Tool Co., and is engaged in the production of equipment, machinery and supplies for all branches of the oil industry. This is a broad and profitable field. Dividends have been paid without interruption on the common and preferred stocks of the Ohio and its predecessor West Virginia Company since 1898. The preferred of the Delaware company is now on a regular 7 per cent basis and an initial dividend of 1½ per cent was paid on the common February 15, 1923. The par value of the common is $50. Earnings in 1922 were at the rate of 26 per cent on the common, after allowing for 7 per cent on the $7,265,000 of preferred. There is much merit in these stocks, although in going in for the common you must remember that it contains a business risk. However, we regard it as better suited to the needs of the average investor than Sinclair Consolidated Oil common.

[All inquiries receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as confidential and is answered by Mail. Questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published each month. Address, Financial Editor McClure's Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City]

The Wooing of Peg-Leg's Daughters

[*Continued from page 50*]

a sift of white light near the roof of the shed. He ran to it. He stretched. He poked. He punched. The sift grew larger. An adobe brick was gone. His hands worked furiously. More adobe bricks fell. Cud-a-*rup!* Cud-a-*rup!* Cud-a-*rup!* Hoofbeats pounded and faded—away, away. The enemy was gone!

The cowboys came diving, floundering, pawing, from the wall of the shed. They rushed toward the house. The house gleamed softly among the cottonwoods. It was a silent house.

Yes, it was a silent house—and they cried aloud:

"Betsy!"

"Belle!"

"Anne!"

NO answer—and oh the lovers were wild! Their horses were gone. The girls were gone!

No Circle M boys were to be seen. And then, from the house came Peg-Leg's voice, storming, cursing, crying, like the voice of a man in pain.

"They bested Peg-Leg!"

"They took the girls!"

"They'll marry the girls!"

They were three frantic cowboys.

And then they glimpsed a float of fine dust mounting slowly to the shimmery sky, from a place where the road lost itself in the arroyo, a quarter of a mile away.

"They've stopped!"

"In the arroyo!"

"Come on!"

They ran fiercely, like tumbleweeds racing in the wind. *Clip! Clip! Clump! Clump!*

They ran. Their guns were drawn. Their eyes gleamed like cloud-washed moons. Was an ambush ahead? Were the Circle M boys lying in wait, guns leveled greedily, at the brink of the arroyo?

They ran—*clip, clip, clump.* What did they care if Death glared in their faces?

"Betsy!" groaned Bob.

"Belle!" whispered Tom.

"Anne!" gulped Dicky.

Like speeding bullets they plunged over the bank of the arroyo. And then they stopped.

They stopped as do snorting horses when yanked back by taut reins.

"Dog-gone!" they swore in chorus.

For they saw Peg-Leg's three daughters, saw them smiling up serenely from the gilded arroyo's trough. Yes, Peg-Leg's daughters, on horseback. And they were alone!

"We climbed down Dicky's rope!" cried Belle cheerily. "And while you were trying to tear down the door, we roped Dad from behind and tied him to a bed."

And between her merry laughs, Betsy sang out:

"The Circle M boys came. We shot at 'em and chased 'em as far as the arroyo. They thought it was you."

"Say, we like your horses," called Anne. "I guess we'll just keep 'em."

"We found 'em outside our house, anyhow," said Betsy, the plump and saucy. 'And finding's keeping."

"Finding's keeping," echoed Belle, the chili-cheeked. [*Continued on page 127*]

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The Wooing of Peg-Leg's Daughters

[*Continued from page* 126]

"Finding's keeping!" cried Anne, the dark and sparkling.

The three cowboys laughed the husky joy from their throats.

"Finding's keeping!" roared Bob, kissing Betsy. "And look what I've found in my saddle."

"Finding's keeping," yelled Tom, as he captured Belle. And young Dicky, leaping up behind Anne, whispered the same thing against the soft cheek of his own love, adding, with an exultant wave of his hand at the stars, "And there's a preacher in Espejo!"

Up and away they sped—three joyful cowboys and the blooming brides they had won.

Cud-a-rup! Cud-a-rup!—they went.

And as they went they sang the songs of the plains, and of the long-horned cattle, and of love and of life. And then the canyon took them, wrapping them, as befits true romance, in the lovely light of the low-hanging moon.

Under Battened Hatches

[*Continued from page* 39]

rattling fall of crabs. It made shivers run up and down the boy's spine. At last up came the men. Fitzpatrick was grinning broadly.

"Plenty of it, Garrison," he said, mopping his forehead. "All snugged down under the floor clear to th' keel. Right under those crabs. All right, let's go! Garrison, see if you can keep up with us in this thing. Boy, come along on th' police boat."

And for the first time Randolph saw that beautiful gray racer alongside the oyster boat.

IT is rare indeed that a Sunday School, engaged in the rather prosaic task of enjoying itself at a picnic, experiences the thrill which this memorable day brought to three hundred at Marshall Hall.

Headed by Superintendent Watts and the teachers, the entire throng packed the wharf, breathlessly watching the arrival of two boats. The one in the lead was a long, graceful thing, cutting through the water like a torpedo. In its wake, a dirty little oyster boat, without sails, followed with astonishing speed.

Directly where the first boat would touch, Helen stood beside Kirk.

"Kirk, that *is* Ranny standing on the first boat!" she cried. "That other boat *is* the one he got shut up in! And—look! Those are policemen with Ranny!"

"That's th' police boat," Kirk said breathlessly.

The graceful thing swung alongside the wharf and made fast. Off stepped giant Fitzpatrick and Randolph.

"Is the superintendent of this Sunday

[*Continued on page* 128]

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Under Battened Hatches

[*Continued from page* 127]

School here?" bawled the commissioner, looking over the crowd.

Mr. Watts stepped forward. "I am, sir. I understand that one of my boys——"

"Is this the one?" Fitzpatrick pushed Randolph forward.

"Yes, indeed! Now, if you will kindly tell me the nature of the trouble——"

Fitzpatrick cleared his throat. "I'm Prohibition Commissioner Fitzpatrick," he said. "This boy helped us get evidence of a pair of rum runners we've been after for months. He's a game little kid."

Randolph stood with his chest out like a pouter pigeon's. Fitzpatrick turned to him.

"Son, we'll need you for a witness when this case comes up. Now you want to stay here with your crowd, or how'd you like to go back to town on th' police boat?" The commissioner caught Mr. Watts' eye, and winked.

To stand there while Kirk Newton and Helen and nearly three hundred more heard this was almost too much. With rare effort, Randolph found his voice. Then he caught Helen's eye and held it.

"Oh," he drawled, loud enough for every one to hear him, "we've got their guns 'n' everything, chief. I don't reckon you need me any more. I guess I'll drift back on th' old *Saint John*."

The commissioner grinned, stepped aboard the police craft. With a thundering volley from her exhaust, the beautiful thing plunged cityward in a burst of silvery spray. Behind her followed the craft bearing two manacled lawbreakers.

Mr. Watts seized Randolph's hand.

"Randolph, you are a credit to our Sunday School. Now I want you to come right up to the pavilion and tell us exactly how it all happened."

THE sun was setting—a shield of fire flame that stained the waters carmine as the old *Saint John* drew away from Marshall Hall and turned her prow down the river.

Exactly where Kirk Newton had sat that morning beside Helen at the rail, now Randolph sat. And Helen was looking at him worshipfully.

"Ranny," she said, "what *did* you do all that time you were shut in down there with those awful crabs?" She bent so close that a precious ringlet touched his scarlet cheek.

"Oh," he answered, after a gulp, "I had to keep my head cool, Helen. You see, I knew the police boat would be followin' in our wake an' would overhaul us. So it wasn't any use o' my scuttlin' her. Besides, they'd battened down the hatches on me an' I'd a-drowned if I had scuttled her. So I jes' kept quiet till Fitzpatrick's crew swarmed over our side."

He caught a quick breath and his temples began to pound like war drums. For Helen was looking at him with lights in her eyes that had nothing whatever to do with reflections of that sunset.

Colette Cries Help!

[*Continued from page* 65]

IT was eleven o'clock next morning when we returned to the hotel where we had left Colette. And we found she'd gone!

The clerk, in the intervals of picking his teeth, informed us dispassionately that a message had come round for her to the effect that the gentleman with the eyeglass wished her to come at once to his hotel—the Grand. And she'd gone. Apparently her bill had been paid, and he could tell us nothing more. A car had been waiting and she had got in. So saying, he returned to his teeth, while Jim cursed with marvelous fluency under his breath.

"What a fool I was, Dick! We ought to have taken her to the Grand." We were standing in the sunny street outside the hotel. "That swine MacTavert has got her back."

"What about going to the police?" I suggested.

"Man, we've got no proof!" he cried. "And even if we had, the police in a place like this are no more use than a sick headache. We've got to handle this thing ourselves, Dick. Are you on?"

"Of course," I said briefly. "What's the first move?"

"A further conversation with MacTavert," he remarked. "And at once."

The dancing saloon was empty as we turned into it. The reek of stale smoke and spirits was worse than it had been the night before, but it was evidently too early for the habitués to arrive.

"So much the better," said Jim grimly. "It gives us a clear field."

He gave a shout of "Bar!" and after a moment or two MacTavert's evil face appeared through a door. He stared at us for a time in silence; then he pressed an electric bell twice.

"This bar don't open till midday," he remarked at length.

"That's very fortunate," said Jim placidly. "It gives us an hour to break it up in. How is the face this morning?"

"Get out of here!" roared MacTavert, completely losing control of himself.

"Certainly," answered Jim. "The instant you produce Colette I shall be delighted to go."

But the scoundrel wasn't going to give himself away.

"So you've lost her, have you?" he sneered. "She fooled you nicely last night, didn't she?" He was leaning over the bar, shaking with laughter. "You dear little mother's innocent, with the pane of glass in your eye! I admit you can hit, but you've

a lot to learn yet, Percy. Sling him out, boys," he snarled suddenly, "and half murder him!"

I swung around to see two men creeping on Jim from behind—two men who had entered noiselessly while MacTavert was talking. They were great, powerful brutes, in better condition than MacTavert, and they thought they had a soft thing on.

It was then I discovered what a wonderful weapon a bottle of French vermuth can be, if used skilfully. So did the leading tough. He crashed like a log, with vermuth dripping from his head, and Jim returned the broken bottle to MacTavert.

"A poor fighter," he murmured placidly, though his eyes were very bright and watchful. "Will your other friend sling me out?"

But the second man showed no signs of attempting to do anything of the sort. He was muttering to MacTavert behind the bar, and suddenly the latter began to grin.

"THERE'S something up, Jim," I whispered, and he nodded, without speaking.

"Well, Percy," said MacTavert, at length, "we've kind of come to the conclusion that you must be powerful fond of that little girl. So out of the kindness of my heart I guess you may take her—if you can. She is through that door there, and up the stairs. The room on the right is hers. And, as I say, you may take her—if you can."

The leer had deepened on his face, and Jim was watching him narrowly.

"Not afraid, are you?" sneered MacTavert. "I'll come and show you the way."

He slouched over to the door, and we followed him. Jim had his hand in his pocket, and I could see the outline of his gun, but if MacTavert saw it he gave no sign. He led the way up the stairs, and paused at the top, waiting for us. And it was then I noticed that the other man had left the bar. It was empty save for the unconscious scoundrel on the floor.

"Here's the room," remarked MacTavert, flinging open the door and leading the way in.

"You infernal swine!" roared Jim, as we saw the terrified girl. She was lashed to a chair and gagged, and in an instant he was beside her undoing the rope, and Colette was free!

"Cover him, Dick!" he ordered briefly, and my gun pressed into MacTavert's waistcoat. His great, coarse face was within a few inches of mine, but it was the look of triumph in his eyes that warned me of the trap. He was staring at something over my shoulder, and suddenly he gave a great shout of "Now!"

I swung around, like the fool I was, and the next moment he'd knocked my revolver away, and his hands were around my throat. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jim fighting desperately with two men who had sprung through the door, but it wasn't there that the trap lay; it wasn't that which had caused the sudden shout of "Now!"

Coming toward the window from the outside along a flat piece of rock was the man who had been talking to MacTavert downstairs. He had a revolver in his hand, and he was covering Jim through the window—Jim, who was all unconscious of the danger. I strove to shout—to warn him, but MacTavert had got my throat, and it was all I could do to hold my own. And all the time the triumph deepened in MacTavert's eyes.

The two men were being flung all over the place by Jim, but they hung on to him. And steadily they maneuvered him nearer and nearer to the window. He had his back toward it, and once the man outside raised his revolver, only to drop it again as the three men spun around, spoiling his shot.

But it couldn't last long, and I put forth one supreme effort to get the better of MacTavert. We crashed, both of us rolling over and over on the floor. And so I didn't see the actual deed by which Colette saved our lives. All I knew was that suddenly we were fighting in darkness, MacTavert and I. I heard dimly the crashing of the window, and the splintering of wooden shutters. Then two shots rang out quickly, and the room was light again.

Instinctively MacTavert and I loosened our hold on one another, and got dazedly to our feet. And, save for our heavy breathing and a little sobbing whimper from that wonderful girl, there was silence in the room.

"She closed those wooden shutters," said Jim at length, and his voice was a little dazed. "She closed those wooden shutters, and put her arm in place of the bar that bolts them. She hadn't time, I guess, for the bar. And he broke her arm!"

He looked at the man who had done it—the man who had smashed through the shutters, and fired at him—and he was lying motionless on his face. He looked at Colette, and she had fainted. And then he looked at MacTavert, and his face was terrible to see.

"Get out!" snarled Jim to the two men whom he had been fighting. He slipped his own revolver back in his pocket. "Get out—or I might shoot you, as I shot him."

And the men slunk out, leaving MacTavert alone. For a moment Jim stared at him, and his eyes were hard and merciless. Then, without a word, he sprang on him.

He could have done it by himself, for MacTavert was like a child in his hands. But since I was there to help him it took less time. We lashed him to the bed face down.

"The cat is the proper weapon for MacTavert," Jim remarked, "as I think I told you last night. But since I haven't got one a leather strap must do instead."

And he flogged MacTavert with his leather belt till MacTavert fainted, even as Colette had fainted. Then, with the tenderness of a woman, he picked the girl up in his arms, and carried her down the stairs to the saloon below. It was still empty, and we chartered a passing cab, and got in. It was on the way to a doctor that Colette opened her eyes.

"He didn't hurt you, Jim?" she whispered.

And Jim bent down and kissed her.

"SO that's the story of Colette, Mrs. Jim," I remarked, as she sat very silent, staring at the photograph. "We fixed up a passage for her, and there she is now with two little Colettes of her own."

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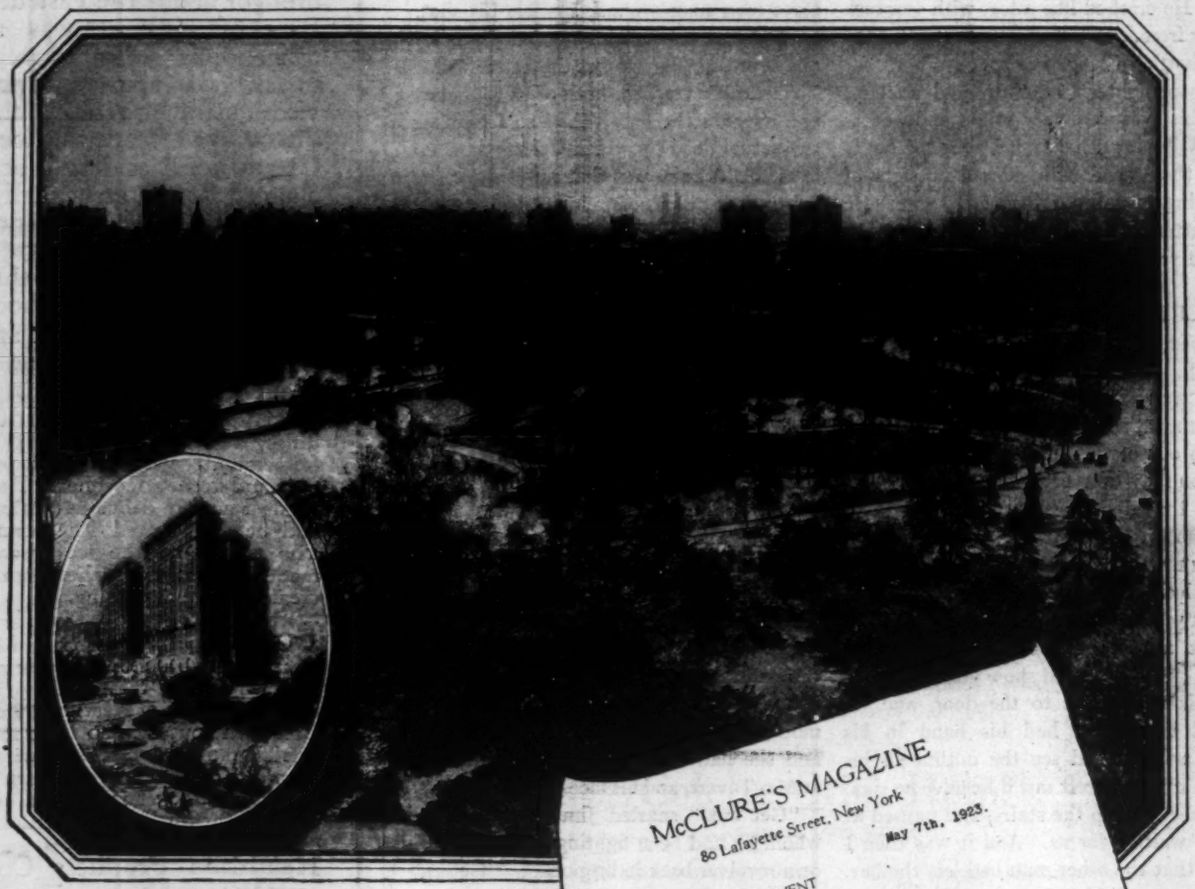

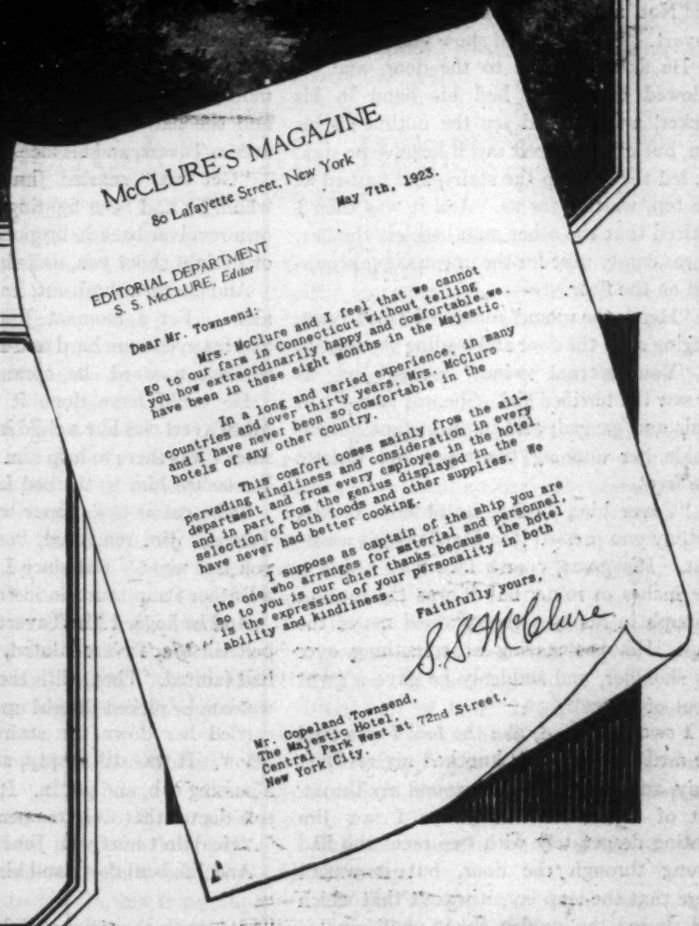

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How I Taught My Child at Home

MY husband was manager of one of the branch mills of a world-wide corporation and everybody said it was a wonderful position for so young a man. There was one great drawback, however—we had to live in a small mill-town which offered none of the advantages that we had both been used to. For most things we did not mind because we knew our next advancement would move us to a large city and for that we could wait.

One thing only could *not* wait—the education of our boy of 7 and our girl of 6. We knew the foundation they were *now* laying, the associations they were *now* making, the habits they were *now* forming, the teaching they were *now* getting would not wait and could never be made up for later—but what could we do? What would you have done?

It was with many misgivings, therefore, that I started Jim at the only local school accessible. I knew his teacher-to-be; one of the town girls, only a child herself, a product of the same school with only the commonest kind of a common school education and with little or no training or experience, and to think it was to such a person that I was going to turn over my boy to be *educated!*

It seemed like a joke, but as the year wore on it became more and more a serious one and the joke was on us. Jim was apparently learning nothing except bad language and behavior which was growing worse every day and I dreaded to think of sending our little girl into those same surroundings. His father tried to make the best of it by saying, "Oh, he's got to learn to rub up against all kinds and he'll come out all right," but I could see he was really as much worried as I.

One day Jim, Sr., returned from a trip to the Home Office in New York and as soon as he stepped inside the house I knew something had happened. He was to be transferred—I felt it.

"Mary," he shouted from the bottom of the steps, "Come here quickly, I've got it."

"Got what?" I cried as I hurried down—"Are we to move to New York?"

"Oh, no," he laughed—"nothing like that just yet—but something better—as far as the children are concerned. See this and this and this." He pulled some papers from his pocket and rapidly turned the pages.

"On the train," he explained breathlessly, "I met a man, bragging about his children—you know—the proud father kind—showed me their pictures—their school reports and all that, but what interested me most of all was a letter from his 7-year-old son—7 years old, mind you—Jim is 7 and think what sort of a letter *he* writes!—well I had to admit the man had an infant prodigy—which, however, he vehemently denied—just an every-day normal child—he maintained—but—and this is the amazing thing—the boy had been *taught by correspondence through his mother*—By correspondence! Do you get that?"

"He was so enthusiastic about it I thought he must be a little crazy; but at any rate, to make a long story short, he got me so excited that I actually stopped off at Baltimore where this school is located to see for myself, for I was naturally still skeptical.

"I found there a great private day school—a 'Super-School,' it has been called—that specializes in the education of young children. I had explained to me that its Trustees, public-spirited citizens who maintain the school in the cause of education without any financial benefit either direct or indirect, had obtained such remarkable results with their day

pupils that they had decided to extend its usefulness so that pupils, no matter where located, could share in its advantages and privileges."

I threw my arms around Jim's neck, thrilled by his enthusiasm. "Let's order the course at once," I said.

"It's ordered already!" he replied—"I couldn't wait. There's the outfit there in my luggage!"

That was 5 years ago. Jim's promotion to the big city has at last come and we are now able to put both children in school, and what do you suppose the Principal said when I went to enter Jim—"What year of Calvert did you say he had finished?"

"The 6th," I answered.

"And has always had good reports?"

"Yes," I could truthfully answer.

"Well, then he can enter our high school department." And he did—and what is more is leading his class!

The little girl did the same in her school, and although both children have spent their whole lives in a little milltown, they have—thanks to the Calvert School, to which they owe their entire education—a broader knowledge and culture than most of their metropolitan friends with all their advantages of libraries, museums, art galleries, etc., so that they at once took their place as leaders both in and out of school and have made just the friends we would wish.

Indeed, through our contact with the children's work we also have had what has been practically a post-graduate course ourselves; and though it has taken a little of our time it has brought new and delightful interests into our life also. It was a revelation to me what Calvert School was able to do for my children. Their progress has been phenomenal and I would never have believed it possible.

If there is no school or only a poor one near you, let Calvert School come to you with its unique methods and unusual advantages to give your child an exceptional education from Kindergarten to High School right in your own home. The School will gladly send you full information on request or you may simply fill out and send the coupon below if you wish.

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The joy of succeeding while you are still young

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The travel that seems so alluring at thirty-five has lost a little of its charms, the distance to the end of the road of life is shorter; and many a man finds fortune in his hands so late that there is time only to arrange to pass it on to someone else.

Happy is the man who finds a way to save somehow the intervening years; there is joy in succeeding while you are still young.

In New York: Fifth Avenue at 5 o'clock filled with automobiles carrying successful men from their offices to their homes. Anyone watching the cars pass will be impressed with the number of men who are young or middle-aged. This is pre-eminently the day of success in youth

There is a way to save the wasted years

The reason why success comes so late for most men is that there is so much to learn.

Only a man who knows all the different departments of business is qualified to reach the higher positions, or to enter business for himself. And the learning of all departments from practical experience in each is a matter of many years.

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Hundreds of successful executives have testified that the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been a tremendous factor in their success.

More than 27,000 presidents and business heads are numbered among its 200,000 successful subscribers. "In the past eight years," one man wrote recently, "my income has increased 750%. The Course has been the foundation of my business training."

Would *you* like to save the wasted years? Would *you* like to know the joy of rapid, instead of moderate progress—the joy of succeeding while you are still young? If so, this is the call of opportunity to you; a moment's decision is all you need.

Any man who is sincerely interested in his future will clip the coupon at the bottom of this page. It is placed there for a purpose—to separate from the mass of drifters the few men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

Send for "Forging Ahead in Business"

The book which the coupon will bring is "Forging Ahead in Business"—a 118-page book that tells how the Institute has helped so many other men to find success while they are still young. It is a valuable book, but it is sent without charge. There is no obligation; send for your copy now.

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President

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View of Entrance to Main Building

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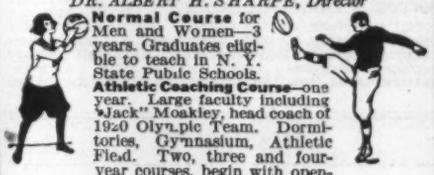

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MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

Recent Comments from Readers

Admiral Sir Percy Scott of the British Navy writes to McClure's:

REAR ADMIRAL FULLAM'S article on "The Passing of Sea Power," in your June issue, is in my opinion the most instructive discussion of naval warfare that has been published since the days of Admiral Mahan. Mahan dealt with sea power as it was in his day. Admiral Fullam deals with it as it really is today. In this country we will not, owing to pigheadedness, acknowledge the change of circumstances. I hope that Admiral Fullam will continue to enlighten our people who are ignorant. The whole question is ably expressed in the first twenty lines of this article: "No nation can rule the waves, as regards making war on another nation, if there is a long expanse of water between them." Please convey my appreciation of his article to Admiral Fullam.

T. T. HORTON of Rochester, N. Y., writes:

I feel that I must "obey the impulse" and send in my appreciation of your current issue. In these days, when magazines are given over to European affairs, fashion displays and Wall Street news, it is difficult to get hold of good fiction. MCCLURE'S is one of the few magazines that still believes in good stories. You know how to pick excellent fiction. I especially liked your recent story, "Eleanor, the Second-hand." The characters talk like real people. I hope you'll put in more stories like that. Please accept my thanks for the enjoyment I get from MCCLURE'S.

MRS. W. B. GILLMORE of Ballston, Va., writes:

I wish to commend MCCLURE'S upon the stand it is taking on Twilight Sleep from a humanitarian, scientific and eugenic standpoint. Your magazine is making friends with thousands of women readers since you have undertaken this program, and I thank you in the name of my sisterhood.

D. E. KLOTZ of Marinette, Wis., writes:

Major McNeile has a fine opportunity to elaborate on Jim Maitland—as he evidently is doing—by making of him a modern Captain Blood, a monocled, fastidious beneficent meddler. More power to the pen of Lieutenant X, also. The Lieut. X narratives of actual criminals and actual deeds are far better than many so-called detective stories.